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Frontispiece to Vol. II.

THE YELLALA OF THE CONGO RIVER.

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RICHARD F. BURTON,

K.C.M.G.:

HIS EARLY, PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE.

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS AND EXPLORATIONS.

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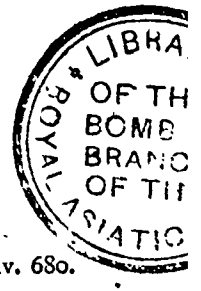
BY

FRANCIS HITCHMAN,

AUTHOR OF 'THE PUBLIC LIFE OF THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,' ETC., ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.



Toto passim vagus errat in orbe.
Ovid, Met. xiv. 680.

K.K.C.5

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ON the 2nd of February the journey was resumed to Ugaga, where there is a ferry over the Malagárazi River the toll for which was the exorbitant amount of fourteen cloths and one coil bracelet, whilst the ferryman received from one to five khote of beads, according to the bulk, weight, and value of the freight.

The journey continued, its tedium, toil and anxiety increased by the desertions of many of the porters, and by the unreasonableness and bad faith of many others. At last, on the 13th of February, the caravan 'breasted a steep and stony hill, sparsely clad with thorny trees; it was the death of my companion's (Speke's) riding-ass. Arrived with toil—for our fagged beasts now refused to proceed—we halted for a few minutes upon the summit. "What is that streak of light which lies below?" I inquired of Sidi Bombay. "I am of opinion," quoth Bombay, "that that is *the* water." I gazed in dismay: the remains of my blindness, the veil of trees, and a broad ray of sunshine illuminating but one reach of the lake, had shrunk its fair proportions. Somewhat prematurely, I began to lament my folly in having risked life and lost health for so poor a prize, to execrate Arab exaggeration, and to propose an immediate return, with the view of exploring the Nyanza, or northern lake. Advancing, however, a few yards, the whole scene suddenly burst upon my view, filling me with admiration, wonder and delight. Nothing, in sooth, could be more picturesque than this first view of the Tanganyika Lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine. Below and beyond a short foreground of rugged and precipitous hill-fold, down which the footpath zigzags painfully, a narrow strip of emerald green, never sere, and marvellously fertile, shelves towards a ribbon of glistening yellow sand, here bordered by sedgy rushes, there cleanly and clearly cut by the breaking wavelets. Farther in front, stretch the waters, an expanse of the lightest and softest blue, in breadth varying from thirty to thirty-five miles, and sprinkled by the crisp east wind with tiny crescents of snowy foam. The background in front is a high and broken wall of steel-coloured mountain, here flecked and capped with pearly mist, there standing sharply pencilled against the

azure air; its yawning chasms, marked by a deeper plum-colour, fall towards dwarf hills of mound-like proportions, which apparently dip their feet in the wave. To the south, and opposite the long low point, behind which the Malagárazi River discharges the red loam suspended in its violent stream, lie the bluff headlands and capes of Uguhha, and, as the eye dilates, it falls upon a cluster of outlying islets, speckling a sea-horizon. Villages, cultivated lands, and frequent canoes of the fishermen on the waters and on a nearer approach the murmurs of the waves breaking upon the shore, give a something of variety, of movement, of life to the landscape, which, like all the fairest prospects in these regions, wants but a little of the neatness and finish of Art—mosques and kiosks, palaces and villas, gardens and orchards—contrasting with profuse lavishness and magnificence of nature, and diversifying the unbroken *coup d'œil* of excessive vegetation, to rival, if not to excel, the most admired scenery of the classic regions. The riant shores of this vast crevasse appeared doubly beautiful to me after the silent and spectral mangrove creeks on the East African sea-board, and the melancholy, monotonous experience of desert and jungle scenery, tawny rock and sun-parched plain, or rank herbage and flats of black mire. Truly it was a revel for soul and sight. Forgetting toils, dangers, and the doubtfulness of return, I felt willing to endure double what I had endured, and all the party seemed to join with me in joy. My purblind companion found nothing to grumble at except the "mist and glare before his eyes." Said bin Salim looked exulting—*he* had procured for me this pleasure—the monoculous Jemadar grinned his congratulations, and even the surly Beloch made civil salams.'

The rascally Fundi, after the usual fashion of the "noble savage," had played a scurvy trick upon Burton and his companion. Under the advice of Snay bin Amir he had

intended to go to the Kawéle district in Ujiji; for the sake of inducing him to spend beads and cloth amongst his friends who lived in a filthy and fever-stricken hole in a totally different part of the Lake, the Fundi had led the caravan many miles out of the way. Happily, Burton was able to checkmate them. A vessel, in size the second on the Tanganyika, was fortunately at the place, and the travellers were thus able to secure conveyance, though at a somewhat inordinate expense. The start was made in beautiful weather at 8 A.M. in the morning of the 14th of February, 1858. At 11 A.M. they entered Ujiji. The "Mombas Mission" had led them to expect a somewhat splendid place: they found instead a few scattered huts of the humblest beehive shape, and a bazar, 'where from ten to three a mass of standing and squatting negroes chatter over the sale and purchase of goats, sheep, poultry, fish, vegetables, palm wine, and occasionally a slave or "an ivory" (elephant's tusk). A tembe or native house was found for the travellers about half-a-mile from the little village of Kawéle, and there they settled down for a time, happy in their consciousness of proximity to provisions and in the enjoyment of a superb view of the lake.

It would swell this book beyond all reasonable dimensions to reproduce here Burton's geographical discoveries, and the arguments by which he refutes the conclusions of earlier travellers, and comes to the opinion that many of his predecessors in this field of exploration have confounded the Nyánza, the Tanganyika, and the Nyassa Lakes. All these things are written in Vol. XXXIII. of the 'Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society'—the "general reader" to whom this work is addressed would scarcely thank me for reproducing the details.

The people of this district do not appear to have impressed the travellers favourably. The Wajiji are "burly," with large and flat hands and feet, harsh and

strident voices, and looks as well as manners 'independent even to insolence.' The women are as rude and violent as the men. Both sexes suffer terribly from small-pox, and skin diseases of a loathsome kind, induced by an habitual diet of putrid fish. Tattooing is exceedingly common amongst them, and Burton remarks—the fact does not seem to have struck other travellers—that the practice has been adopted as a protection against the humid atmosphere and the chills of the lake region. For the same purpose both sexes love to appear dripping with oil, and they 'manifestly do not hold cleanliness as a virtue.' In this last respect they are not unlike English women of the lower grade of the working class, who, as any "visiting lady" can testify, are ready to asseverate that "it's the dirt that keeps them warm." For the rest, the people about the shores of Lake Tanganyika appear to be about as barbarous a race as any in Central Africa. They shave their heads in an eccentric fashion, put chalk or "mountain meal" on their heads, daub their faces with red earth and dress in the most primitive fashion. 'The male costume of the lower orders is confined to softened goat, sheep, deer, leopard, or monkey skins, tied at two corners over either shoulder, with the flaps open at one side, and with tail and legs dangling in the wind. Women who cannot afford cloth, use as a succedaneum a narrow kilt of fibre or skin, and some content themselves with a tassel of fibre or a leafy twig depending from a string bound round the waist and displaying the nearest approach to the original fig-leaf.' They are considered by the Arabs to be a troublesome race, rude, insolent, and extortionate; they will mock a stranger before his face, they will draw dagger or spear upon a guest without hesitation, and they will demand payment in beads for such trifling services as showing the road. The children are like their parents; frowning and unprepossessing in face, and spending their

lives in disputes, biting and clawing like wild cats. Of the personal habits of this race it is not necessary to say more than that people with delicate stomachs should not go to Ujiji. Of their morals it will be sufficient to state in Burton's words that 'they are never sober when they can be drunk,' and that 'in no part of the world will the traveller more often see men and women staggering about the village with thick speech and violent gestures. The favourite inebriant,' he goes on to say, 'is tombo, or palm toddy; almost everyone, however, when on board the canoe, smokes bhang, and the whooping and screaming which follow the indulgence resemble the noise of wild beasts rather than the sounds of human beings.'

Amongst these delightful people Burton had to stay for some little time. His sojourn was not an altogether unmitigated joy. The roof of the hut in which he dwelt, though fortified with an extra coat of mud, leaked like a colander; the clay benches round the rooms which he had provided were rendered valueless by the invasions of myriads of white ants; the floor was a puddle; every book that had English paste in it was rendered useless by decay; writing was so blurred and blotched by the damp as to become well-nigh illegible; the botanical collection was ruined from the same cause; and, to put the crown on the misfortunes of the Expedition, the Wanyámwezi porters, having expended their hire on slaves, and fearing loss by delay, took the earliest opportunity of deserting. The "Sultan," a nigger with a 'thick-lipped liquorish, sensual mouth,' visited Burton and obtained his blackmail—ten coil bracelets and two fundi of coral beads. This man—a slave who had found methods of ingratiating himself with the widows of the late Sultan—next proceeded to open trade by sending a fine ivory of some seventy pounds' weight. Burton most unwisely, as he afterwards had reason to think, sent back the ivory with the intimation

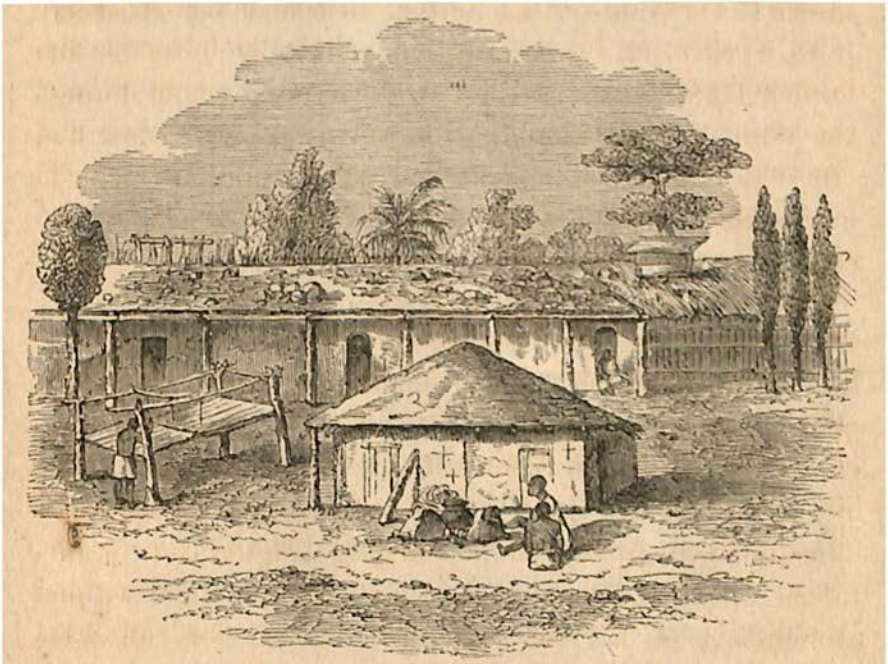
that, as a "Sarkár" (Government servant), he could have no dealings in ivory or slaves. He now believes that the character of a trader is the best the explorer can adopt; first, because it affords a pretext for a journey among a people who know nothing of geographical societies and the advancement of science; next, because it is infinitely cheaper in the matter of fines and tolls; and lastly, because the jealousy of the Arabs will not be excited when they find that they can get the better of the traveller in some bargain of tusks. In this case Burton soon discovered his mistake. "These are the men who live by doing nothing!" said the Wajiji, and there was a prompt demand for their expulsion from the territory, accompanied with an outcry for compensation. The old Msawáhíli of Chole—Sayfu—was threatened with various indignities for having given certain information as to prices; the two surviving riding asses were wounded with spears; thieves broke into the outhouses and stole what cloth they could find; the supply of milk was first curtailed, and then cut off altogether; and, in short, insult and outrage of every kind was heaped on the heads of the unfortunate travellers.

The situation was not pleasant. The cold damp climate agreed with nobody; the fish diet proved over rich and fat, and the abundant vegetables led possibly to some little excess. Burton himself 'lay for a fortnight upon the earth, too blind to read or write, except with long intervals; too weak to ride, and too ill to converse.' Speke, who had been ill on arriving, suffered from 'a severe ophthalmia, and from a painful distortion of face, which made him chew sideways, like a ruminant.' Valentine was in the same case, and Caetano, his fellow Goanese, was down with fever, while the Beloch, who had been too lazy to build huts for themselves, were suffering with cold and catarrh. 'But,' says Burton, 'the work remained undone: it was necessary to awake from this lethargy.'

The exploration of the northern head of the Lake, whence it was reported that a large river made its exit towards the north, was imperatively necessary. Burton attempted, therefore, to send Said bin Salim across the bay, and, by his intervention, to hire from an Arab merchant, Hamid bin Sulayyam, the only dow or sailing craft then in existence on Lake Tanganyika. The little Arab shirked the mission so artistically, that Burton was compelled to transfer it to Speke, and as he was himself totally incapable of leaving Ujiji, to trust to him to do his best about hiring the dow, and stocking it with provisions for a month's cruise. The difficulties of such an expedition seemed insuperable. Speke, to whom French and Arabic were equally unknown tongues, needed an interpreter; and, as a matter of fact, he could make his way only by the help of his Goanese servants, who certainly spoke a variety of tongues, but spoke them all equally badly. On their side, the natives were tiresome to a degree which is seldom experienced. Their demands for toll were extortionate, and the hire for the crew, when it was at last engaged, was equally unreasonable. At last, on the 2nd of March, the Expedition set out, only to be compelled to lie to for the night within cannon-shot of Kawéle. Another demand for toll was made by the native chiefs, and, says Burton, 'I was compelled to purchase their permission by sending to Kannona an equivalent for what had been paid by the canoe to Lurinda—viz., four coil bracelets and eight cloths. Two days afterwards,' he adds, 'my companion, supplied with an ample outfit, and accompanied by two Beloch and his men—Caetano and Bombay—crossed the Bay of Ukaranga, and made his final departure for the islands.'

Twenty-seven days of solitude and silence, spent in eating and drinking, smoking and dozing, followed for Burton. 'Awaking at 2 or 3 A.M.,' he says, 'I lay anxiously expecting the grey light creeping through the door-chinks,

and making darkness visible; the glad tidings of its approach were announced by the cawing of the crows, and the crowing of the village cocks. When the golden rays began to stream over the red earth, the torpid Valentine was called up; he brought with him a mess of Luji, or rice-flour, boiled in water, with a little cold milk as a relish. Then entered Muhabánya, the "slavey" of the



A VILLAGE INTERIOR IN THE LAND OF THE MOON.
UTANTA OR LOOM. IWANZA OR PUBLIC HOUSES.

establishment, armed with a leafy branch, to sweep the floor, and to slay the huge wasps that riddled the walls of the tenement. This done, he lit fire—the excessive damp rendered this precaution necessary—and sitting over it, he bathed his face and hands—luxurious dog—in the pungent smoke. Ensued visits of ceremony from Said bin Salim and the Jemadar, who sat, stared, and, somewhat disappointed at seeing no fresh symptoms of approaching dissolution, told me so with their faces, and went away. From 7 A.M. till 9 A.M., the breakfast hour, Valentine was applied to

tailoring, gun-cleaning, and similar light work, over which he groaned and grumbled, whilst I settled down to diaries and vocabularies, a process interrupted by sundry pipes. Breakfast was again a mess of Luji and milk—such civilised articles as tea, coffee, and sugar had been unknown to me for months. Again the servants resumed their labour, and they worked, with the interval of two hours for sleep at noon, till 4 P.M. During this time the owner lay like a log upon his cot, smoking almost uninterruptedly, dreaming of things past, and visionary things present, and sometimes indulging himself in a few lines of reading and writing.

'Dinner was an alternation of fish and fowl; game and butcher's meat being rarely procurable at Ujiji. The fish were in two extremes, either insipid and soft, or so fat and coarse that a few mouthfuls sufficed. Most of them resembled the species seen in the seas of Western India, and the eels and small shrimps recalled memories of Europe. The poultry, though inferior to that of Unyányembe, was incomparably better than the lean stringy Indian chicken. The vegetables were various and plentiful, tomatoes, Jerusalem artichokes, sweet potatoes, yams and several kinds of beans, especially a white haricot, which afforded many a purée; the only fruit procurable was the plantain, and the only drink (the toddy being a bad imitation of vinegar) was water.

As evening approached I made an attempt to sit under the broad eaves of the Tembe, and to enjoy the delicious spectacle of this virgin nature, and the reveries to which it gave birth.

> "A pleasing land of drowsihed it was,
> Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
> And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
> For ever flushing round a summer sky."

It reminded one of the loveliest glimpses of the

Mediterranean. There were the same "laughing tides," pellucid sheets of dark blue water, borrowing their tints from the vinous shores beyond; the same purple light of youth upon the cheek of the earlier evening, the same bright sunsets, with their radiant vistas of crimson and gold opening like the portals of a world beyond the skies; the same short-lived grace and loveliness of the twilight; and, as night closed over the earth, the same cool flood of transparent moonbeam, pouring on the tufty heights and bathing their sides with the whiteness of virgin snow.

'At 7 P.M., as the last flush faded from the occident; the lamp, a wick in a broken pot full of palm oil, was brought in; Said bin Salim appeared to give the news of the day,—how A. had abused B., and how C. had nearly been beaten by D.,—and a brief conversation led to the hour of sleep. A dreary, dismal day, you will exclaim gentle reader, a day that

> "Lasts out a night in Russia
> When nights are longest there."

Yet it had its enjoyments, and this African Eden had other advantages, which probably I might vainly attempt to describe to lovers of London and Paris.'

March 29th witnessed Speke's return. He was wet "to the bone" but he had "done nothing."* He had cruised about the Tanganyika Lake, he had got his arms and ammunition into a fearful condition through damp, and he had contented himself with a promise that at the end of three months a dow should be let to him for 500 dollars: that very dow having been already promised to Burton whenever he wanted it. He had however brought some news.

* If any one should doubt Burton's accuracy on this point he will do well to read Speke's own account of this tour as given in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for September, 1859. A more ignominious and at the same time more jaunty confession of failure cannot be found in literature.—ED.

He had invented a vast horse-shoe of lofty mountain, somewhere near the very heart of Sir R. I. Murchison's depression. 'As to this wholly hypothetical, or rather inventive feature,' says Burton,—'I had seen the mountains growing upon paper under my companion's hand, from a thin ridge of hill fringing the Tanganyika to the portentous dimensions given in "Blackwood" (Sept. 1859), and Dr. Petermann's "Mittheilungen" (No. 9 of 1859), —wore a cresent form, my companion gravely published, with all the pomp of discovery, in the largest capitals, "THIS MOUNTAIN RANGE I CONSIDER TO BE THE TRUE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON."' Surely Burton is a little more than justified when he makes a bitter reference to the way in which men "*do* geography' and stultify exploration.

Burton and Speke then started in search of the mysterious stream which flowed out of the northern extremity of the Tanganyika and which had nearly swamped the canoes of Hamid bin Sulayyam. Their difficulties were, however, enormous. The tribes on the northern shore of the Tanganyika allow no trade, and when Burton asked upon what conditions he could be shown the Mtoni or river, Kannena, who had been preparing for a cruise northward, and upon whom he relied, 'jumped up, discharged a volley of oaths, and sprang from the house like an enraged baboon.' At last the point was gained. A most exorbitant price in cloths, beads and bracelets was paid, a rich reward was promised to Kannena if the journey were satisfactorily accomplished, the crew received their rations and a considerable largesse, and preparations were made for the departure. Unhappily the boats were of the very worst—canoes hollowed out of a single log, or boats composed of three planks, a keel and two gunwales sewn together with cords of palm fibre passed through lines of holes. The leakage was excessive, and the cry of Senga! (bale out!)

rarely ceased, while the irregular hollowing of the logs made the vessels lie lopsided in the water. 'Nothing but the extreme timidity of their crews,' says Burton, 'preserves this cranky craft from constant accidents,' and if they did not, as he mentions in another place, load their cargoes, usually of salt, in framework some four or five inches above the floor of the boat little would be left to arrive at its destination.

Preparations were hurried on. Two of the Beloch were despatched to Unyányembe in order to communicate personally with Snay bin Amir; and a neat little outfit comprising amongst other things four "half loads" of salt, two of which were melted on the way, was put on board. Meanwhile Kannena, who was in the habit of coming to the Tembe, "drunk and surly" raised difficulties. This negro potentate was, it seems, in the habit of visiting his guests 'with eyes like two gouts of blood, knitted front, and lips viciously shot out: when contradicted or opposed he screamed and gesticulated as if haunted by his P'hepo, his fiend, and when very evilly disposed he would proceed to the extreme measure of cutting down a tent. This slave sultan,' Burton continues, 'was a son of noise, he affected brusquerie of manner and violence of demeanour the better to impressionise his unruly subjects, and he frightened the timid souls around us, till at last the Jemandar's phrase was "Strength is useless here."' All difficulties seemed to be surmounted, however, when at 4 P.M. on the 9th of April, amidst the sounds of barbarous music, a start was made. A weary journey over three miles of rough and wet ground to the place where the canoes had been moored, was all that was accomplished that day; and the crew were in that state of intoxication which delights the African and made the noise of Bedlamites. The rain came down and, drenching the flimsy tent, at once spoiled the tobacco and flour, the grain and the vegetables prepared for the voyage. Then ensued a period of delay, and it was

not until 7.20 P.M. on the 12th of April, 1858, now nigh thirty years ago, that Burton's canoe, the first that had ever borne the familiar Union Jack upon Lake Tanganyika, stood out of Bangwe Bay.

The journey was not by any means one of pleasure. The Beloch, one and all, had refused their escort, and the crews displayed all the temper which savages usually manifest. They insisted on going on when they pleased, stopping when they pleased, and eating, drinking, and smoking at the hours which to them seemed fittest. Halting when the master of the Expedition wanted to land in search of shells or stones was invariably refused. For the rest, the people were about as evil specimens of the human race as the veriest pessimist could have desired. They were, Burton found, rude, insolent, and extortionate; they 'had made no progress in the art of commerce, and while they would impatiently dun a stranger half-a-dozen times a day for a few beads, they would patiently keep him waiting for weeks on occasions of the highest importance to him.' Living was, too, expensive; absolutely and not merely relatively; a hen or five or six eggs, costing a "khete" of beads and a goat, one "shukkah" of cloth, which in this region meant twelve yards instead of six as elsewhere. The superstitions and prejudices of the people were as tiresome as might be expected. Thus nothing must be thrown into the lake; refuse and offal must go into the bilge of the boat to fester and putrify under the tropical sun; no stick must be cut even from a condemned old tub drawn upon the lake shore, and any attempt at sounding or dredging would have been punished with death.

On the 19th of April, Burton and his crew fared forth towards the West. The journey was diversified by the usual incidents. At 10 A.M., for example, the crew pulled in their oars to eat and smoke; at 2 P.M. the wind and waves again arose, the spray drenched everybody on board,

and all hands were called upon to bale. After a halt of a day, the journey was continued under the moonlight, and on the 22nd of April more blackmail had to be paid in a place where no food was to be obtained. The end of the voyage came on the 26th of April at Uvíra, the northernmost station on Lake Tanganyika to which merchants were admitted. The people quarrel much amongst themselves, and strangers are always looked upon with suspicion. All that could be done therefore was to look at the yet unexplored region, and long unavailingly for information about it. Some indeed was available. The three stalwart sons of the Sultan Marúta, 'the noblest type of Negroid seen near the Lake, with symmetrical heads, regular features, and pleasing countenances,' visited the explorer, and in reply to his questions informed him to his dismay that the Rusizi which they had visited enters into and does not flow out of the Tanganyika. There were the usual misunderstandings. Bombay, the amiable, declared that Speke had misunderstood the words of Hamid bin Sulayyam, who spoke of a river falling into, not opening from the lake, and declared his conviction that the Arab had never sailed north of Ubwári Island. Sayfu, who at Ujiji had described the mouth of the *Diversoir*, and its direction for two days, now owned that he had never been beyond Uvíra, and never intended to go, and that in brief the stories with which he had been amusing Burton were pure inventions. Still, however, Burton hoped to map the northern margin of the Lake, but more difficulties arose. The Arab agents of Said bin Majid replied to the offer of an exorbitant sum that they would not undertake the business for ten times the amount; the sons of Marúta who had volunteered their escort, drew back at the last moment; Kannena, when summoned to perform his promise, jumped up and ran out of the tent; and, if last, not least, Burton himself suffered so severely from ulceration of the tongue that he was

hardly able to articulate. Marúta and 'his family of young giants' claimed their share of the plunder; Kannena came down for his—on rather a large scale—and so it became necessary to settle for the departure of the caravan on its return journey on the 6th of May. The rainy season was 'in its last convulsion, and the crews were impatient in the extreme to reach their homes. On the 10th of May, the sky was dull and gloomy, the wind was hushed, the sun burnt with a sickly and painful heat, the air was still and sultry, stifling and surcharged, while the glimmerings of lurid lightning and low mutterings from sable cloud-bands lying upon the northern horizon, cut by light masses of mist in a long unbroken line, and from the black arch rising above the Akrokeraunian hills to the west, disturbed at times the death-like silence.' That evening the Expedition left Mzímu at sunset, and for two hours coasted along the shore. A frightful storm came on, thunder, lightning, and, fortunately a tropical rain, which in the end beat down the wind and sea. 'Otherwise,' says Burton, 'nothing short of a miracle could have preserved us for a dry death'—a conclusion which is not surprising, when the frail nature of the craft on which they were embarked is remembered.

The camp was pitched at 7 A.M., and tired with the night's work, the travellers sought a few hours' repose. They had scarcely settled down to rest when there arose the most violent uproar. A drunken man—almost all these disturbances have their origin in drink—had rushed from the crowd of Warundi, and with a big stick had hit out in all directions. The Wajiji—Burton's men—had defended themselves as best they could, but unfortunately Valentine the Goanese lost his head, seized a Colt's revolver and fired it into the midst of the crowd, wounding one man seriously. It fortunately happened that the victim was a slave, otherwise the situation would have been most serious.

As it was, the difficulty *was* got over by the confiscation of sundry sheep, and the payment of a ransom equivalent to $48—a sum on Lake Tanganyika equivalent to about £100 in England. Two days later the Expedition, which had been absent from the 10th of April to the 10th of May, arrived at Kawéle amidst shots, shouts, and a shocking noise. The boating had been rather a severe trial. 'We had,' says Burton, 'no means of resting the back; the holds of the canoes, besides being knee-deep in water, were disgracefully crowded; they had been appropriated to us and our servants by Kannena, but by degrees he introduced, in addition to the sticks, spears, broken vases, pots, gourds, a goat, two or three small boys, one or two sick sailors, the little slave girl, and the large sheep. The canoes were top-heavy with the number of their crew, and shipping of many seas spoiled our tents, and besides wetting our salt, soddened our grain and flour; the gunpowder was damaged, and the guns were honey-combed with rust. Besides the splashing of paddles, and the dashing of waves, heavy showers fell almost every day and night, and the intervals were bursts of burning sunshine.'

The halt was almost as painful as the journey. The travellers suffered from the plague of starers to an almost incredible extent. One party had no sooner gone away than another appeared on the scene. Fortunately the health of the travellers improved. Burton's limbs lost their numbness; the ulceration disappeared from his mouth, and though his feet were still swollen, there was a continuous and steady improvement in his general condition. Speke, for his part, though still uncomfortably deaf, was almost cured of his blindness, and when the rainy monsoon broke up on the 14th of May, and the climate mended, existence became for the explorers once more tolerable. Not, however, that life was absolutely perfect even at this season. 'Fine cool mornings, clear,

warm suns, and deliciously cold nights, are pleasant enough, but,' says Burton—and his experience is confirmed by that of other explorers—'the brain, enfeebled perhaps by an enervating climate, is fatigued and wearied by the monotony of the charms which haunt it; cloyed with costly fare it sighs for the rare simplicity of the desert. I have never felt this sadness in Egypt and Arabia, and was never without it in India, Zanzibar, and the Brazil.'

There was another cause for melancholy. Want—absolute want—was staring the travellers in the face. Supplies had not come down, and in this heartless and inhospitable land "nothing is to be had for nothing." Burton and his companions were reduced to ten shukkah (of cloth), ten fundi of coral beads, and one load of black porcelains, which were perfectly useless. 'With this pittance,' he goes on, 'we had to engage Hammáls for the hammock, to feed seventy-five mouths, and to fee several Sultans; in fact to incur the heavy expenses of marching back 260 miles to Unyányembe.' To make matters worse, the Beloch began to clamour for more rations—they received two cloths *per diem*—and to demand a bullock to celebrate their Eed or greater Festival. At the last moment, and just when despair seemed to be settling down upon Burton and his companion news arrived of something that looked like succour. Rumours had reached the camp of a large caravan under an Arab merchant as approaching Kawéle, and on 22nd of May the tembe was surrounded with boxes and bales, porters, slaves and four "sons of Ramji." With them came "Shahdád the Beloch," who had been left behind at Kazeh, who brought with him a parcel of letters and papers from England—the first that Burton had had for eleven months. The tidings were evil—the Indian revolt had broken out, and Burton was exploring savage Africa instead of being with his regiment; but he was afterwards consoled, because, being in Bombay, they saw

no active service, so that he lost no chance. The medical supplies, for which Burton had "indented," did not come up; Snay bin Amir reported that he had retained all the packages for which porters could not be found, that three boxes had been stolen from the warehouse, and finally that 400 dollars' worth of cloth and beads, for which Burton had written, was hourly expected to arrive.

The news was good, but its realisation was disappointing. When the packs of the fifteen porters came to be inspected, it was found that a great quantity of ammunition—which was not wanted—had been sent, and that the supplies of provisions had been terribly knocked about. Half the bottles of brandy, curry-powder and spices were broken and their contents spilled; tea, coffee and sugar had been squeezed out of their canisters and lost, and the rice had generally disappeared. There were three loads of American domestics—sixty shukkahs—and the rest of the packs contained fifteen coral bracelets, and some white beads. Everything was refuse of its kind. 'The good Hindús of Zanzibar,' says Burton, 'had seized this opportunity to dispose of their flimsy, damaged and unsaleable articles.' There was, in short, enough to carry the Expedition comfortably back to Unyányembe, but by no means sufficient to enable Burton to explore the two southern thirds of Lake Tanganyika, still less for returning to Zanzibar, by way of the Nyassa or Maravi Lake and Kilwa, as had been intended. The caravan having arrived, preparations were at once made for return, and on the 26th of May, soon after a particularly glorious sunrise, the caravan got under way amidst considerable difficulties. Men refused to take up the loads which had been assigned to them the night before; those who had invested their capital in "serviles," drove the poor half-wild wretches in front of them, and at four in the afternoon Burton was compelled to set out with his Beloch, his manchil (hammock)

being carried by only two men. There were endless delays, the half-caste Arabs showing on every possible occasion how large a share of servile blood there was in their veins, and how little consideration they had for aught save their own profit or convenience. Nor was the road especially interesting. At first, being 'within the influence of that bag of Æolus, the Tanganyika trough,' the caravan marched through tornadoes of heavy rain, thunder and lightning. After the 5th of March came a change of weather, clear and hot in the sunshine, with a raw cold easterly wind, which brought about general ill-health. More difficulties arose. The Hammáls who carried Burton's hammock were the most annoying of their kind, and though they had been paid in advance to Unyányembe, deserted with such persistency that it became necessary to hire a fresh party before half the journey had been accomplished. On the 2nd of June, the travellers fell once more into their old route at Jambeho, in the alluvial valley of the Malagarázi River, where they were obstructed by a bush fire. When at last the river itself was reached, the Mutwáre (the lord of the ferry) demanded a most extortionate toll—five times as much as was paid by the Arabs. Seven hours were consumed in this transit, the tedium of the day being diversified by such tricks of gratuitous mischief as the landing of Said bin Salim and the Jemadar on a dry knoll in the midst of the waste of waters, and refusing to take them off for a less price than a piece of cloth. At 4 P.M. the entire caravan had passed over, and once in the Ugogo country every one breathed more freely. Thence a march of twelve days totally devoid of incident carried the caravan to Unyányembe. On the 17th of June came the second packet of letters which the explorers had received during twelve months, and which, as usual, were full of evil tidings. Almost every one had lost some friend or relation, and, as Burton remarks, 'such tidings are severely felt by the

wanderer who, living long behind the world, and unable to mark its gradual changes, lulls, by dwelling upon the past, apprehension into a belief that his home has known no loss, and who expects again to meet each old familiar face ready to smile upon his return as it was to weep at his departure.'

At Kazeh Burton was warmly welcomed by his hospitable friend Snay bin Amir,* who, after treating him in the friendly Arab fashion to coffee in his Barzah, or anteroom, led him to his old abode, which, during his absence, had been carefully repaired, swept and plastered. 'There,' says Burton, 'a large metal tray, bending under succulent dishes of rice and curried fowls, giblets and manioc, boiled in the cream of the ground-nut, and sugared omelets, flavoured with ghee and onion shreds, presented peculiar attractions to half-starved travellers.' The travellers had more to complain of than mere fatigue and semi-starvation. It was the deadliest season of the year; the waters were drying up under a fiery sun; there was a violent and bitterly cold east wind, which poured through the tepid air like cold water into a warm bath. As a consequence Burton was again seized with numbness and swelling of the extremities, and Speke was martyrised with an obstinate deafness and dimness of vision which prevented him from reading, writing and observing correctly. The Goanese were prostrated with fever, followed by rheumatism and liver pains, and one of them—Valentine, aforementioned—fell into such a condition that quinine seemed scarcely to affect him at all. Under the circumstances, Burton resolved to try the *Tinctura Warburgii*,

* This excellent friend to the Expedition was abandoned by Captain Speke on his second journey, as the 'Discovery of the Sources of the Nile' proves, and was left to be killed by the negroes of "Mirámbo," his African enemy, in the bush. Burton long mourned the loss of his friend.—ED.

and did so with effects almost as marvellous as those of the alkaloids in cases of rheumatic fever. The Beloch in turn were ill, partly from malaria; still more, perhaps, from the consequences of their own imprudent indulgence in unaccustomed food and drink. All, however, gradually recovered under the influence of narcotics, tonics and stimulants, which Burton administered with all the confidence of an adept. In his own case the moral effect of success, the sensation that he had done the one great thing which he came out to Africa to do, had the greatest possible effect. 'I felt,' he says, 'the proud consciousness of having done my best under conditions from beginning to end the most unpromising, and that whatever future evils Fate might have in store for me, that it could not rob me of the meed won by the hardships and sufferings of the past.' Fate was less kind than Burton wished to believe her. The difficulty with Speke was beginning to make its appearance, and matters now took a very serious turn. Captain Speke, who had been at the outset of the Expedition more of a hindrance than a help to it, had now become acclimatised; while Burton, whose stronger constitution had enabled him to bear up at first with greater success, was gradually but surely succumbing to the hideous African climate.

When, therefore, the news of another lake upon the north, within an easy journey—some fifteen or sixteen marches—reached Burton, he considered Speke a very fit person to undertake the charge of a small expedition for its exploration. There was another reason for detaching him. Speke knew nothing of Eastern manners and customs. He was an Anglo-Indian, *pur sang*, and his knowledge of Oriental languages was confined to 'a few words of the debased Anglo-Indian jargon.'

At this point the unhappy controversy between Burton and Speke begins. Its opening was the article in *Black-*

wood (October, 1859), already referred to, in which Speke asserted that Burton "was most unfortunately quite done up, but most graciously consented to wait with the Arabs and recruit health." The insinuation contained in this sentence is, perhaps, hardly worthy of notice. Happily Captain Speke himself supplies the answer to it. In the 'Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society,' 24th of January, 1859, the following passage occurs: "To diminish the disappointment caused by the shortcoming of our cloth in not seeing the whole of the sea Ujiji, I have proposed to take a flying trip to the unknown lake while Captain Burton prepares for our return homewards." The difficulties with the porters and the Beloch were endless. As Burton put the matter in his communication to the Royal Geographical Society: 'Our asses, thirty in number, all died; our porters ran away; our black escort became so unmanageable as to require dismissal; the weakness of our party invited attacks, and our wretched Beloch deserted us in the jungle, and throughout have occasioned us an infinity of trouble.'

But Burton's object in remaining at Kazeh was simply to work up the records of his journey. He had collected (as the Journal of the R. G. S. shows) hearsay details about the famous northern kingdoms of Karágwah, Ugánda, and Unyoro, and he had also heard details concerning the Nyánza or Ukerewe, afterwards named the "Victoria Nyánza" Lake. But he had already been twice deceived by native reports, and had found one "Zíwá" a mere pool, and he was unwilling to waste precious time on what might prove a fiasco. Captain Speke, on the other hand, was burning to escape from Kazeh, and the society of an utterly idle man to one full of occupation is, to say the least, unpleasant.

During Speke's absence Burton devoted himself to collecting specimens of the multitudinous dialects into which

the language of South Africa divides itself—no easy task where there are neither teachers nor books. He had learned the Kisawáhíli, or Coast language, and with the aid of the "Sons of Ramji" and some tame slaves, he had collected about 1500 words in the three principal dialects upon this line of road. With regard to Kisawáhíli he had betaken himself to his old work of reducing the language to a grammar and a vocabulary; the other tongues presented greater difficulties. 'The work,' he says, 'was not a labour of love.' It was, in fact, about as hard a task as the patience of man ever encountered. Burton had to deal with those whom he calls "wild captives"—untamed savages, that is to say, and began with the numerals, as being the fairest test of independence of derivation, 'because the most likely to be primitive vocables'—which it may be remarked, by the way, is apparently a good deal at variance with the onomatopoetic theory of Archdeacon Farrar and his friends.

'The savages could not guess the mysterious objects of my inquiry into their names for 1, 2, and 3; often they started up and ran away, or they sat in dogged silence perhaps thinking themselves derided. The first number was rarely elicited without half an hour's "talkee—talkee," somewhat in this style.

"Listen, O my brother! in the tongue of the shores (Kisawáhíli), we say 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,"—counting the fingers to assist comprehension.

"Hu! hu!" replies the wild man, "*we* say fingers."

"By no means, that's not it. This white man wants to know how thou speakest, 1, 2, 3?"

"One, two, three what? sheep, or goats, or women?"—expressing the numerals in Kisawáhíli.

"By no means, only 1, 2, 3 sheep in thine own tongue, the tongue of the Wapoka."

"Hi! hi! what wants the white man with the Wapoka?"

'And so on, till patience was almost impossible. But, like the Irish shay-horse of days gone by, their tongues once started often hobbled on without halting. The tame slaves were more tractable, yet even in their case ten minutes sufficed to weary out the most intellectual; when the listless and incoherent reply, the glazed eye gazing at vacancy, and the irresistible tendency to gape and yawn, to nod and snooze, evidenced a feeble brain soon overworked, Said bin Salim would sit staring at me with astonishment, and ejaculate, like Abba Gregorius, the preceptor of Ludolph, the grammarian, philologist and historian of Æthiopia, "Verily in the Coast-tongue words never take root, nor do they bear branches."'

The rest of Burton's time was devoted to preparations for his journey downwards. Tents were confected, and a "cartel," or wooden bed frame, without joints, screws, nuts, bolts or fastenings, which would certainly have been lost, rigged up; blanket clothing made up, the umbrellas, of which every traveller should have at least three put in order; the portmanteaus cobbled; hammocks patched, and the equipment generally overhauled. A she ass and foal, to insure a supply of milk on the downward journey were bought, the useless and damaged surveying instruments, manuscripts, and maps, sketch-books, and reports for the Royal Geographical Society sent down to Zanzibar, and then Burton sat himself down to await the return of his companion. On the 29th of August, Speke appeared. His "flying trip" had been more successful than could have been anticipated. The Lake in search of which he had set out proved to be much larger than had been believed, and apparently by intuition—certainly not from any reason that he could adduce—Speke proclaimed that he had discovered the sources of the White Nile. In this belief Burton did not share, partly because of Speke's linguistic deficiencies, and partly because of the geographical diffi-

culties in the way which, as one of the most scientific of modern geographers, Burton at once detected. Speke was, in fact, not quite a model explorer: he had always to depend on an interpreter, and his interpreter on somebody else—as thus:—'Bombay, after misunderstanding his master's ill-expressed Hindustani, probably mistranslated the words into Kisawáhíli to some travelled African, who in turn passed on the question in a wilder dialect to the barbarian or barbarians under examination. During such a journey to and fro,' adds Burton, 'words must be liable to severe accidents.' So it proved in this case when an influent of the Nyánza was described as an effluent, and the real original and only genuine White Nile. Burton saw reason for scepticism from the first—as a mere matter of fact, Speke's blunders were patent, and were readily corrected by any one who spoke Arabic enough to compare them with the information of the merchants at Kazeh, to whom every detail of the Nyánza is perfectly familiar.

On the 5th of September, 1858, "handsome Moses"—Musa Mzúri—returned from Karágwah, and, as is always the case with the better class of Arabs, displayed the greatest kindness, courtesy, and hospitality to Burton and his companion. 'Besides the mbogoro, or skinful of grain, and the goat usually offered to fresh arrivals, he was ever sending those little presents of provisions, which in the East cannot be refused without offence. I narrowly prevented his killing a bullock to provide us with beef,' says Burton, 'and at last I feared to mention a want before him.' The usual preparations for departure were made, but the difficulties were multiplied exceedingly by the distance at which the travellers were from the coast, and from the want of portability in the money of the country—cloth and beads. It is one thing to carry a hundred dollars or so in specie in a waist-belt, it is quite another to have to hire a train of porters to carry the value of those

dollars in the form of rolls of cloth, beads, brass wire or gunpowder. The mere engagement of the men is a trouble of no small magnitude, so much so that on this occasion three weeks were spent in hiring porters; and when the heavy baggage was finally sent on on the 25th of September, Burton found that his Arab had engaged for his hammock and his personal baggage but three Hammáls—'one a tottering old man, another a knock-kneed boy, and the third a notorious skulk.' The hire for porters alone to carry the manchil was at the rate of half a crown a mile, and other expenses were in proportion. When the caravan started it carried as stock fourteen porters' loads of cloth, the beads comprised one load of black porcelains, 175 lbs. of pink porcelain, and eight bundles of coral porcelains, amounting to 70 'fundo, each of which covered as a rule the minor expenses of a day. Besides other cloths, there were in the caravan sixteen cows, heifers, and calves, but having neglected to mark the animals, the astute natives changed them, and the supply of milk was consequently stopped after a few days. The cattle too soon disappeared. Whenever an animal lay down in the road its throat was summarily cut, and the carcase devoured by the porters, who found two or three pounds of beef apiece only sufficient to serve as the epicure's half-dozen oysters before a banquet—a whet to the appetite for the daily porridge. Specimens of the fine poultry of Unyamwezi, intended to be naturalized in England, were bumped to death in their cages. Some of the bullocks, including one specially reserved for Christmas, were allowed to go astray, and the end of the business was that the caravan arrived at the coast almost destitute. Everything, cloth and beads, hoes and cattle had disappeared. It is significantly added by Burton that had he possessed thrice the quantity it would all have gone in the same way.

The return commenced on the 26th of September with a journey of three miles under a white-hot sun and through a chilling wind. The kindly and hospitable Snay bin Amir continued his attentions to the last, but the various people engaged in the caravan, as soon as the march had fairly begun, alternated between childish petulance and flagrant dishonesty in the most exasperating way. To add to the discomforts of the journey came illness. Burton had had a slight touch of fever on the second day of the march, and on the 4th of October, Speke was taken ill. They had arrived at a "foul village," the only lodging to be obtained was in 'a kind of cowhouse, full of vermin, and exposed directly to the fury of the cold gales;' and here Speke found himself afflicted, in addition to a deaf ear, inflamed eye and swollen face, with a mysterious and agonising pain ranging through liver and spleen; known to native Africans as kichyoma-chyoma or "little irons."* After this he became delirious, with epileptic seizures and fits resembling hydrophobic attacks. The local remedies were absolutely useless, and the patient lay for some weeks at literally death's door. Burton's legs and feet were still benumbed, so that he was compelled to use a hammock, and had it not been for the fortunate accident of an unloaded caravan passing down towards the coast, the pair of explorers might have been left to die in the wilderness.

As soon as the signs of returning health could be detected in Speke and himself, Burton rearranged the business of the caravan, now numbering 152 souls, and on the 3rd of November, they plunged into the "Fiery Field," passed the Round Stone—Jiwe la Mkoa—after seven marches in as many days and on the 5th of December completed the transit of Ugogo. On the 6th, he arrived at his old camping ground, and there encountered a freshly

* It is simply the "peri-hepatitis" of modern science, which in those days had not been named.

arrived caravan with letters and papers from the coast, containing, *inter alia*, that tremendous official "wigging" already described (*ante*, I. 301), for having dared to suggest the measures which would have prevented the massacre of Christians at Jeddah on the 30th of June, 1858. Strangely, and as it would seem in pure irony of fate—the intimation of the "displeasure of the (Bombay) Government" came in company with a Bombay newspaper announcing the massacre; and the two documents were printed side by side in the 'Lake Regions of Central Africa.'

At this point the "Sons of Ramji" and the porters detained the caravan for a day with assertions of the famine-stricken and dangerous condition of the road, the result of which was that it was not until the 7th of December that an advance could be made by the alternative road—a dreary and most tedious journey over mountains and basins, varied by interludes of dispute between the local chiefs on the subject of "dash," or toll, for leave to pass through their territories, and by quarrels amongst the porters, the Arabs and the Beloch of the caravans. Christmas Day, 1858, saw the party toiling along the Kikoboga River, which had to be forded four times on that day. The bullock which had been reserved for the festivities of the season had been lost, and Burton's order for the purchase of half a dozen goats having been disregarded he and Speke made good cheer upon a fat capon which served as roast-beef, and a mess of ground nuts sweetened with millet-cane which did duty as plum pudding. On the road back to Zungomero, which was reached on the 29th, the travellers came upon a district which realised Africa in its most hideous and grotesque aspect. 'Animals,' says Burton, 'are scarce amongst the portentous growth of herbage, not a head of black cattle is seen, flocks and poultry are rare, and even the beasts of the field seem to flee the land. At the sight of our passing caravan the goatherd hurried off

his charge, the peasant prepared to rush into the grass, the women and children slunk and hid within the hut, and no one ever left his home without a bow and a sheaf of arrows whose pitchy-coloured barbed necks denoted a fresh layer of poison.'

After the usual interminable delays—delays almost as tiresome to read about as to endure—the caravan of the 14th of January, 1859, fell in with the parcel of drugs and medical comforts which had been written for in July, 1857—the climate of Eastern Africa appears to affect Europeans as well as natives—and on the 21st of the same month the road was resumed. There was little of interest or adventure in this return journey. The supplies were almost exhausted, and, in Burton's phrase, 'no one ventured to dispute the way with well-armed paupers.' On the 30th of January, the natives of Zanzibar 'screamed with delight at the sight of the mango tree, and pointed out to one another, as they appeared in succession, the old familiar fruit, jacks and pine apples, limes and cocoes.' The 3rd of February saw the caravan winding through an avenue of poles decorated with skulls—some of which now adorn the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, and by night it was safely housed in the maritime village of Konduchi. The journey was over. All that remained was to send home the Zanzibar people, and to wait for the supplies which had become absolutely necessary, and for which Burton wrote to the British Consul at Zanzibar. As for the journey to Kilwa—the Quiloa of the Portuguese—it is possible that the proverb about "the least said" should be borne in mind. The Consul at Zanzibar sent down the boat, but the cholera was raging, and after ravaging the East coasts of Arabia and Africa, and almost depopulating the southern coasts of the settlements of the mainland, had made it necessary to abandon the hope of exploring the great Rufiji river, which is to the north of Zanzibar, what

the Zambezi is to the south—the great highway to the interior. The Expedition had therefore to be given up, and on the 4th of March 1859, after a succession of violent storms and pertinacious calms, its members landed once more upon the island of Zanzibar—then in a state of civil war, in which Mr. Consul, afterwards General, Rigby took a part somewhat larger than is usually assumed by the representatives of England in foreign parts.

During this time—a fortnight—Burton had an opportunity for the rest which he sorely needed, after having spent the greatest part of three years in exploration and adventure in a perfectly uncivilised country. What the result of the hostilities might have been if Burton had intervened earlier, it is of course impossible to say, but the Sayyid Majid had begged that he would stay until the difficulty was over. This he did, out of regard for the Sultan; but on the 15th of March he was privately requested to become the bearer of despatches to the Home Government. As a matter of course Burton refused; equally as a matter of course, Captain Rigby manifested his extreme desire that Burton should take his departure. Speke too, was "nervously impatient" to get away, and there were other difficulties. There can be little doubt that Captain Speke's intention of returning on a second expedition on the lines of that which he had done so much to mar, had a good deal to do with his action on this occasion.

On the 22nd of March, 1859, Burton left Zanzibar—without the good wishes, and possibly without the good-will of Captain Rigby. After crossing and recrossing three times the tedious line, they found themselves anchored on the 16th of April near the ill-omened walls of the Aden crater. The crisis of Burton's African sufferings had taken place during his voyage upon the Tanganyika lake; the fever however still clung to him like the shirt of Nessus. Mr. Apothecary Frost, of Zanzibar, had

advised a temporary return to Europe. Dr. Steinhäuser, the civil surgeon, Aden, also recommended a lengthened period of rest. He bade adieu to the "coal hole of the East" on the 28th of April, 1859, and in due time greeted with becoming heartiness the shores of his native land.

It is necessary in this place to return once for all to the great Burton and Speke controversy in the course of which the former has been so grievously calumniated by Speke's admirers without in any way benefiting the reputation of the latter. Those who have the patience to go into the whole question, and only such are competent to judge—will probably be of opinion that Burton has been from first to last a grievously injured man, and that under provocations such as few men would have tolerated for an instant he behaved with dignity, calmness and generosity above all praise. Even in the year following Speke's death, with all his injuries fresh in his mind, Burton wrote 'I do not stand forth as the enemy of the departed. No man can better appreciate the noble qualities of energy, courage and perseverance than do I who knew him for so many years and travelled with him as a brother.' At the same time he claimed the right of telling the truth and the whole truth—a matter concerning which Burton unfortunately found his companion somewhat economical.

Speke having served with credit if not with special distinction in the Panjáb campaign, completed his tenth year of Indian Service on the 3rd of September, 1854, and on the following day started on a three years' furlough. When the P. & O. steamer stopped at Aden, he landed to find Burton busy with the preparations for that journey to the Somáli country, which has already been described in these pages. His design was to spend two years in collecting animals north of the Line in Africa and to pass the

remaining year in rest and quiet at home. With this view he landed at Aden, intending to make his way across the African continent and especially to explore those exceedingly mythical "Mountains of the Moon," which make so great a figure in his books and maps, but which no later traveller has been able to find. He, at this time, certainly entertained no notion of "striking the Nile at its head and driving it down to the Mediterranean Sea,"—as he afterwards boasted. That idea was entirely an after-thought, and when Burton proposed to attack the Nile at its source he listened with astonishment to a proposal which he deemed impracticable.

Even for the excursion which he at first proposed he was painfully destitute of qualifications. His ideas of dealing with the native races of Africa may be judged by the fact that he carried with him from Bombay to Aden goods to the value of £390, 'all manner of cheap and useless "chow-chow," guns and revolvers, swords and cutlery, and beads and cloths which the simple-minded African would have rejected with disdain.' He spoke no Eastern language save a little of the normal Anglo-Hindustani, he did not know even the names of the coast towns, and he was so ignorant of the manners and customs of the East that he had actually engaged as Abbans (*ante*, I. 259) the first Somali donkey boys whom he met and who could speak a little English. 'Convinced,' says Burton, 'that if he preceded me his life would be lost and that the Somali expedition would be unable even to set out, I applied officially to the Political Resident of Aden, the late Colonel, afterwards Sir James Outram who . . . allowed me to enrol Lieut. Speke as a member of the expedition and thus to save his furlough, by putting him on full service.' Speke, Burton found to be a remarkably difficult person to manage, as any one may discover who chooses to unearth the very singular pamphlet in which the former gives his version of "What

led to the discovery of the sources of the Nile." In that work, he relates the history of this Somali expedition in such a way as to lead the unlearned reader to suppose that he and not Burton was the guiding spirit of the whole affair, and that it was he and not Burton who gave orders on the memorable night of the attack on the Camp at Berberah. Burton had, moreover, other difficulties to contend with. Speke had for so long been his own master, and had had things so entirely his own way, that he resented every attempt at dictation; he 'openly declared that being tired of life he had come to be killed in Africa,' though he certainly behaved with prudence and courage when the time for the exhibition of both qualities came—and he had besides an overweening self-esteem which led him habitually to say not merely that he had 'done his best upon all occasions, but that no human being could have done better.'

While Burton was away on his famous expedition to Harar, already recorded in these pages, Lieuts. Stroyan and Herne remained at Berberah collecting information, and Speke was despatched *viâ* Bunder-Guray to explore the "Wady Nogal," and to visit the highlands of the Warsangali and Dulbahanta tribes in the Eastern Horn of Africa. Burton returned flushed with success after his journey to Harar, reaching Aden on 9th of February, 1855. A week afterwards Speke returned also, 'thoroughly disgusted with his journey,' and bringing back a doleful tale of trouble. He had failed utterly and completely and had never succeeded in even seeing the "Wady Nogal." Then came the expedition to Berberah, which failed, as certain of the higher powers had from the first intended that it should, and the story of which has already been told. It was not, however, until the return of this present expedition that Speke's jealousy and self-assertiveness betrayed themselves. 'The discovery of

the water which he called Victoria Nyanza, formed,' says Burton, 'the point whence our paths diverged.' Speke had been nourishing grievances for years. He was vexed that his diary, which Burton had edited very carefully and put into the appendix to 'First Footsteps in Eastern Africa,' had not been printed as he wrote it, geographical blunders, *saugrenu* reflections and all; he thought he ought to have been paid for this contribution to Burton's volume, though the author had himself lost money over it; he was hurt because Burton had, in pursuance of his express instructions, sent his zoological collections to the Calcutta Museum of Natural History, and he was profoundly aggrieved because in the thick of the fight at Berberah Burton had said to him 'Don't step back or they'll think we're running!' He had kept all those things and pondered them in his heart, allowing them to be heard only when he was raving in the delirium of African fever.

During the first expedition from Zanzibar (that which has been chronicled in the preceding pages) it was very evident that Speke's heart was not in his work. Burton complains, and his complaint is corroborated by Speke's own statements,—that 'even at the beginning of our long absence from civilised life I could not but perceive that his former alacrity had vanished: he was habitually discontented with what was done; he left to me the whole work of management, and then he complained of not being consulted. He had violent quarrels with the Beloch, and on one occasion the Jemadar returned to him an insult, which if we had not wanted the man he should have noticed with a sword cut. Unaccustomed to sickness he should not endure it himself nor feel for it in others; and he seemed to take pleasure in saying unpleasant things—an Anglo-Indian peculiarity. Much of the change he explained to me by confessing that he could not take interest in an exploration of which he was not the commander.' Arrived

at Zanzibar he fell into bad hands, and came somewhat hastily to the conclusion that he was a very ill-used man. He showed a nervous hurry to hasten home, though his leave and Burton's had been prolonged by the Bombay Government. When H.M.S. *Furious*, carrying Lord Elgin and his secretary, Mr. Laurence Oliphant, arrived at Aden, passage was offered to both Burton and Speke. The latter eagerly availed himself of it; the former could not, his sick certificate not being *en règle*. 'Before parting with me,' says Burton, 'Captain Speke voluntarily promised when reaching England to visit his family in the country, and to await my arrival that we might appear together before the Royal Geographical Society,' a promise confirmed in a long letter which he wrote to Burton from Cairo. Yet on the very day after his return to England (May 9th, 1859), Speke called at the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society and set on foot the scheme of a new exploration. He was induced, 'much against his own inclination,' as he says, to lecture in Burlington House, and when, on May 21st, Burton reached London, he found the ground cut completely from under his feet; a new expedition decided upon by Sir Roderick Murchison, of which Speke was to be the leader—his own long-cherished plan of entering Africa through the Somali land, or by landing at the Arab town of Mombas, dismissed as unworthy of notice.

This breach of faith was bad enough, but worse remained behind. In September and October of this year Speke published two articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*, calmly assuming the whole credit of the Expedition to himself, and illustrating a wonderful account of his own adventures and discoveries with a chart which is perhaps the greatest triumph of inventive geography which this generation has yet seen. Thus, for example, the Mountains of the Moon, known hitherto in the vaguest way as a mountain range somewhere in the interior of Africa, here figure as a giant

horse-shoe, or Chancellor's wig, some 6000 feet high, and 180 miles in depth, prolonged beyond the equator and completely shutting in the northern extremity of Lake Tanganyika. The Nyanza, which Speke confessedly reached, but saw scarcely at all in the proper sense, is placed some 120 miles farther north than its real position, and thus one of the great and solid results of these three years of exploration was simply thrown away. After this, of course, anything approaching to a reconciliation between these friends and quondam companions was out of the question. There was no anxiety for a quarrel on Burton's part, but when he found that Speke, who owed literally everything to him, habitually wrote and spoke of him to common friends in petulant and provoking terms, it was not in human nature for him to remain absolutely silent. Accordingly he produced his 'Lake Regions of Equatorial Africa,' perhaps the most temperate vindication of his own position which a strong-willed and habitually outspoken man, suffering under a severe sense of injury, has ever put forth. 'Candid friends,'—

> "But of all ills, kind Heaven, thy wrath can send,
> Save, save, oh! save me! from the candid friend,"—

thought Burton had better consulted his own dignity by saying nothing. He had, however, learned by the case of his old commander, Sir Charles Napier, how unwise it is to let public sentence be passed by default, and how even delay in disputing unqualified assertions may in some cases be fraught with lasting evil.

Captain Speke having secured the assent of the Royal Geographical Society to his plans for a new Expedition, and pecuniary support on a more than ample scale, 'left England on the 27th of April, 1860, and set out definitely from Zanzibar on the 25th of September of the same year. 'On January 23rd, 1861, the traveller arrived at the old depot, Kazeh, in Unyámwezi, about S. lat. 5°. In 1858 he

had marched from that point northwards, and after 300 direct, or 425 indirect miles, covered in forty-seven days, from July 9th to August 25th, he sighted a water, of whose existence he had heard from Arabs as well as Africans. Standing 250 feet above the lake, which some called Ukerewe, and the others by the generic name, Nyanza—sea, ford, or stream, in fact, like Nyassa, the southern lake, it means simply a water—he saw 20 to 22 miles of water breadth; not enough, indeed, to command a liquid horizon between the islands, which he calls Mazita, Ukerewe, and Majid, and certainly not, as he states, "over 100 miles." (*What led to the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile*, p. 311). He returned to me at Kazeh, convinced that he had lifted the veil of Isis, that he had discovered in that "broad, open lake" not only the "sources of some great river but the sources of the Nile."

'On his second expedition Captain Speke left Kazeh in the middle of May, 1861, and travelled to the north-west, holding so strongly by his pre-conceived ideas of the line of march lying parallel to the lake that he never was at the pains to ascertain it was there. He might have visited it when living with King Rumanika, of Karágwah,* but he did not. After that time he turned to the north, bending east, and on January 28th, 1862, he sighted a water, which he at once instinctively determined to be *the* Nyanza. In vain the chiefs and people assured him that there were two lakes, and not one; and even asked him why he had not marched across his own lake instead of walking round it? And as he records in his Journal these remarks, which could not disperse foregone conclusions, his evidence has been justly called "insufficient and inconclusive." Captain

* Rumanika, of Karágwah is the potentate, within the precincts of whose "splendid court" were transacted the most disgusting and degraded of those orgies, the complacent description of which makes Captain Speke's book so unutterably loathsome.—ED.

Speke, shortly after leaving Rumanika, crossed the Kitangule River, a large stream running from S.W. to N.E. It is difficult to understand by his Journal at how many places he actually touched the supposed Nyanza, although it appears from his map that he perceived it at Mashonde and at Mastraka, and that he continued in sight of it as far as the Katonga River, a total of fifty geographical miles. The only actual record is at p. 390 of his Journal, where at Murchison Creek, he walks over hills and swamps to the west side of the lake, and is conveyed across the mouth of a deep "rush drain" to the royal yacht establishment of Uganda. The red route-line on Captain Speke's Journal map, running from Murchison Creek to the Ripon Falls is a mere mistake; neither of the travellers saw a mile of the ground.

'On July 19th, 1862, Captain Grant, without valid apparent reason, was sent to the head-quarters of King Kamáasi, of Unyoro, lying in 1° 37′ N. lat. to the N.W., and away from the lakes. Captain Speke apparently determined alone to do the work, marched from Urondogáni southwards to the place where the river, which he believed to be the White Nile, issued from the supposed Nyanza Lake. There again no sea horizon was seen. After following the stream about 50 miles to the northward from Ripon Falls, he left it and rejoined Captain Grant. Both travellers proceeded together to Chaguzi, the palace of King Kamrasi, at the confluence of two effluents from the supposed Nyanza, the Kafw, and the supposed White Nile, of whose bed 80 to 90 miles, between Orondogáni and Chaguzi, were left unvisited. From Chaguzi, Captains Speke and Grant again followed the stream for 50 miles as far as the Karuma Falls, in 2° 15′ N. lat. The "Nile" bending to the N.W., they left it at a considerable distance, and marched northwards 1° 25′ = 85 miles. Thus nearly 140 miles of stream issuing from the supposed Victoria Nyanza were left

entirely doubtful. After much delay and many mistakes, they presently came upon the lower course of what was supposed to be the stream which they had left higher up. But, in truth, they had lost all traces of it. The people consulted by Captain Speke "would not or could not tell him where the stream had gone to." He believed the Nile to be not far off (p. 585), yet, do or say what he would, everybody declared it was fifteen marches distant, and that it could not be visited under a month. Captain Speke, however, "knew in his mind all the reports were false," and the very first march from Faloro "brought him to Paisa, a collection of villages within sight of the Nile." It is evident from his map that the supposed White River, which may have been his own Kivira, or other stream, discharged itself into the "Little Luta Nzige" Lake, afterwards decreed to be a "backwater." Instead, however, of *beating* the stream, Captain Speke had clearly missed it: it might easily have been drained by the Jur (Djour), which runs parallel to the White River, or by a similar branch into the Bahr el-Ghazal, lately visited by Mr. Consul Petherick.

'From the time when Captain Speke left the Asua his life is public. From Alexandria he telegraphed in April, 1863, to the Foreign Office, these "pregnant words":—"Inform Sir Roderick Murchison that all is well, that we are in lat. 14° 30′ upon the Nile, and that the Nile is settled." (See *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. viii., No. III., p. 19; also "Annual Address" of May 25th, 1863, *Proceedings*, vol. viii., No. IV.) This startling assertion announced to the meeting of May 11th, 1863, caused a prodigious sensation. Meanwhile Captain Speke was fêted in Egypt by His Highness the Pasha, and by His Majesty of Piedmont was presented with a medal bearing the gratifying inscription, "Honor est a Nilo." At Southampton he was received by the civic authorities and sundry supporters, including a Colonel Rigby of the

Bombay army, ex-Consul of Zanzibar, who had taken a peculiar part in promoting, for purely private reasons, the proposed Nyanza-Nile expedition of Captain Speke *versus* the Mombas-Nile exploration proposed by myself. On June 22nd, 1863, he received an ovation in the shape of a special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, when the windows were broken in by the eager crowd, who witnessed, it is said, a somewhat disenchanting exhibition.

'The labours of the first expedition rendered the road easy for the second. The line had been opened by me to Englishmen, and they had but to tread in my steps. In the preceding pages I have shown how a thorough misconception of the Nile sources and a pre-occupation of ideas prevented anything like a successful and a satisfactory exploration being as yet effected by those who succeeded me. The reader must not, however, suppose—the mistake should be averted at the danger of iteration—that any charge of wilfully misrepresenting, of asserting what he did not in every way believe, is brought against Captain Speke. His peculiar idiosyncrasy of long brooding over thoughts and memories, secreting them until some sudden impulse brought them forth, may explain this great improbability. His mind, moreover, could not grasp a fact, else how explain his "partial eclipse of the moon on the 5th and 6th of January, 1863" (*Journal*, p. 243). Nor does he know the use of words. "A village built on the most luxurious principles" is a mass of dirty huts; a "king of kings" is a petty chief; a "splendid court" is a display of savagery; and the "French of those parts" are barbarians somewhat superior to their neighbours. "Nelson's *monument at Charing Cross*" is a specimen of what we may expect in Central Africa. I cannot regret that, in one point at least, his example should hitherto have been followed by his last companion. Captain Grant has not (I refer to his printed paper "On the Native Tribes visited by Captains

Speke and Grant in Equatorial Africa," read before the Ethnological Society, June 30, 1863) owned the vast benefits which the second derived from the first expedition.'

The sequel of the controversy is perhaps the hardest matter of all to contemplate with equanimity. In the closing days of December, 1863, Speke was moved to make a speech at Taunton, which, for vain-gloriousness and bad taste, will probably be considered without equal in the annals of modern English controversy. In the course of it he chose to refer to Burton, as "Bigg" and to assert that in 1857 he hit the Nile upon the head, and that in 1863 he drove it into the Mediterranean Sea. Considering that in 1858 his exploits were confined simply to going under Burton's orders to look for a doubtful water in a direction indicated by his chief, and that he came back after barely glancing at the Nyanza, the former assertion will probably be thought sufficiently "tall," but the second—which any ordinary reader would understand as implying that he had followed the course of the river from the Nyanza to the sea, is an even more striking example of falsehood by implication. The passages quoted above from Burton's "prefatory remarks" to a reprinted review on this subject, are probably a quite sufficient confutation. To that letter Burton could and did offer no reply, save such as may be gathered from his published works, but he remained patiently waiting for the whirligig of time to bring about its revenges. He had not to wait very long. A report of Speke's "Taunton Speech" appeared in the *Times*, and Dr. Beke set himself to refute it in the columns of the *Athenæum*. His letter (*Athenæum*, Jan. 7, 1864) was not perhaps all that could have been desired, but it was eminently satisfactory on the one point of Burton's claim to the discovery of the Inland Sea of Central Africa, and as to the utterly unfounded nature of Speke's pretended priority and originality. Naturally enough Dr. Beke's

main attention was concentrated on the fact that on scientific grounds he had long before proclaimed the probability—almost certainty of the existence, of at least two such lakes as Tanganyika and the Victoria Nyanza. Thereupon Mr. Cooley rushed into the fray, with the announcement that although Burton might have adopted the views of Dr. Beke, the latter had in turn adopted his opinions as proclaimed in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, for July, 1835, in which he had "described Lake Nyassa from native information, with a precision both as to size and position, which has not been since improved upon; and pointed out . . . the extension of the lake towards the setting sun." Speke, on his part, replied in a letter which for violence and unseemliness it would be difficult to find a parallel. "I don't wish," he says, in the course of it, "to say anything about Captain Burton. I taught him at his own request the geography of the countries we traversed, and since he has turned my words against me." What this assertion is worth, may be judged by all who care to read the tissue of fables and indecencies which Speke chooses to call a "Discovery of the Sources of the Nile" and the very remarkable articles on African exploration which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and to which reference has already been made.

The unhappy end of Speke's life at Bath, in the autumn of 1864, effectually sealed Burton's mouth for a long time. The latter had shown that, grievously though he had been injured, he cherished no malice, and indirect messages had passed between the two men, which seem to prove that, if it had not been for the interference of certain injudicious friends of Speke, a cordial understanding might have been arrived at. Burton was willing to forgive, and success had brought out the best points of Speke's character. The meeting of the British Association was fixed to take place at Bath, in September, 1864, and Burton hurried back from

his Consulate at Fernando Po to take part in it. In the geographical section of this Congress, a discussion was to take place as to the rival claims of Lake Tanganyika, and a North-Eastern Water, then unnamed, and the Albert Nyanza as the true "Source of the Nile." Burton and Speke were both to take part in it, and an immense amount of popular interest was excited. The rivals met, but did not speak, and Burton has more than once mentioned 'the immense changes of feature, of expression, and of general appearance, which his severe labours, complicated perhaps by deafness and dimness of sight, had wrought in Speke.' This was on the 16th of September, and the discussion was fixed for the following day. After sitting for some little time, Speke suddenly rose, and with the exclamation, "Oh! I can't stand this any longer!" hurriedly made his exit from the room. He appears to have made his way immediately to the house of his uncle, Mr. Fuller, of Neston Park, Wilts, and to have gone out shooting in company with his cousin and a keeper. After about two hours' sport the party became separated, Speke going in one direction and his companions in another. When they were some considerable distance apart the report of a gun was heard. The others looked round and saw Speke staggering. They ran to his assistance, but before they could reach him he had fallen, and the only words he was able to mutter were "Don't move me!" In a few moments he was dead. The evidence at the inquest was utterly inconclusive and unsatisfactory, but the jury returned a verdict of "accidental death" without hesitation, assuming that a man, accustomed all his life to the use of arms, and somewhat remarkable amongst his fellows for the extreme caution with which he handled them, had been guilty of the incredible folly of scrambling through a fence, or, as others say, stepping over a dyke some two feet high, with the muzzle of his gun pointed directly at his heart.

Whatever the real solution of the mystery may be, and I have my own view concerning it, there can be no doubt as to the mischief which it has done to Captain Burton's reputation. His lips were sealed for years, and when at last he dared to speak, he addressed a public already horribly prejudiced against him by the partisans of Captain Speke, who have felt themselves under no such chivalrous obligation as he has done, and have spoken habitually of the still living actor in this miserable tragedy, in terms which he has disdained to use concerning his dead companion. The result has been that Burton's share in the conduct of the first Expedition, his discovery of Lake Tanganyika, his despatch of Speke in search of that water to the North-East, of the existence of which his geographical knowledge had convinced him—all in short of his great achievements in this memorable three years, have been completely forgotten and ignored, as witness the following letter from Lady Burton to the editor of the *Times*.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

SIR.—As you daily devote a certain portion of the *Times* to redressing wrongs, I may hope that you will not make an exception to the disadvantage of Captain Burton. Five African explorers have pined for the honour of discovering the sources of the Nile, and each one in turn has believed himself to be that fortunate person, until now that Livingstone (the one who cared the least for that honour) has discovered waters more southerly still. We have all been looking forward with eagerness for this news. Judge then of my mortification at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday night to hear all the papers read and discussed almost without reference to Captain Burton, who is in Damascus, where I am about to join him immediately. His lake (Tanganyika), which lies

the nearest to Livingstone's new discovery, was almost skipped over, and my revered friend Sir Roderick Murchison spoke of "Central or Equatorial Africa, in which lie those great water basins which, thanks to the labours of Speke, Grant and Baker, are known to feed the Nile." After the meeting, I asked Sir Roderick Murchison why Captain Burton had been left out, and he replied in the kindest manner, "that if it had been so, it was a mere oversight which he was very sorry should have occurred," and I heard him give the order that it should be rectified in the report sent to the press. I see by your columns of Wednesday, 10th, that this was not done, and I therefore ask you in kindness and courtesy to insert these few lines that Captain Burton may not be counted for nothing by that large meeting on Monday night in the matter nearest his heart.

In 1854 and 1855 Captain Burton was employed in heading the Somali Expedition (which ended so fatally), taking with him Captain Speke and two others. From 1856 to 1859 he was occupied in exploring Central Equatorial Africa, taking again Captain Speke as second in command. He was the first to conceive the idea twenty years ago, the first to enter and penetrate that country, which he did under every obstacle and difficulty, bringing back sufficient information to smooth the path to all who chose to follow him. Lake Tanganyika was his first discovery, Nyanza was Speke's. In 1860 Captain Speke started on his own account, taking Captain Grant as second in command, whereby we gained some 350 geographical miles only hitherto known by vague report. Captain Burton spent those three years on the West Coast, at Dahomey and in Du Chaillu's country, making ten years off and on in Africa.

Then followed Sir Samuel Baker's Lake, now Livingstone's. It is, therefore, impossible to ignore Captain

Burton's services in the Nile Question. Dr. Livingstone has undoubtedly discovered the sources,* and must rank the first, but no man can claim the second honour, or the water nearest Livingstone's discovery, but Captain Burton, and no one can deny the fact that he, so to speak, opened the oyster for the others to get at the pearl.

All our friends are asking why he was left out the other night, and the kind-hearted ones offer me the consoling proverb "that good wine needs no bush," which, after all, is nonsense to any but connoisseurs.

I am, &c,

ISABEL BURTON.

14, Montagu Place, Montagu Square.
November 12, 1869.

NOTE.—How generously his fellow-countrymen have acknowledged Burton's claims to originality in the matter of African exploration may be judged from one small but not quite insignificant fact. Whilst engaged on this chapter, I have been favoured with a copy of a little book, entitled, 'To Lake Tanganyika in a Bath Chair.' The writer, Mrs. Hore, is the wife of Mr. E. C. Hore, Master Mariner, who is in the employment of the London Missionary Society, as Superintendent of their Marine Department on Lake Tanganyika, and who has made a most admirable survey of the entire Lake. Mrs. Hore set out to join her husband in 1882 (twenty-six years later than Burton). After certain preliminary difficulties, such as are apparently inseparable from all such journeys, she reached Ujiji in ninety days after the start from Zanzibar, travelling comfortably in an arm-chair, slung on a long bamboo, and carrying her little child on her lap during

* Dr. Livingstone died with this belief, but he had really discovered the head-waters of the Great Zaire, or Congo River.—ED.

the greatest part of the time. Burton had spent more than two years in going over the same ground once and returning, and in that journey he opened up the way for all future travellers. It will hardly be believed that in this volume Burton's name is mentioned ONCE, and once only, and that the only other place where his name occurs is on the map of Lake Tanganyika, where in defiance of his known and repeatedly expressed wish, it is given to a bay which it is doubtful if he ever saw, and which is in close proximity to *New York Herald Island!* Every one else who has ever seen Lake Tanganyika, Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, and Thomson, the discoverer of Masai-land, is mentioned with honour, but the pioneer of discovery in these wild regions is carefully ignored—here as elsewhere.—ED.

When appearing before the Royal Geographical Society, which had chosen Speke for the Second African Expedition without Burton, he proposed to pass through the Masai country and to strike the Nyanza at its N.E. end, but he would not oppose Captain Speke, whose object it was to carry off all the fame won by the first exploration, and in his official application he informed them that his (Burton's) object in life had always been "Honour, not Honours," a motto which was quoted by Chinese Gordon to the last day of his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO SALT LAKE CITY AND BEYOND.

Another "Holy City"—Changes in the United States—Before the war—Burton on the American military system—The Militia—His predictions verified—Accuracy of observation—Prepares for the journey—A "Concord coach"—The Emigration Road—A rolling prairie—The first halt—Painful travelling—Bad food—Filthy stations—Half-way house—The Red Indians—Indifference to death—A grisly story—A German host—The American wilderness—The mules—A "Bloomer"—"Ladies"—Little Thunder—The Indian bureau—A Mormon waggon-train—A desolate station—*Aut Cæsar aut Diabolus*—Alkaline deserts—A waterless lake—The scenery—A parallel—Independence Rock—"Miss" Moore—High ground—Coarse living—A nest of bestial depravity—Mormons—A lively host—Three weeks in a coach—A Danite—First view of the Promised Land—Arrival at Salt Lake City—The law-abiding character of Mormondom—Lynch law—Murders in Utah and Carson City—The Mormons maligned—Brigham Young—An interview with him—Excursions—The Dead Sea—Camp Floyd—Mormon gloom—Education, or the want of it—A perilous journey—Preparations—A fresh start—Stock driving—Porter Rockwell—A stay in Camp Floyd—Losing the way—A lukewarm Mormon—Tophet—An alkali desert—A queer recruit—"Pilgrims of love"—A primitive station—The Indian on the war-path—Western filthiness—A stormy night—In the wilderness—A woful bivouac—"Robbers' Roost"—Another filthy station—"Chokop"—The cold on the hills—Indian summer—Simpson's Park—Days of hardship—A churlish host—"Dead man for breakfast"—Fort Churchill—Carson City—Placerville—Sacramento—San Francisco—England again—Marriage—Family opposition—Cardinal Wiseman—22nd January, 1861.

IN the summer of 1860 Burton made an excursion to the United States, and, as a man of his calibre and temper was

not likely to be satisfied with a peaceful steamship and railway journey, it is not surprising that he determined to make his way across the prairies to California, taking Salt Lake City on his way, and making, as was his wont, a careful study of the new religion. He had, like Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, narrowly escaped joining Walker, the "Grey-eyed Man of Destiny," whom he met at New Orleans and who was bound upon his last road. The desire to add the "Holy City" of Mormonism to the list of similar sacred places which he had already visited—Memphis, Benares, Jerusalem, Rome, El-Medinah, and Meccah, was the primary motive for the journey, but scarcely second to it was 'the mundane desire of enjoying a little skirmishing with the savages who in the days of Harrison and Jackson had given the pale-faces rough work to do—a hope, by the way, which was cruelly disappointed—and, that failing, of inspecting the line of route which nature, according to the general consensus of guide-books had pointed out as the proper, indeed the only practical, direction for a railway between the Atlantic and the Pacific.' More than a quarter of a century has passed since these words were written, but in these days we live fast, and very much has been accomplished in the intervening time. The Western Continent is crossed not by one but by two railways, one of them running wholly over British territory, and rendering this country in the event of hostilities breaking out in our Eastern Empire practically independent alike of the Suez Canal and of the kindness of our cousins of the United States—a cousinship which our experience of that nation during the Crimean War and in the Irish difficulty does not lead us to rate very highly.

Many more things have changed since Burton made this journey, as is the wont of things in the Occidental World. The East is "unchanging:" the West is the region of perpetual growth and modification. A pilgrim who

should to day fare forth from Jeddah bound for Meccah and El-Medinah would find the same faces, the same costumes, the same means of locomotion, the same difficulties of travel, the same privations as have been found by every traveller since Hagar was driven out into the wilderness by the pious Father of the Faithful. In the West all has changed within the memory of men who can scarcely aspire to the respect accorded to the experience of middle age. The "pony express" across the American desert, of which we used to hear in the days of our youth, has gone; the mail which was erewhile conveyed in breakneck waggons over the prairies, and which took something over a month for the journey, is carried by a railway in something less than a week; the "Great Salt Lake City" is left out of the direct route to the "new Eldorado," California—to fester in its own corruption, and the great desert of Central North America is being rapidly filled up by a thriving and industrious agricultural population.

What is of even more importance in the history of civilisation and the world, the Union, has been consolidated by what is perhaps the most remarkable contest in history. When Burton visited "the City of the Saints" he found all the elements of a great convulsion seething and simmering. We in England—many of us at all events—failed to recognise that the struggle was, under whatever specious pretences it was veiled, one between slavery and its abolitionist opponents. Mr. Gladstone in the height of the struggle, in the autumn of 1862, declared in an after-dinner speech that Mr. Jefferson Davis had made of the Southern States, "an independent nation," and the feeling to which he gave expression was intensified by the calculated imprudence of the authorities of the United States in the Slidell and Mason business. Mr. Disraeli—as he then was—used his great position as leader of the Opposition to deprecate any rash interference in this most difficult and

delicate business, and so probably saved this country from the adoption of a policy which could only have had the effect of perpetuating the most odious of institutions—the slavery of one race to another. He was not thanked, and the party whose leaders have always posed as the "friends of humanity" have consistently represented English Conservatives as being in sympathy with the Southern slave-holders—than which it is probable that no more egregious misrepresentation was ever put forth. With this, however, I have but small concern. The point it is desirable here to establish is simply that Burton, travelling in 1860 through the Western States, detected the imminence of the greatest Civil War of modern—perhaps of any—times, and with the unerring instinct of a born soldier laid his finger upon the weak points of the American military system. For the regular army he has nothing but praise, and he incidentally mentions that 'it is a sensible pleasure which every military man has remarked to exchange the common run of civilian for soldier society in the United States. The *réveille* in the morning speaks of discipline; the guard mounting has a wholesome military sound, there is a habit of 'tention and of saluting which suggests some subordination: the orderlies say "Sir," not "Sirree," nor "Sirree bob."' But for the militia, in spite of the praise lavished on that 'cheap defence of nations,' and for the officers 'whose political influence enabled them to dispense with the preparation of West Point,' he entertained a very considerable and a very wholesome contempt.

'The true modern militia is pronounced by the best authorities, and indeed by all who hold it no economy to be ill-served, for any but purely defensive purposes, a humbug, which in campaigns costs more blood and gold—neglect of business is perhaps a chief item of the expenditure—than a standing army would. As a Garde Nationale it is quite

efficient. When called out for distant service as in the Mexican War, every *pékin* fault becomes apparent. Personally the men suffer severely from unaccustomed hardships and exposure; in dangerous climates they die like sheep, half are in hospital and the other half must nurse them. Nature soon becomes stronger than martial law; under the fatigues of the march they will throw away their rations and military necessaries rather than take the trouble to carry them: improvident and wasteful, their convoys are timid and unmanageable. Mentally they are in many cases men ignoring the common restraints of society, profoundly impressed with the idea that insubordination displays equality, which has to learn all the wholesome duty of obedience, and which begins with as much respect for discipline as for the campaigns of Frederic the Great. If inclined to retire, they can stay at home and obtain double or treble the wages, not a few are driven to the service by that enthusiasm which, as Sir Charles Napier well remarked, readily makes men run away. Their various defects render organisation painfully slow. In camp they amuse themselves with drawing rations, target practice, asking silly questions, electing officers, holding meetings, issuing orders, disobeying orders, "cussing and discussing;" the sentinels will sit down to a quiet *euchre* after planting their bayonets in the ground, and to all attempts at dislodging them, the reply will be, "You go to ——, Cap! I'm as good a man as you." In the field like all raw levies, they are apt to be alarmed at anything unaccustomed, as the sound of musketry from the rear, or a threatened flank attack, they cannot reserve their fire, they aim wildly to the peril of friend and foe, and they have been accused of unmilitary cruelties, such as scalping and flaying men, shooting and killing squaws and children. And they never fail, after the fashion of such men, to claim that they have done all the fighting.'

These remarks were written in 1860. On the 21st of July, 1861, was fought that famous Battle of Bull-Run which, had it been followed up by the capture of Washington by the Confederates, would have settled the question of secession for at least one generation—not quite in the way in which Grant settled it after a four years' struggle.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to follow the course of Burton's journey across the American Continent with great minuteness. His adventures were few, and, as a rule, not very exciting, but the general accuracy of his observation is vouched for by the fact that it corresponds in every respect with that of the popular American writer, "Mark Twain," who made the same journey about the same time. At the time of this expedition the mail went once a week only, and was carried in a vehicle known as a "Concord Coach," a van something like an English tax-cart, considerably elongated, and constructed with an eye to rather strength than to beauty. It is covered with a tilt and provided with curtains at the sides. The seats are moveable and reversible, and when turned down at night afford fairly comfortable sleeping accommodation for two persons. The cattle are mules of a good breed, capable of travelling at the rate of nine miles an hour, but seldom pushed beyond six. Leaving St. Joseph (Mo.) usually shortened to St. Jo. on the 17th of August, 1860, at 9.30, the waggon drove down to the Missouri, crossing it by the steam ferry and landing in what it was the fashion in 1860 to call "Bleeding Kansas." Here they fell at once into the Emigration Road, 'a great thoroughfare, broad and well worn as a European turnpike or a Roman military route, and undoubtedly the best and longest natural highway in the world.' The first thing that struck Burton was the rolling character of the prairie over which he was passing. Though seemingly flat, it is in reality as undulating as the sea or the floor of St. Mark's at Venice. 'On an open plain,

apparently flat as a man's palm, you cross a long ground swell, which was not perceptible before, and on its further incline you come upon a chasm wide and deep enough to contain a settlement.' The next point was the terrible monotony of the scenery: it is 'an ocean where one loses sight of land.' Half a century ago countless herds of bison ranged these plains. They and their congeners, the red men, have receded before advancing civilisation, and in a few years both promise to become extinct, and to be replaced by that exalted product of nature, the Yankee farmer with his flocks and herds, 'civilised kine, perhaps the yak of Tibet, the llama of South America, and the koodoo and other African antelopes.'

After four and twenty miles of travel, the "coach" arrived at a place called "Cold Springs," where the first halt was called at 3 P.M. 'The scene,' says Burton, 'was the *rale* "Far West." The widow body to whom the shanty belonged lay sick with fever. The aspect of her family was a "caution to snakes": the ill-conditioned sons dawdled about, listless as Indians, in skin tunics, and pantaloons fringed with lengthy tags, such as the redoubtable "Billy Bowlegs" wears upon tobacco labels; and the daughters, tall young women, whose sole attire was apparently a calico morning wrapper, colour invisible, waited upon us in a protesting way. Squalor and misery were imprinted upon the wretched log hut, which ignored the duster and the broom, and myriads of flies disputed with us a dinner consisting of dough-nuts, green and poisonous with saleratus, suspicious eggs in a massive greasy fritter, and rusty bacon intolerably fat. . . . We could not grudge 50 cents a head to these unhappies; at the same time we thought it a dear price to pay—the sequel disabused us—for flies and bad bread, worse eggs and bacon.' The feeding on the road seems, indeed, to have been simply atrocious, as a rule, though there were occasional breaks in the monotony

of eggs and bacon, moistened with muddy coffee. Mr. Clemmens (Mark Twain) says in the 'Innocents at Home,' that in those days the condemned Army bacon was regularly bought up by the people who kept these prairie station-houses, and really, from Burton's description, it would seem as though this were no joke. The bad food, and the tremendous hours of travel—twenty-four at a stretch—with only an hour's interval for rest at the end, were in part counteracted by the delicious and invigorating air of the prairie, 'brisk as a bottle of *Veuve Clicquot*,' but the monotony of the journey must have been well-nigh intolerable. A small relief was found in the study of those emigrant trains which the railway has caused to be numbered with the things of the past—long trains of waggons drawn by oxen, six to thirteen yoke to each, with men on horseback to accompany them—but even that amusement was found to pall. By the second night some of the unfortunate passengers began to suffer from fever and nausea, which were intensified when, on arriving at 10 P.M. at Rock, called also Turkey Creek, they found 'upon the bedded floor of the foul doggery, lying seemingly in a promiscuous heap, men, women, children, lambs and puppies, all fast in the arms of Morpheus, and many under the influence of a much jollier god.' The fare was what might be expected in such a place—some cold scraps of mutton, a kind of bread which deserved a distinct generic name, milk, one quarter flies, and tea made by the travellers themselves. They started again at midnight, and at early dawn found themselves at another station, where a colony of Patlanders rose from their beds without a dream of ablution, and, clearing the while their lungs of Cork brogue, prepared a neat *déjeuner à la fourchette*, by hacking bits off a sheep suspended from the ceiling, and frying them in melted tallow. 'Had the action occurred in Central Africa,' adds Burton, 'among the

Esquimaux or the Araucarians, it would not have excited my attention: mere barbarism rarely disgusts; it is the unnatural cohabitation of civilisation with savagery that makes the traveller's gorge rise.'

Very different was the reception accorded to the travellers on the following night by a native American, the head of a neat-handed and thrifty family from Vermont, who provided them with one of the few decent and palatable meals they obtained on this weary journey. Whenever, as sometimes happened, they were fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a Frenchman or New Englander, they were tolerably certain of good treatment: whenever the Irishry were to the fore, they as certainly found filth and discomfort. The station-keepers were not, however, the only trouble. The staff of the waggons was something of the roughest, and in one place Burton notes that his party 'had to leave behind one of the conductors, who had become delirious with the "shakes"'—in plainer English, who was mad with *delirium tremens*. At this place the landlady was 'enjoying bad health,' and 'down with a dumb chill'—again in plainer words, ill with a feverish ague. The food set before the weary travellers was 'buffalo, probably bull beef, the worst and driest meat, save elk, that I have ever tasted,' says Burton. At half-past one, on the morning of the 11th of August, even the endurance of the most practised traveller gave out. Four days and four nights in a narrow van, jolting over a rough and uneven road, emphatically called for repose, and at Cotton Wood Station it was obtained. The log hut was a filthy place enough, and a foul smelling, the Western folk making up for their day in the open air by stopping up every chink and cranny throughout the livelong night. Here there were mattresses, and, despite the foul air, the passengers flung themselves upon them—three to a mattress—and slept the sleep of the weary, until 'the flies began to

chase away the mosquitoes'—*i.e.* until dawn. Then came an 'eye opener' for which even the most abstemious were prepared, and a breakfast, of which the *pièce de resistance* was 'various abominations, especially cakes of flour and grease, molasses and dirt, disposed in pretty equal parts.' At the next station the travellers were, however, more fortunate. They arrived at 11 A.M., and were served with 'dinner'—a meal consisting not of the eternal eggs and bacon, but of 'pigeons, onions, and light bread.'

By noon on this day they had travelled 400 weary miles over the rolling prairie, and had reached Half-Way House, where they encountered more of the race of so-called 'Indians,' whom Cooper and his congeners made a little lower than the angels. Burton was not inclined to accept this view of them at any time, but he recognized qualities in them of a highly interesting kind, and he saw reason to believe that, if the people of the United States had dealt with them as we have dealt with the warlike races of India, they would have found valuable allies in them instead of, as now, the bitterest of foes. Apropos to this question, he tells a story strange enough to deserve reproduction. At Diamond Springs, where he found 'whiskey, and its usual accompaniment, soldiers, the host related an event which he said had taken place but a few days before. An old mountaineer, who had married two squaws, was drinking with certain Cheyennes, a tribe famous for ferocity and hostility to the whites. The discourse turning upon topics stoical, he was asked by his wild boon companions if he feared death. The answer was characteristic: "You may kill me, if you like!" Equally characteristic was their acknowledgment: they hacked him to pieces, and threw the corpse under a bank. In these regions,' adds Burton, 'the opposite races regard each other as wild beasts':—the reader will remember Artemus Ward's remark, "Injuns is pison wharever found"—'the white will shoot an Indian

as he would a coyote. He expects to go under whenever the "all-fired red-bellied varmints"—I speak, oh reader! occidentally—get the upper hand, and *vice versâ*.'

With this grisly story in their ears, the travellers set forth on the fifth night of their tremendous journey under an extraordinarily beautiful aurora. The night was cold, and when, at 3.15, the party arrived at the change house, they found it closed, dark and silent as the grave. The place was occupied by a filthy low-class German, who behaved with especial brutality to the only lady of the party, who was, not unnaturally, suffering severely from the journey. It would seem that the class of Germans who emigrate to the States are by no means invariably of that which keeps up the reputation of the "divided, erudite race."

The travellers now came upon the American wilderness, a region which has nothing in common with the deserts of the old world, and which is indeed distinguished by the amount of animal life, coyotes and prairie dogs abounding. At Lodge Pole Creek, the first station in the wilderness, milk was unprocurable, but here began a course of antelope venison, which Burton stigmatises as 'heating and bilious diet,' and which produced the most painful effects on all the passengers. The effects of the food were not mitigated by the arrangements for the journey. 'The mules,' says Burton, 'as might be expected from animals allowed to run wild every day in the week except one, were like newly-caught mustangs. The herdsman—each station boasts of this official—mounted a nag barebacked, and, jingling a bell, drove the cattle into a corral, a square of twenty yards, formed by a wall of loose stones, four to five feet high. He wasted three-quarters of an hour in this operation, which a well-trained shepherd's dog would have performed in a few minutes. Then two men entering with lassos or lariats, thongs of flexible plaited or twisted hide,

and provided with an iron ring at one end to form a noose —the best was made of hemp, Russian not Manilla— proceeded in a great "muss," on a small scale, to secure their victims. The lasso in their hands was by no means the "unerring necklace" which the Mexican *vaquero* has taught it to be: they often missed their aim, or caught the wrong animal. The effect, however, was magical: a single haul at the noose made the most stiff-necked mule tame as a costermonger's ass. The team, as usual, took a good hour to trap and hitch up: the latter was a difficult operation, for the beasts were comically clever with their hoofs.'

On the 14th of August—seven days out from St. Jo. —the travellers had an interview with a "Bloomer." I wonder if, after a third of a century, there are many who remember that strange and fearful being who came in with the "Great Exhibition" of 1851, and was finally extinguished, in this country at all events, about the time of the second "Great Exhibition" in 1862. In America, the country of their birth, they seem to have died out earlier. This at Horse Shoe Station, under the Rocky Mountains, was the only one seen by Burton during his journey across the American continent. He describes her as an 'uncouth being,' with hair cut level with her eyes, and 'a flat Turanian countenance, whose only expression was sullen insolence. The body dress,' he goes on, 'glazed brown calico, fitted her somewhat like a soldier's tunic, developing haunches which would be admired only in venison.... The pantalettes of glazed brown calico, like the vest, tunic, blouse, shirt, or whatever they may call it, were in peg-top style, admirably setting off a pair of thin-soled, Frenchified patent leather bottines, with elastic sides, which contained feet large, broad, and flat, as a negro's in Unyámwezi.' The husband of this fair creature—for she had a husband, strange as it may seem—was a gentleman

who had the reputation of having killed three men, the grave of one of whom was pointed out to the travellers on the following day. Her sister was more decently attired, but, like most women in that wild part of the world, was painfully cold, disagreeable and "stand off-ish" in manner. The result of all this prudery and foolery was that the men, having been provided with the usual indifferent supper, were turned out of the house—one of them was a judge who had officiated for years as Minister at an European Court—and had to put up with such accommodation as could be found in a barn full of drunken men. 'I, for one,' says Burton, 'grumbled myself to sleep. May Gracious Heaven keep us safe from all "ladies" in future!—better, a hundred times, the squaw with her uncleanliness and civility.'

Morning came, and at dawn, 4 A.M., preparations for departure began. But, although the travellers were ready early enough, their drivers and other officials were not. Some of the former were transferred, much against their inclination, to a "Rocky Mountain bone-setter," and the new coachman, a "hunky boy," from New York, refused to clear out the Concord waggon, in which so much of the journey as had been accomplished had been made. The result was a row republican, in which, if pistols were not drawn, the fault did not lie with the "hunky boy" aforesaid. The five Indians came in, the chief introducing himself as Little Thunder, and producing a testimonial from General Harney. Little Thunder and his followers were on their way to Fort Laramie to complain of the conduct of the Agent of the Indian Bureau, at Washington, who embezzled half their rations and presents—a complaint which Burton had every reason to believe well founded. In former times the Department was under the charge of the military authorities, and the system was found to work well. The officers were upon honour, and there was

neither peculation nor embezzlement. But in the United States, the Federal Army, though well paid, is never allowed to keep any appointment that can be taken from it, and the control of the Indian Bureau was one of them. Politicians were put in the place of soldiers, and instead of placing the agents upon their honour, they are made to enter into bonds, with the net result of theft on a gigantic scale, and in the long-run death to the whites.

After waiting disconsolate from 4 in the morning until 10.45, the word was at last given for a start, and the travellers bade farewell to Horseshoe Creek, and its "ladies." The teams were bad, and the road—a mere track through a desert bestrewn with sage-brush,—was worse. But there was consolation at the end of the day's journey. At 9 P.M. they arrived at Box Elder Creek, where they not only found a good and plentiful supper, but a station-master who lent them buffalo robes for the night. By 8.30 next morning they were again under way. In the course of the day they came for the first time upon a train of Mormon waggons, twenty-four in number, slowly wending their way to the Promised Land, under the command of Brigham Young, the younger—a nephew of the prophet. They belonged very obviously to the class of British agricultural labourers—amongst whom it is to be remarked the eccentric sects, Mormons, Peculiar People, Shakers, the Salvation Army, and the followers of Joanna Southcote and Ann Lee, find their readiest disciples. Those poor people were, of course, scrutinized with care, but Burton reports that though homely in appearance few shewed any signs of sickness or starvation; in fact, their condition first impressed him most favourably with the excellence of the Perpetual Emigration Funds' travelling arrangements. The Mormon leaders seem to be born with a special capacity for organisation, and many years of practice have developed it to the utmost.

Another day of weary journeying through the mountains brought the travellers once more to the banks of the Platte river, which at this point is bridged in two places. The stations were of the usual hopeless kind—only more so. At one 'the furniture was composed of a box and a trunk, and the negative catalogue of its supplies was extensive—whiskey forming the only positive item:' at the next the travellers were handed over to a squaw, whose cookery was too unspeakably filthy to be tolerated. Sundry interviews with wandering Arapahoe Indians followed, which led to nothing save smoking the calumet of peace. In the morning of the 17th the coach left the Platte river, and after a drive of eighteen miles over a treeless and waterless waste, reached the Devil's Backbone—a jagged broken ridge of sandstone rocks, running over the crest of a prairie wave. 'On this,' says Burton, 'I may here remark that the *Aut Cæsar aut Diabolus* of the mediæval European antiquary, when accounting for the architecture of strange places, is in the Far West consigned to the partnership of the genius loci, the Fiend, who here, as in Europe, has monopolised all the finest features of scenery. We shall pass successively the Devil's Gate, the Devil's Post Office, the Devil's Hole—in fact, we shall not be thoroughly rid of his Satanic Majesty's appurtenances till Monte Diablo, the highest of the Californian coast rangs, dips slowly and unwillingly behind the Pacific's tepid wave.'

What followed was perhaps even worse. The next portion of the journey was over the terrible alkaline desert which has been so often described, but the horrors of which can scarcely be appreciated by the stay-at-home reader. When, however, it is mentioned that the first sign of this formation is a lake, called by the first Mormons "Saleratus Lake," the waters of which are so poisonous with alkali that horses who drink of them surely die, and that the second is an immense "Waterless Lake,"

composed of carbonate of soda, more or less pure, washed out of the ground by the rains, and solidified by evaporation, some idea will be formed of the character of the district through which the travellers had to pass. Burton mentions incidentally that these alkalis were eagerly seized upon by the Mormon travellers, and are still carried into Great Salt Lake City and elsewhere, for the purpose of bread making, as being purer than the saleratus sold in the shops—a fact which possibly accounts for the extreme badness of American bread, in part also for the universal dyspepsia which afflicts the United States, for the popularity of one or two quack medicines which profess to cure it, and, if last, not least, for the prosperity of the dentists.

'Four miles beyond this Waterless Lake'—Bahr Bila Ma, as the Bedawin would call it—'we arrived,' says Burton, 'at Rock Independence, and felt ourselves in a new region, totally distinct from the clay formation of the Mauvaises Terres over which we have travelled for the last five days. Again I was startled by its surprising likeness to the scenery of Eastern Africa: a sketch of Jiwe la Mkoa, the Round Rock in Eastern Unyámwezi, would be mistaken, even by those who had seen both, for this grand *échantillon* of the Rocky Mountains. It crops out of an open plain, not far from the river bed, in dome shape, wholly isolated, about 1000 feet in length, by 400 to 500 in breadth; it is 60 to 100 feet in height, and in circumference 1·50 to 2 miles.' This great granite rock has been made to serve a purpose. In Colonel Fremont's time (1842) every inch of it within reach was covered with inscriptions—not the mere vulgar scrawls of Tom, Dick, and Harry, especially 'Arry, who paint their names, or cut them deep, upon ancient monuments, out of pure wantonness of mischief—but signs from pilgrims to their successors, directions for travel, loving messages to those

who might come after, and such things. When Burton passed, the elements had erased much, but even then it was computed that there were between 40,000 and 50,000 inscriptions of this kind upon this 'rock in the bare salt land.' Wherefore, the Indians have named it "Timpe Nabor," or the Painted Rock, corresponding with the (so-called Sinaitic) "Wady Mukattab."

Leaving "Independence Rock," the travellers struck the little Sweetwater River, forded it, and continued their journey until nightfall. They rested at a station a little beyond the Devil's Gate above mentioned, where they were treated with a supper of the usual kind, and a breakfast which was a duplicate of the supper. Burton tells us that having looked at the former meal 'which had all the effect of a copious feed,' he succeeded, by virtue of speaking French, and knowing something of Canada, in obtaining some buffalo robes, on which he smoked himself to sleep. His next experience of a Station was more fortunate. At 11 A.M. on the following day the coach reached "three crossings," where dwelt an Englishwoman, Mrs. Moore, who maintained the character of her country nobly, so that the unhappy travellers were able to get rid of 'the evil flavour of Canadians, squaws, and "ladies."' Miss Moore—Western men and negroes still say "Miss" for "Mrs."—was a stout, active, middle-aged matron; her tiny home was neatly swept and garnished; the cloth was clean, the children were clean, the cooking was clean, 'and,' says Burton, 'I was reminded of Europe by the way in which she insisted on washing my shirt, an operation which, after leaving the Missouri, *ça va sans dire*, had fallen to my own lot.' Something else about "Miss" Moore will amuse and interest English readers. Her husband, 'a decent appendage, had transferred his belief from the Church of England to the Church of Utah, and the good wife, as in duty bound, had followed the wake of him,

whom she was bound to love, honour and obey. But when the Serpent came, and whispered in Miss Moore's modest, respectable, one-idea'd ear that the Abrahams of Great Salt Lake City are mere "Shamabrams," that not content with Sarahs they add to them an unlimited supply of Hagars, then did our stout Englishwoman's power of endurance break down never to rise again. "Not an inch would she budge," not a step towards U.T. would she take. She fought pluckily against the impending misfortune, and—*à quelque chose malheur est bon*—she succeeded in reducing her husband to that state which is typified by the wife using certain portions of the opposite sex's wardrobe, and in making him make a good livelihood as stationmaster on the waggon line.' All honour to "Miss" Moore! It is surely better to be blameless, and the husband of one wife, than the master of a harem of cooks and housemaids—which after all is the English translation of Mormon polygamy—*testibus* Messrs. Hepworth Dixon in his 'New America,' S. L. Clemmens in the 'Innocents at Home,' and my friend Phil Robinson in that delightful, if, as I think, one-sided, book 'Sinners and Saints.'

Early in the morning, at 5.45 A.M. indeed, on the 19th of August, the coach departed, once more passing Ice Springs—a place where ice, the relics of the winter's frost, may be found by digging two feet into the earth—and Warm Springs, one of the many alkaline pans. Then followed a long drive, broken by a single halt, and marked out by an encounter with a party of Sioux Indians on the war-path, in search of Shoshone scalps. The climate was trying, or something worse. On this day the travellers stood at least 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. 'The altitude of St. Louis being, in round numbers, 500 feet, and reckoning the diminution of temperature at 1° Fahr. = 100 yards, we are already 19° to 20° colder

than before. The severity of the atmosphere, and the rapid evaporation from the earth, cause an increase of frigidity, to which the salts and nitrates upon the surface of the soil, by absorbing the hydrogen of the atmosphere—as is shown by the dampness of the ground and the absence of dust around the Saleratus Lakes—greatly add. Another remark made by every traveller in these regions is the marked influence upon the temperature, caused by the presence and the absence of the sun. The day will be sultry and oppressive, and a fire will be required at night. In the morning, about eleven A.M., the thermometer showed 80° Fahr.; at four P.M., the sky being clouded over, it fell 25°; before dawn, affected by the cold north wind from the snows about the pass, it stood at 40°.' At the station at the foot of South Pass, where these observations were made, there was a difficulty about mules. Part of the party must stay behind; part only could continue their journey. Burton was, fortunately, in the latter category, and so escaped the hideous discomforts of the station for another forty-eight hours, and at eight A.M., on the 20th of August, the coach started, and after a journey of thirty-five miles, landed its freight, at three in the afternoon, on the top of the pass—or, rather, at Pacific Springs, two miles below the highest point.

Once more came the misery of foul feeding, and coarse living. The station was a mere shanty, and if the station-master were *bon enfant*, his "help," a Mormon lad, was foul-mouthed and violent, in no ordinary degree. The insect plagues, at all times exceptionally numerous in the stations in this route, were here so much in evidence that the travellers were compelled to have the hut fumigated with a "smudge," before they attempted to lie down for the night. On the following day, a long and most trying *jornada* was entered upon. The travellers had to cross the "Little Desert," a waterless expanse of some forty-five

miles of territory to provide for which it was found necessary to fill all the canteens and water-bottles that could be found. The heat was intense; the mirage incessant, dazzling, and tantalising, and the occasional dust storms painful in the extreme. What the sufferings of the travellers must have been may be estimated from the fact that the thermometer showed 95° in the inside of the carriage, and 111° exposed to the reflected heat of the black leather cushions. Towards evening, the coach approached the Green River, and passed from the Oregon into the Utah territory. The toils of the day were atoned for, in part at all events, by an excellent supper, to which the trout of the Green River were no unacceptable addition, after so long a course of unmitigated eggs and bacon.

At eight in the morning of the 22nd, the coach was on the road again. After a while it caught up another Mormon caravan, less well managed than that under Brigham Young, the younger, above mentioned. The women and children trudged wearily along in rags, or half naked, and all were thankful for provisions spared by the passengers in the coach. Presently, at mid-day, a stopping-place was reached, which was no exception to the rule of filth and untidiness. The reason was unfortunately clear enough. The station-master was one of those rare animals, a Scotch idler, and he was, being a Mormon, married to two Irishwomen, sisters. The house was full of children, and the whole place seems to have been a nest of bestial depravity. 'I could not but notice,' says Burton, 'that though the house contained two wives, it boasted of only one cubile and had only one cubiculum.' Strangely enough, like successive travellers, he refuses to blame Mormonism for this state of things. Neither he, nor they, appear to recognise the fact that legalising filthiness does not make it right, and that it is not a matter

for much boasting if the streets are clear of prostitutes, when every house has its quota.

From Green River to Fort Bridges the coach pushed on, passing in its way another party of emigrants numbering 359 souls, and driving 39 waggons. This party was under the command of "Captain" John Smith, a nephew of the prophet who is now accounted the Patriarch of Mormonism. A few hours later, another Mormon train was passed, under the orders of a certain "Captain" Murphy, who, with the loyalty to the Republic of which Irishmen are apt to be so profuse, had hoisted the Stars and Stripes. At 5.30 P.M., the Station was reached at which the night halt was to be made. The valley was dotted with the tents of Mormon emigrants, and when the travellers had landed, they were favoured with sundry visits from them, visits which consisted in walking in, sitting down, giggling, and walking out. That is pretty nearly enough to convince Englishmen, *ex quonam ligno* the average Mormon is cut. What follows is still more striking. 'Mr. Myers, the station-master, was an English saint, who had lately taken to himself a fifth wife, after severally divorcing the others; his last choice was not without comeliness but her reserve was extreme; she could hardly be coaxed out of a "Yes, sir." I found Mr. Myers diligently perusing a translation of Volney's "Ruins of Empires"; we had a chat about the Old and the New country, which led us to sleeping time. I had here a curious instance of the effect of the association of words, in hearing a bystander apply to the Founder of Christianity the "Mr." which is the "*kyrios*" * of the West, and is always prefixed to "Joseph

* This is not absolutely absurd. Your German says, "Herr Jesus Christus," "Herr Gott," and Herr Schmidt in the same breath. So also the Latin races with their Seigneur, Señor, Senhor, Signor, applied equally to the Almighty and to His creatures. In a republic like the United States, where there are no "Lords," why not "Mr. Jesus" as well as "Lord Jesus" in England?

Smith"; he stated that the mission of the latter was "far ahead of" that of the former Prophet—which, by-the-bye, is not the strict Mormon doctrine. My companion and his family preferred, as usual, the interior of the mail waggon, and it was well that they did so. After a couple of hours, entered Mr. Macarthy, very drunk, and "fighting mad." He called for supper, but supper was past and gone, so he supped upon "fids" of raw meat. Excited by this lively food, he began a series of caprioles, which ended, as might be expected, in a rough-and-tumble with the other three youths who occupied the hard floor of the ranch. To Mr. Macarthy's language on that occasion, *horresco referens;* every word was apparently English, but so perverted, mis-used, and mangled, that the home reader would hardly have distinguished it from high Dutch: *e.g.*, "I'm intire mad as a meat axe; now du don't, I tell ye; say, *you*, shut up in a winkin', or I'll be chawed up it I don't run over *you;* can't come that 'ere tarnal carryin' on over *me*," and, *O si sic omnia!* As no weapons, revolvers, or bowie knives were to the fore, I thought the best thing was to lie still, and let the storm blow over, which it did in a quarter of an hour. Then, all serene Mr. Macarthy called for a pipe, excused himself ceremoniously to himself for taking the liberty with the 'Cap's' meerschaum, solely upon the ground that it was the only article of the kind to be found at so late an hour, and presently fell into a deep slumber upon a sleeping contrivance composed of a table for the upper, and a chair for the lower portion of his person.'

Mr. Macarthy was sober by the morning, and, when sober, was sufficiently penitent. Under other guidance the party went on traversing in the course of the day some of the most remarkable cañons of the Rocky Mountains—those deep, narrow, wall-sided trenches which countless generations of water have cut through the solid rock. By

evening they had arrived at the "Carson House Station' at Bauchmin's Forth, 'where,' says Burton, 'I slept comfortably enough on the boards of an inner room, not, however, without some apprehensions of accidentally offending a certain skunk (*Mephitis mephitica*) which was in the habit of making regular nocturnal visits. I heard its puppy-like bark during the night, but escaped what otherwise might have happened.' August 25th saw the end. The travellers had been for well-nigh three weeks upon their journey, and on this day they were bound to arrive at their destination; 'New Hierosolyma, or Jerusalem, *alias* Zion on the Tops of the Mountains, the future City of Christ, where the Lord is to reign over the Saints as a temporal King, in power and great glory.'

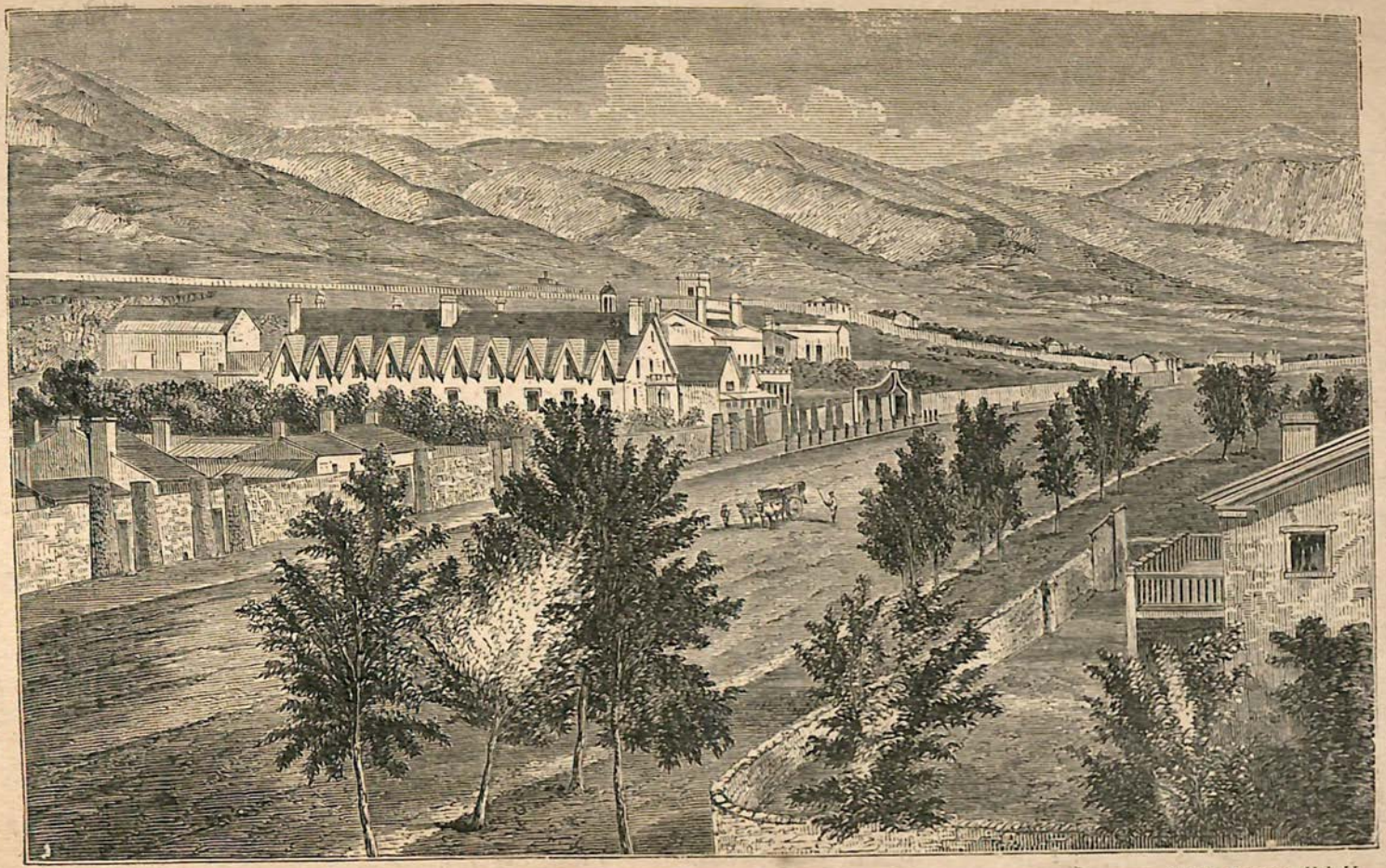
The first part of the pilgrimage was a rough journey along the bed of a watercourse—a "fiumara," as Burton calls it. Then up and up until a point was reached some 8000 feet above the sea-level, whence the first glimpse of the Promised Land could be obtained. Here Burton made acquaintance with one of the "Danites"—Mr. Ephe Hanks—whom he describes as 'a middle-sized, light-haired, good-looking man, with regular features, a pleasant and humorous countenance, and the manly manner of his early sailor life, touched with the rough cordiality of the mountaineer.' "Frank as a bear-hunter" is a proverb in these lands. He had, like the rest of the triumvirate, and like most men (Anglo-Americans) of desperate courage and fiery, excitable temper, a clear pale-blue eye, verging upon grey, and looking as if it wanted nothing better than to light up together with a cool and quiet glance that seemed to shun neither friend nor foe.' In brief, Burton, like those who followed him, did not, and does not, believe in the ferocious tales told of the Danites. The "Gentiles" who have settled in Salt Lake City are certainly not of the class whose unsupported testimony would be accepted on

any conceivable subject, and it must be remembered that most of the tales told against the Mormons rest upon their evidence.

Having left the "terrible Ephe" the coach set out for Little Mountain, the slope of which was much shorter, but also much steeper, than that of Big Mountain, which had just been left. Then, at last emerging through the cañon, the travellers found the valley lying full before their sight. 'At this place the pilgrim-emigrants, like the Hajis of Meccah and El-Medinah (*ante*, I. 199, 227), give vent to the emotions long pent up within their bosoms by sobs and tears, laughter and congratulations, psalms and hysterics. It is, indeed, no wonder that the children dance, that strong men cheer and shout, and that nervous women, broken with fatigue and hope deferred, scream and faint; that the ignorant * should fondly believe that the "Spirit of God pervades the very atmosphere," and that Zion on the tops of the Mountains is nearer heaven than other parts of earth. In good sooth, though uninfluenced by religious fervour—beyond the natural satisfaction of seeing a brand-new Holy City—even I could not, after nineteen days in a mail waggon, gaze upon the scene without emotion.'

The "coach" arrived at this point about 6 P.M.—nearly sunset—and the people came to their doors a few minutes afterwards to see it, 'as if it were the Derby Dilly of old, go by. I could not but be struck by the modified English appearance of the Colony,' adds Burton, 'and by the prodigious numbers of the white-haired children.' After a while the weary travellers came upon the main thoroughfare, where in due time the waggon in which they had

* Ignorance is the strength of Mormonism. Mr. Phil Robinson, who has the greatest sympathy with Mormonism of any educated Englishman now living, is unwillingly compelled in 'Sinners and Saints' to admit that the rising generation of Mormons are growing up in the crassest and most Bœotian ignorance.



[THE BEE HOUSE—BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HAREM.]

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THE "PROPHET'S BLOCK"—GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

travelled for so many hundreds of miles (1136) stopped at the front of the "Salt Lake House," the principal, if not the only, hotel in Salt Lake City in 1860. The proprietor —one Townsend, a Mormon—who, when expelled from Nauvoo, had parted with land, house, and furniture for $50, put himself entirely at the service of the travellers; his wife took charge of poor fagged-out Mrs. Dana and her child, and the weary travellers were conveyed to beds—the first they had slept in for nineteen days of overland travel—which were, one may be sure, more than welcome, despite 'a certain populousness of bedstead, concerning which the less said the better.'

On settling down in Salt Lake City, Burton devoted himself to a careful examination of the new religion as it is, but he found himself compelled to admit at the outset that, though he was supplied with information much more liberally than any visitor from the States was likely to be, there were many things in the Inner Life of Mormondom which no stranger is ever allowed to penetrate. So far as they went, his impressions seem to have been singularly accurate, confirmed, as they are, by every traveller who has since visited the Valley of the Salt Lake, and notably by Mr. Phil Robinson, who resided there for three months and who also enjoyed exceptional opportunities of obtaining information. The two travellers saw the place at an interval of twenty years, and there is absolutely no contradiction in their several accounts. Both deny that Mormonism is, in any sense of the word, a persecuting religion, and both earnestly deprecate the controversial methods adopted by its opponents: both consider that there is much to be said for polygamy, and both deny that, as practised in Utah, it involves any indecency. There may be cases like that of the filthy Scotchman with his two Irish wives referred to on a previous page, but, in Salt Lake City itself, public opinion would be far too strong for any such iniquity to be

perpetrated with impunity. Finally, both writers agree in representing the Mormons as a singularly temperate, industrious, orderly, and law-abiding people. Their laws may be defective in some particulars, but they are observed with a scrupulous fidelity which offers a remarkable contrast to the utter and rowdy lawlessness of the "Gentiles," who have invaded the Mormon Promised Land, while, as regards religion, they are really the only people who have made Chillingworth's famous phrase about the religion of Protestants their rule.

Burton is, as one would naturally expect, perfectly candid in all this, and admits sundry things which might seem to point to a different conclusion. Thus even whilst dwelling upon the law-abiding character of the Mormons, he tells of a curious double murder. Two men, notoriously guilty of forgery and horse-stealing, were sauntering home one fine evening, when both fell with a bullet to each accurately placed under the heart arm. The bodies were carried to the Court House to be exposed for a time, and the citizens who were asked if they suspected who had done the deed, invariably replied that they did not know and did not care. 'Of course, the Gentiles hinted,' adds Burton, 'that life had been taken by "counsel," that is to say, by the secret orders of Mr. Brigham Young and his Vehm. But even had such been the case—of course it was the merest suspicion—such a process would not have been very repugnant to that wild huntress, the Themis of the Rocky Mountains. In a place where amongst much that is honest and respectable, there are notable exceptions, this wild, unflinching and unerring justice, secret and sudden, is the rod of iron which protects the good. During my residence at the Mormon City (three weeks), not a single murder was, to the best of my belief, committed: the three days which I spent at Christian Carson City witnessed three. Moreover from the Mississippi to Great Salt Lake City, I noticed that

the crimes were for the most part of violence, openly and unskilfully committed: the arsenic, strychnine, and other dastardly poisonings of Europe are apparently unknown, although they might be used easily and efficiently with scant chance of detection.' Here, it will be noticed, Burton speaks as a soldier might be expected to speak, and the sentiment to which he gives expression is precisely that which animates every writer who of late years has described the rise of civilisation in the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains. There are some of us who do not appreciate either the humour or the pathos of such writers as Bret Harte and some of his fellows, but even those who weary of the forced fun of the 'Innocents Abroad,' and similar works, are compelled to admit that these purely American books are invaluable as studies of a phase of life which is rapidly passing away, and will serve as a priceless aid to the composition of a history of the New World, when some two or three centuries hence it comes to be written as it should be.

While accepting as a fact the existence of Lynch Law—secret, sudden, and fatal vengeance, wrought by the honest and respectable upon those who are neither the one nor the other—Burton utterly disbelieves the stories of the Danites, the Mountain Meadow Massacre, and other atrocities, which anti-Mormon writers have so persistently laid to the charge of the saints. These affairs he considers to be much more probably the work of the Indians, being as they are so entirely in accordance with their system of warfare, and—on the other hand—being so wholly out of harmony with the usual Mormon character. Brigham Young was an excellent organiser, moreover, and an exceedingly keen man of business; he may possibly have been, as his enemies assert, a man of grossly sensual habits; but whatever his faults may have been, there is absolutely no proof whatever that he was of a murderous disposition, and all observers

from Burton and Hepworth Dixon down to a much later day speak of him in respectful and even cordial terms. When Burton went for his interview—which took place on August 31, 1860—he was chiefly impressed by the sense of power which he conveyed. His appearance, he tells us, 'was that of a gentleman farmer in New England—in fact such as he is: his father was an agriculturist and revolutionary soldier, who settled "down East." . . . His manner is at once affable and impressive, simple and courteous: his want of pretension contrasts favourably with certain pseudo prophets I have seen, each and every one of whom holds himself to be a "Logos," without other claim save a semi-maniacal self-esteem. He shows no sign of dogmatism, bigotry, or fanaticism, and never once entered—with me at least—upon the subject of religion. He impresses a stranger with a certain sense of power: his followers are of course wholly fascinated by his superior strength of brain. It is commonly said that there is only one chief in Great Salt Lake City, and that is "Brigham." His temper is even and placid, his manner is cold, in fact, like his face, somewhat bloodless, but he is neither morose nor methodistic, and where occasion requires, he can use all the weapons of ridicule to direful effect, and "speak a bit of his mind" in a style which no one forgets. . . . His life is ascetic; his favourite food is baked potatoes, with a little buttermilk, and his drink water: he disapproves, as do all strict Mormons, of spirituous liquors, and he never touches anything stronger than a glass of thin lager-beer: moreover he abstains from tobacco. . . . He has been called hypocrite, swindler, forger, murderer—No one looks it less. . . . The arts with which he rules the heterogeneous mass of conflicting elements are indomitable will, profound secrecy, and uncommon astuteness.'

Such was the result of Burton's observation of the externals of the man, and it was confirmed in conver-

sation. Burton, having explained that having heard much of Utah, he had come to see what the City of the Saints really was, Brigham gave him a sufficiency of details concerning soil, stock, and agriculture. The Indian wars were touched upon, the prophet explaining that they are greatly exaggerated, and that when twenty or thirty are spoken of as killed, two or three would, as a rule, be nearer the mark, and that he could do more with a few pounds of flour and yards of cloth than all the sabres of the camp could effect. As a matter of fact, the Mormons treat the Indians with more kindness and courtesy than any other class in the United States, chiefly because they believe them to be of Israelite descent—a theory which, if untenable upon ethnological grounds, is at least as worthy of consideration as the "Anglo-Israel" craze, which boasts so many respectable dupes in England. The remainder of the conversation was desultory, and involved reference to, *inter alia*, Burton's African travels. They parted, after about an hour, the visitor carrying away with him the impression that he had had a conversation with an uncommon man, marked by the quality of not possessing 'the weakness and vanity which characterise the common uncommon man.'

The third week of Burton's stay in the City of the Saints was devoted to excursions. Amongst other places visited was the Dead Sea—a lake which singularly reproduces the marvels of Judæa, and boasts a fluid containing nearly one-fourth of its bulk in solid matter—six-and-a-half times the average solid constituents of sea-water. The banks of the lake naturally afford the supply of salt to the citizens, who get it for little more than the cost of collecting it. Having heard wonderful accounts of the buoyancy of this water Burton bathed in it, but found it not the most enjoyable exercise he had ever indulged in. The extraordinary buoyancy does not exist, and the tales told

to travellers of the water stinging and removing the skin, like a mustard plaister, are absolute fabrications. But in plunging in with his eyes open Burton found the most painful effects to follow, as though a snuff-box had been emptied into his eyes, so that he had to sit for half-an-hour, 'presenting' to Nature the ludicrous spectacle of a man weeping causelessly flowing tears.' On another day he drove to Camp Floyd, where the force sent by the United States Government to preserve order in the Territory is quartered. There the feeling ran very high against the Mormons, but Burton was not disposed to accept all the tales of the soldiers without caution and inquiry. A man who begins a series of slanderous stories by saying of those whom he libels, as an officer at Camp Floyd said to Burton: "They hate us, and we hate them!" can hardly expect to obtain implicit credence for his legends. The fact of the matter seems to be that at this time, whatever may be the state of the case now, the military force really did behave with extreme severity and occasional injustice. Thus, when Burton was there, the Mormon mind was greatly excited over the fact that only a short time before the troops had seized the Mayor of Springville, Mr. F. H. Macdonald, and the Bishop, simply because they were Church dignitaries, on the occasion of a disturbance, and had kept them in custody at Camp Floyd without trial or the pretence of a case against them. Other instances were mentioned, in some of which, however, it is very evident that the story has two sides, and that it does not necessarily follow that in a case where a Mormon and a Gentile are the disputants, the former must necessarily be in the wrong. For the rest Burton found his brothers-in-arms all he could wish, and passed a very pleasant day with them.

By the time three weeks had passed, Burton found that he had had enough of Great Salt Lake City. The life there is monotonous. "A Moslem gloom," the result of

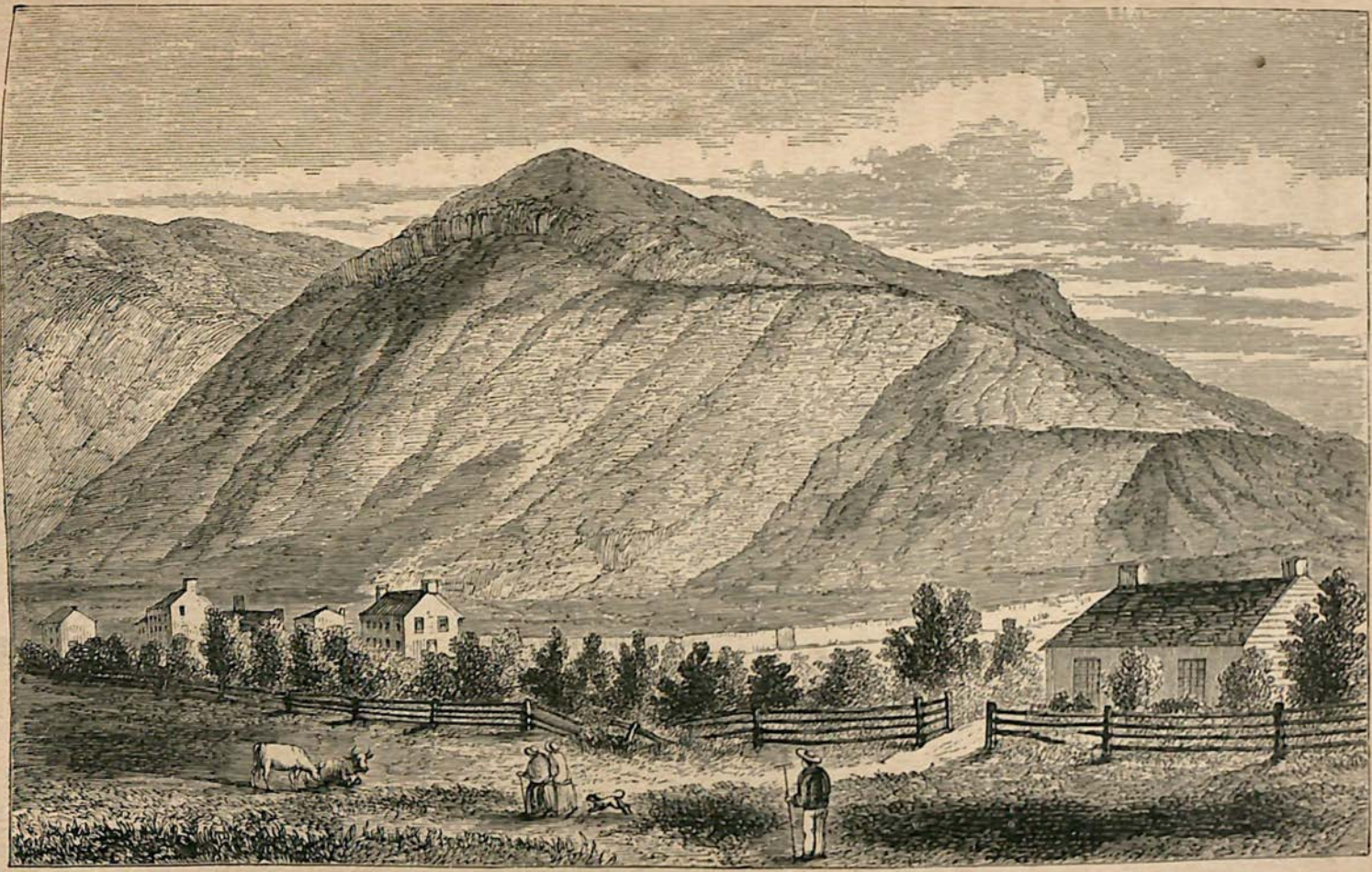
austere morals and manners, and of the semi-seclusion of the women, hangs over society. A short time spent after the following fashion would probably be enough for most men. 'We rose early,' says Burton—'in America the climate seems to militate against slugabedism—and breakfasted at any hour betwixt 6 and 9 A.M. Ensued "business," which seemed to consist principally of correcting one's teeth and walking about the town, with occasional "liquoring up." Dinner was at 1 P.M., announced, not by the normal gong of the Eastern States, which lately so direfully offended a pair of Anglo-Hibernian ears, but by a hand-bell, which sounded the *bas de charge.* Jostling into the long room of the ordinary we took our seats, and, seizing our forks proceeded at once to action, after the fashion of Puddingburn House, where

> "They who come not the first call,
> Get no meat till the next meal."

'Nothing but water was drunk at dinner, except where a gentleman preferred to wash down roast pork with a tumbler of milk; wine in this part of the world is, of course, dear and bad, and even should the Saints make their own it can scarcely be cheap on account of the price of labour. Feeding ended with a glass of liquor, not at the bar, because there was none, but in the privacy of one's chamber, which takes from drinking half its charm. Most well-to-do men found time for a siesta in the early afternoon. There was supper, which in modern English parlance would be called dinner, at 6 P.M. and the evening was spent cosily with a friend.' During the time thus passed, however, Burton made himself pretty thoroughly acquainted with Mormon history, and examined into the state of education. The former is pretty well known—if it were not, the present is scarcely the place to enter upon it—and of the latter it need only be said that in Mormondom it practically does

not exist. Utah is the paradise of the agricultural labourer, and when he can make two-and-a-half dollars a day, as a hedger and ditcher, he is hardly likely to think very much of an education which produces its professors only that sum per week. The authorities too are by no means anxious that the people should know too much. If they did, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that they might rebel against some of the assumptions of their masters. With this view, apparently education is not compulsory, and the consequence is that the new generation of Mormons promises to grow up more absolutely ignorant in matters of book learning than their parents—that is if such a thing be possible.

With some difficulty, arrangements had been made for the journey to Carson City. This journey was not likely to be unattended with both difficulty and danger, since the road passed amongst tribes of Indians who were by no means in the best of humours, and amongst whom the operation of "lifting the hair" (*i.e.* scalping) was by no means uncommon. An escort of some sort was therefore necessary, and it was in the faint hope of obtaining one that the excursion to Camp Floyd had been made. The officer there was compelled to refuse the application, made though it was on behalf of a Federal judge on the way to the scene of his future labours. At last, however, the travellers found an Irishman named Kennedy, from the neighbourhood of Dublin, who was about to drive thirty-three horses and mules to "the Eldorado of the West." For the sum of $150 each, this worthy engaged to convey the judge, his son, the Territorial Marshal, Mr. Grice, an old volunteer of the Mexican War, and Burton. The last preparations were soon made. Burton, in view of contingencies, had his hair "shingled off" close to the skull. The Marshal laid in a stock of provisions—flour, hard bread (biscuit), eggs and bacon, and a goodly supply of



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ENSIGN PEAK—NORTH END OF GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

whiskey, and korn-schnapps, together with a little canteen consisting of china, tin cups and plates, coffee pot, frying-pan, a larger one for bread baking, with spoons, knives and forks. Burton's own preparations were equally simple. He bought a pair of leggings, paid his hotel bill—which by the way was curiously moderate, settled with his tutor in the Yute dialect, and said good-bye to his friends. 'All my adieux,' he says, 'were upon a somewhat extensive scale, the immediate future being somewhat dark and menacing.' In other words the road was in a particularly dangerous condition. The Indians were out on the war path; three drivers had been killed within the last few weeks: the 'hungry season' was coming on, when the Indians would be collecting pine nuts, and plotting onslaughts upon the spring emigrants, and the chances of the caravan pulling through without losing one or two of its number were in American phrase 'very slim.'

The start was to have taken place at 8 A.M. on Wednesday, the 19th of September, but for various reasons it was delayed until the following day. When they started, Burton was mounted on a fine mule, and set to his first lesson in stock driving—not the easiest thing in the world, when the stock included ten horses which, not being wild, declined to herd together. The road at first lay through Camp Floyd, where not being pressed for time, Burton spent five days with his American brothers in arms, one of whom, Captain Heth, obligingly insisted upon constituting himself his host. Whilst staying at the Camp, Captain Heth, took him on an excursion to see a local lion—the Timpanogos Kanyon—a matter of a two days' picnic. On the way back he stopped at the Mormon settlement of American Fork—a little settlement which was like Great Salt Lake City on a small scale, swarming with plural wives and plural babies. Here they were hospitably entertained by the Mormon Bishop, and before setting out

on the following day they encountered that redoubtable Mormon Porter Rockwell, whose name is familiar to every student of American history :—'This old Mormon, in days gone by suffered or did not suffer imprisonment for shooting, or not shooting Governor Boggs, of Missouri: he now herds cattle for Messrs. Russell & Co. His tastes are apparently rural; his enemies declare that his life would not be safe in the City of the Saints. An attempt had lately been made to assassinate him in one of the kanyons, and the first report that reached my ears when *en route* to California, was the murder of the old Danite by a certain Mr. Marony. He is one of the Triumvirate, the First Presidency of "executives," the two others being Ephe Hanks, and Bill Hickman, whose names were loud in the land; they are now, however, going down, middle age has rendered them comparatively inactive, and the rising generation, Lot Huntington, Ike Clawson, and other desperadoes, whose teeth and claws are full grown, are able and willing to stand in their stead. Porter Rockwell was a man about fifty, tall and strong, with ample leather leggings overhanging his huge spurs, and the saw handles of two revolvers peeping from his blouse. His forehead was already a little bald, and he wore his long grizzly locks after the fashion of the United States, plaited and gathered up at the nape of the neck; his brow puckered with frowning wrinkles contrasted curiously with his cool determined grey eye, jolly red face, well touched up with "paint," and his laughing good-humoured mouth. He had the manner of a jovial, reckless, devil-may-care English ruffian. The officers called him Porter, and preferred him to the "slimy villains" who will drink with a man and then murder him. After a little preliminary business about a stolen horse, all conducted on the amiable, he pulled out a dollar, and sent to the neighbouring distillery for a bottle of Valley Tan. The *aguardiente* was smuggled in under a cloth, as though

we had been respectables in a Moslem country, and we were asked to join him in a "squar' drink," which means spirits without water. The mode of drinking was peculiar. Porter, after the preliminary sputation, raised the glass with cocked little finger to his lips, with a twinkle of the eye ejaculated, "Wheat!" that is to say "good," and drained the tumbler to the bottom: we acknowledged his civility with a "here's how," and drank Kentucky fashion, which in English is midshipman's grog. Of these "squar' drinks" we had at least four, which, however, did not shake Mr. Rockwell's nerve, and then he sent out for more... When the drinking was finished, we exchanged a cordial *poignée de main* with Porter and our hospitable host, who appeared to be the *crême de la crême* of Utah country, and soon found ourselves again without the limits of Camp Floyd.'

On the 26th of September, the journey was resumed, Burton and his party leaving his kind and gallant hosts 'whose brotherly attentions had made even wretched Camp Floyd a pleasant *séjour* to him' with sincerest regret. The party left the camp at 4 P.M. and whether it was the whiskey which had been poured forth in unwonted quantity by the hospitable officers, or whether it was a dust-storm that assailed them as they left, but the fact remains that they lost their way in the sage barrow, drifted hopelessly about until 10 P.M., and then knocking up a Dane who had settled in this inhospitable region, induced him to pilot them to the next station, where they persuaded a Mormon to quit the bed in which his wife and children lay and to provide sleeping places for the 'humans' amongst the cats and hens on the floor, and fodder for the beasts. The Marshal, whom Burton describes 'as one of the handiest of men,' prepared supper, and the party turned in. They rose 'with the dawn, the cats and the hens,' further sleep being impossible, and Burton turned out to

inspect the settlement. They got any quantity of butter and butter-milk in exchange for a little tea from an old Scotchwoman, who turned out to be one of the most lukewarm of Mormons. She complained that polygamy was "an abomination," that she had been inveigled to a mean place, and the poor in Mormondom were, she said, exceedingly poor.

The first evening's work was a bad beginning to the journey. They had wandered five and twenty miles away from their proper track, and when they reached the first station-house from Camp Floyd—twenty miles out—it was impossible to go farther. The rest of the day was consequently spent in rabbit shooting, or rather in attempts at it; revolver practice and dinner off antelope, which a boy had ridden down and pistolled. On the following morning, at 10 A.M., the caravan set out on its way to a place of ominous name, Tophet. The journey was through a veritable desert—seven miles of stunted vegetation, commanded by grey and bald-headed rocks; the water in the valley was strongly alkaline, and when the "divide" was crossed at Point Look-Out, 533 miles from Carson City, the prospect became, if possible, worse than before. But if the scenery was depressing and the climate bad there were companions to be picked up. Kennedy, who had lost horses and had a bullet through one of his arms on his last journey, was timid, and cordially greeted the arrival of a recruit, one Howard—an excellent traveller, and exceedingly skilful in driving stock. His companion was a Frenchman and ex-Zouave, who for reasons of his own declared himself a Spaniard and born in Cuba, and who fared amongst the "Anglo-Scandinavians" as badly as foreigners usually do. Two other recruits joined the cavalcade at "Lost Springs." They were "pilgrims of love" escaping from the wrath of polygamous Mormon husbands, whose wives they had "loved not wisely but too well." The first

was an English farrier-blacksmith who was mounted on one excellent horse and led another. He soon grew disgusted with the slow rate at which the caravan travelled, pushed on, and reached Carson City in ten days with his two horses and a total travelling kit of two blankets. The other traveller was a New Englander, also an apostate Mormon, who had got into trouble for the same offence. The escort who had been engaged by Kennedy were mostly untried men who would have discharged their weapons in the air and fled at the first "whoop" of an Indian, and the three "boys" who had been allowed to travel with the party, on condition of helping in the work of the journey, were much of the same class. The situation was thus decidedly serious: a caravan of valuable beasts about to proceed through some of the worst and most dangerous country in the world under the escort of a perfectly and hopelessly untrustworthy set of men.

After twenty miles over the barren plain the party reached the station at the foot of the Dugway, a hole four feet deep, roofed over with split cedar trunks and provided with a chimney made of sun-dried bricks. It was impossible to stay here. The only water was brought to the station in casks, and, for the sake of all, it was absolutely necessary to push on. Accordingly, after a rough and hasty supper they set out again by moonlight to ascend the Dugway pass. Arrived at the top, the latter part of the ascent being severe, they all sat down to enjoy (?) the prospect while the mules went back to help up the baggage waggons. The view was a painful one. Behind was a brown desert; to the right and in front lay the Saleratus Desert, white as snow in the moonlight. When the baggage came up there was a short pause and then the descent began. It was a gruesome journey; first through a mountain pass; then for eight miles over a frightfully broken road with severe pitch holes and waggon tracks that

had lasted for many a month; then across the alkaline desert, and then through three Sloughs of Despond, exhaling a most pestilential odour. At last the caravan got through safely, ascended a "bench" *i.e.* a species of terrace in the mountain side left by the subsidence of the sea in some remote age* and travelled on a somewhat improved road. About three in the morning the station was sighted; a roaring fire soon revived the travellers; 'the strong ate supper, and the weak went to bed, after,' says Burton, 'a somewhat fatiguing day'—his mild way of saying that they had travelled over 48 miles of generally exceedingly bad road, through an alkaline desert and over mountain passes without water, save such as they had been able to carry with them.

By 10 A.M. on the 30th of September, they were again *en route*, and about an hour after the start met a party of United States troops under Lieut. Wood, 2 subalterns, 90 dragoons and 10 waggons, who had been out against the Gosh Yuta Indians since May, and had done good service. There were the usual friendly greetings but in half an hour the two parties separated. The road grew worse. 'The scenery,' says Burton, 'was that of the Takhashshua, near Zayla, on the delicious land behind Aden, the Arabian seaboard. Sand-heaps, the only dry spots after rain—fixed by tufts of metallic green salsolæ, and guarded from the desert wind by rusty cane-grass, emerged from the wet and oozy plain, in which the mules often sank to the fetlock. The unique and snowy floor of thin nitre, bluish where deliquescent, was here solid as a sheet of ice, there was a net-work of little ridges, as if the salt had expanded by crystallisation, with regular furrows worked by rain. After heavy showers it becomes a soft slippery, tenacious and

* The untravelled reader may see an illustration of a "bench" on a very small scale in the hills about Cheddington on the London and North-Western Railway.

slushy mud, that renders travelling exceeding laborious; the glare is blinding by day, and at night the refrigerating properties of the salt render the wind bitterly cold, even when the mercury stands at 50° F.'

The two following days passed pretty much as the preceding, a long journey partly over the "bench" and partly over the alkali desert, broken by brief halts at miserable station houses. An element of excitement was, however, added by the danger from Indians. The Gosh Yuta tribe had attacked the station at Willow Springs, and had been beaten off with the loss of three men who had been shot and scalped. It was therefore necessary to keep a sharp look out during the day, though at night the experiment of sleeping out of doors, which had been tried once, was not repeated. The Mormons who keep the station were not wanting in kindness, they supplied the travellers with excellent potatoes, and told them to make the house their home. But the filth of the place was overwhelming, a failing which Burton insists 'is not Mormon but Western. The people, like the Spaniards, apparently disdain any occupation save that of herding cattle and will do so until the land is settled.' The next day was a halt to rest the horses and to pack up provisions, and in the morning of the 3rd a start was made down the Deep Creek Valley, heavy snow on the mountain-tops and ice in the valley giving warning that the Sierra Nevada, which the party had to cross, would tax their resources to the utmost. At night they camped out *sub Jove frigido*, and at 8 P.M. a storm of wind and rain of tremendous violence broke upon them from the south-west. The waggons rocked before the blast, and more than once there seemed to be considerable danger of an overturn. When to the discomfort of the storm is added the constant apprehension of Indian attacks, it may readily be imagined that the night was not altogether a festive one. Nor were matters much better in the morning. The rain had turned

the road which on the preceding day had been "dusty to the hub" into a sea of mud, and the sight and scent and the country generally were those of the environs of a horse-pond.

At mid-day on the 4th, the party came to Antelope Springs, the station at which place had been burnt by the Indians in the preceding June and never rebuilt. Fortunately there was plenty of wood and water, and they were able to rest in comparative comfort. The camp that night was in a place called appropriately enough "the Wilderness," pickets had to be posted on both sides of the ravine with orders to keep perfectly still and to fire at the first comer, and the fire had to be extinguished early to prevent its becoming a mark for Indians. The party were not murdered, but the cold, says Burton was 'uncommonly piercing.' Nor were matters improved very greatly when the start was made at six in the morning, amidst snow, hail and howling wind. After a descent down a ravine for some miles the party arrived at Spring Valley Station, an untidy log-hut scarred with the bullet marks of a recent Indian attack. The weather moderated a little afterwards, and at 2 P.M. another start was made. The party descended into the valley by a regular slope and traversed a barren plain by a heavy road. The close of the day found them at the entrance to the kanyon; the stock and boys had fallen behind, night was coming on apace, the cold was intense; the pass had an evil reputation, but beyond lay the territory of the friendly Shoshones. It was decided therefore to push on. The priming of revolvers and rifles was looked to and the little caravan started on its way. 'The road,' says Burton, 'was vile, now winding along, then crossing the stream, hedged in with thicket and dotted with boulders. Ahead of us was a rocky projection which appeared to cross our path, and upon this Point Dangerous every eye was fixed.

'Suddenly my eye caught sight of one fire, two fires—under the black bunch of firs half-way up the hill-side on our left, and as suddenly they were quenched, probably with snow. Nothing remained but to hear the war-whoop, and to see a line of savages rushing down the rocks. We loosed the doors of the ambulance that we might jump out if neccessary and tree ourselves behind it, and knowing that it would be useless to return, drove on at our fastest speed with sleet, snow, and wind in our faces. Under the circumstances, it was cold comfort to find when we had cleared the kanyon that Egan's station at the farther mouth had been reduced to a chimney stack and a few charred posts. The Gosh-Yutas had set fire to it two or three days before our arrival in revenge for the death of seventeen of their men by Lieut. Wood's party. We could distinguish the pits from which the wolves had torn up the corpses, and one fellow's arm projected from the snow. After a hurried deliberation, in which Kennedy swore, with that musical voice in which the Dublin swains delight, that "shure we were all kilt,"—the possession of property not only actuates the mind, and adds industry to its qualities, it also produces a peculiar development of cautiousness—we unhitched the mules, tethered them to the ambulance, and planted ourselves behind the palisade awaiting all comers, till the boys could bring reinforcement.' (Concerning the shooting and scalping which took place Burton is discreetly silent, having here and elsewhere before his eyes the fear of the Aborigines' Protection Society.) 'The elements fought for us; although two tongues of high land directly in front of us would have formed a fine mask for approach, the snow lay in so even a sheet that a prowling coyote was detected, and the hail-like sleet which beat fiercely on our backs would have been a sore inconvenience to a party attacking in face. Our greatest disadvantage was the extreme cold; it was difficult to keep a finger warm enough to draw a

trigger. Thomas, the judgeling, so he was called, was cool as a cucumber, mentally and bodily, youths generally are. Firstly they have their "*preuves*" to make, secondly they know not what they do.

'After an hour's freezing, which seemed a day's, we heard with quickened ears the shouts and tramp of the boys and the stock, which took a terrible load off the exile of Erin's heart. We threw ourselves into the waggons, numbed with the cold, and forgot, on the soft piles of saddles, bridles and baggage, and under heaps of blankets and buffaloes, the pains of Barahut. About 3 A.M. this enjoyment was brought to a close by arriving at the end of the stage, Butte Station. The road was six inches deep with snow, and the final ascent was accomplished with difficulty. The good station-master, Mr. Thomas, a Cambrian Mormon, who had, he informed me, three brothers in the British army, bade us kindly welcome, built a roaring fire, added meat to our supper of coffee and doughboy, and cleared by a summary process places for us amongst the snorers on the floor of "Robber's Roost," or "Thieves' Delight," as the place is facetiously known throughout the country side.'

The next day was perforce a halt. The cattle were fatigued, and it was necessary to send back an Indian to bring back an old mare and her colt which had been left at the mouth of the kanyon. The place was not an attractive one, being, in fact, 'about as civilised as a Galway shanty, or the normal dwelling place in Central Equatorial Africa;' the house, a mere hut, 30 feet by 15, furnished with primitive simplicity, and with a floor of rough uneven earth, neither tamped nor swept, and having a "corral," kraal or inclosure, of soppy black soil strewn with ashes, offal, and "other delicacies" and surrounded by rails planted in the ground. It was, perhaps, hardly worth while to take much trouble about the station. Only as lately as the

preceding August, Lieut. Wood happened to be "on the scout" after Indians with seventeen mounted riflemen, and was brought by a mounted express rider to this place which he found surrounded by Gosh-Yuta Indians. These gentry 'had tied up the master and the boy, and were preparing with civilised provisions a good dinner for themselves to be followed by a little treat in the form of burning down the house and roasting their captives' when they were surprised by the troops. Seventeen of them were left upon the field, besides those who were carried off wounded by their friends.

On the whole the travellers were not sorry to take their departure from this miserable place, in spite of the hospitable attentions of the station-master. The journey was not an altogether pleasant one; first up a short and heavy ascent, where the snow lay in some places eighteen inches deep; then down into long valleys, up another ascent, where, finding a "sinking creek," a halt was called for lunch, and then another descent of twelve miles, after which another mile brought them to the station at Ruby Valley—the half-way house between Salt Lake City and Carson City. Here they found one Colonel Rogers—better known as "Uncle Billy," Assistant Indian Agent and Superintendent of a Government Model Farm, together with the chief of the country Chÿŭkŭpĭchÿă (the old man). Burton calls this 'a word of unpronounceable slur,' in which opinion the whites coincide, and have accordingly shortened it to "Chokop" (earth). This gentleman was a "brave," who had distinguished himself in 1849 by slaying five white men, members of an emigrant train to California, who had wantonly killed his sister. After the comparatively civilised travellers had fed, the confessedly savage fell to; Chokop and five followers sitting down to a huge tureen of "soft pie," on which they did terrible execution, each of the six eating enough for three able-bodied sailors.

The next morning was spent in repairing certain tyres which had suffered from the rough road, so that it was past noon before a start was made, and the "Big-hearted Father," as Colonel Rogers was known by the Indians, from his singular generosity, could be left. At night the party camped at the mouth of a pass called after the chief, Chokop, down which poured a constant draught. 'After two hours,' says Burton, 'the waggon came up with the stock, which was now becoming weary, and we had the usual supper of dough, butter, and coffee. I should have slept comfortably enough upon a shovel and a layer of carpet-bags, had not the furious south wind howled like the distant whooping of Indians.'

The next night was worse. After a toilsome day, enlivened only by the ill-humour natural after so much travel and so many hardships endured by imperfectly educated and half-civilised men, it was found necessary to camp out again, which was done in a place where were "bunch grass" and fuel but no water. 'The wind blew sternly through the livelong night,' says Burton, 'and those who suffered from cramps in cold feet had little to do with the sweet restorer, balmy sleep.' In the morning the mercury stood at 29°, but the elevation and the rapid evaporation, together with the fierce, gusty wind, rendered the cold exceedingly painful. The road on this day led over the usual series of "bottoms" and "divides," the hills, white as bride-cake with alkali, and the valleys sand and mud. At Sheawil, or Willow Creek—otherwise known as Roberts' Springs Valley, after Mr. Bolivar Roberts, the Western Agent—a station was found which had been burned down during the Indian troubles, and only partially rebuilt. The stay at this place was not unpleasant. Kennedy sent on the boys, the stock, and the waggons, and the travellers stayed behind for a 'cosy, pleasant evening, such as I have enjoyed,' says Burton, 'in the old Italian days before

railroads—of travellers' tittle and Munchausen tattle in the ingle corner and round the huge hearth of the half-finished station with its holey walls. At intervals the roaring of the wind, the ticking of the death-watch (a well-known xylophagus) boring a home in the soft cotton-wood rafters, and the howlings of the Indians, who were keening at a neighbouring grave, formed a rude and appropriate chorus.' In the morning the weather was milder, and there were some signs of St. Martin's summer—or, as it is more appropriately called in the "Rockies," the "Indian Summer." A march of thirty-two miles, in the course of which some wells were passed, the waters of which were so strongly alkaline as to chap the skin, brought the travellers to "Dry Creek," where, on the 21st of May—only five months before—the station-keepers were attacked by Indians. One was shot, the other wounded in the groin, and, fearing Indian cruelties, borrowed a revolver and put a bullet through his own head. 'The night,' says Burton, 'was comfortably passed at Dry Creek under the leeward side of a large haystack. The weather was cold, but clear and bright. We slept the sleep of the just.' But the next night was more severe. It was passed, after a long journey around an all-but inaccessible pass and across two "divides" in a "bottom," which is notorious for cold and in which it freezes even in June and July.

This lovely spot bore the melodious name of "Simpson's Park," and lies at the distance of 195 miles from Carson City. From it the road lay through Simpson's Pass—a long kanyon leading to Reese River Valley, the station in which had recently been burned down by Indians. Here the frost was crueller than ever, and was only to be avoided by burrowing into the haystack. At Smith's Creek—"an unusually neat" station—the party found 'two New Yorkers, a Belfast man, and a tawny Mexican, named Anton, who had passed his life riding the San Bernardino

road.' The night spent at this station was comparatively luxurious, thanks to fire and lodging, and in the morning a sweet south wind was blowing. "Cold Springs" Station was reached after a somewhat trying journey, chiefly caused by the inefficiency of the cattle employed by the prudent Kennedy, and the party slept once more under the lee of the haystack. By ten the next morning the travellers were again *en route*, and then began one of the most serious of the adventures of the journey. For the first three miles the way was exceedingly rough. Then came a plain intersected with deep and wide trenches, and overgrown with a tangled grass, which concealed a few "burrowing hares." After ten miles of travel the caravan halted at Middle Gate, where they rested from noon until 5.15 P.M. At that time the cattle were put to, and shortly before sunset the party descended a path down a "divide" 'so winding that the mules' heads pointed within a few miles N.S.E. and W.' The road was over broken clay and dwarf vegetation; the weather was wretched, and 'tired out,' says Burton, 'and cramped with cold, we were torpid with what the Bedawin call El Rakl—*la Ragle du Désert*—when part of the brain sleeps whilst the rest is wide awake. At last, about 2.30 A.M., thoroughly knocked up, we sighted a roofless shed, found a haystack, and, reckless of supper or of stamping horses, fell asleep upon the sand.'.

The station was a place of penance. Roofless and chairless, squalid, and filthy beyond all conception, the prey of wind and sand, nothing more dreary could well be imagined. The journey next day was a wretched one. Ten miles of road over a saleratus plain—or as later writers call it, an "alkaline desert"—brought the travellers to Carson Lake. Here the heat was as painful as the cold had been. The thermometer at 9 A.M. showed 74° F., and from that time the journey lay up hill, over a sand formation mixed with granite. Then came a long descent towards the lake,

or, as it should rather be called, the "sink" of the Carson River. It was long after dark when the caravan arrived at Smith Station, only to meet with the most churlish inhospitality from the surly cripple who inhabited it—a brute who refused the weary travellers even so much as a cup of cold water, referring them to the Lake—two and a half miles distant—for supplies. 'Certainly,' says Burton, 'our party was a law-abiding and a self-governing; never did I see men so tamely bullied; they threw back the fellow's sticks, and cold, hungry, and thirsty, simply began to sulk. An Indian standing by asked $20 to herd the stock for a single night. At last George, the *cordon bleu*, took courage, some went for water, others broke up a waggon-plank, and supper, after a fashion, was concocted. I preferred passing the night on a side of bacon in the waggon to using the cripple's haystack, and allowed sleep to steep my senses in forgetfulness, after regretting that the Mormons do not extend somewhat farther westward.'

On the 18th of October the journey was resumed. The "b'hoys" and the stock were doomed to remain at Carson Lake, where forage was abundant, while the travellers made their way to Carson Valley, over a high divide and by the Carson River, in sight of the Sierra Nevada. Night came on, the paths intersected each other, and the travellers lost their way. Happily they stumbled upon the State Marshal's predecessor in office—a Mr. Smith—who hospitably entreated them, 'fetched the whiskey for which their souls craved, gave to each a peach that they might be good boys, and finally set before them a prime beefsteak.' After supper there was talk—mostly about shooting. In 1860, Carson county was not settled, and 'a dead man for breakfast was the rule; besides accidents perpetually occurring to indifferent or peace-making parties, they reckoned *per annum* fifty murders.' Later on a curious story was told to Burton, which may or may not be true, but which illus-

trates somewhat remarkably the state of the public mind at the time of his journey. 'A man was indicted for killing his adversary after saying to the bystanders, "Stoop down, while I shoot the son of a dog" (female). Counsel for the people showed *malice prepense;* counsel for defence pleaded that his client was *rectus in curiâ*, and manifestly could not mean a man but a dog. The judge ratified the verdict of acquittal.'

The night was cold, if Mr. Smith's hearth were warm, and the morning was by no means unwelcome. The weary travellers walked over to Fort Churchill, where a small detachment of the United States regular army was quartered, and where, as usual, they were most generously and hospitably received. Burton, in fact, speaks everywhere most heartily of the kindliness and friendliness with which he was treated by his American brothers in arms. The journey was resumed; the desert was "done," and Mormonism and Mormondom lay hundreds of miles behind the travellers. In cold weather and heavy rain the journey was continued, but before reaching Carson City two small overturns—in the latter of which the bottle containing the cocktail, provided by the hospitable soldiers of Fort Churchill, was (*eheu!*) broken. A part of the journey was performed on foot, and then, remounting, the travellers jogged into Carson City, to rest in a civilised bed, after nearly a month of desert travel.

What follows is not in these days of much real interest. A day's rest in Carson was followed by a day spent in an examination of the silver mines of Virginia City. Then succeeded a journey of two days to other local lions; then one of five days—'very dilatory,' says Burton—to the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada; then a visit to the gold-diggings of Placerville *alias* Hangtown, where Burton was put through the mysteries of gold washing and "hydraulicking"—accomplishments which he afterwards found

exceedingly useful. Then, on the 1st of November, came a journey by coach to Folsom, whence by rail to Sacramento, 'where a tolerable opera, a superior supper, and the society of friends, made the arrival exceptionably comfortable.' Ten days were pleasantly spent in San Francisco. There were plenty of wonders to be explored—the giant trees, the Yosemite Falls, the Almacen Cinnabar Mines, and a host of other things. But Burton had been travelling for eight months, and was "aweary of the way." Accordingly, he spent his time in loafing about the streets of San Francisco, making, as is his wont, plenty of friends, and steadfastly refusing to lecture upon any subject whatsoever.

On the 15th of September, Burton left San Francisco for Panama, having finally abandoned his intention of visiting Mexico, then in the throes of one of its periodical revolutions, and three weeks later, he disembarked at Panama, where, amongst a host of new friends, he encountered no less a personage than Mrs. Seacole, of Jamaica and Balaklava fame. On the 8th of December, the journey across the Isthmus of Panama—the most costly railway in the civilised world—was accomplished, and on the following day Burton embarked upon the R. M. S. *Seine* for St. Thomas. His journey was not unpleasant. 'The good ship played a pretty wheel till almost within sight of Land's End, where Britannia received us with characteristic welcome, a gale and a pea-soup fog, which kept us cruising about for three days in the unpleasant Solent and the Southampton Water.'

The opening of the year 1861 was marked by what was perhaps the most interesting event of Burton's life—his marriage. Lady Burton's influence upon her husband has been so remarkable, and their lives have blended in so exceptional a manner, that no memoir of the great explorer would be complete without some mention of the gracious lady who has borne his name for over twenty-six years.

The marriage, despite the high reputation which Burton had acquired as a soldier, an explorer and a linguist, met with every opposition and objection, chiefly because the Arundells of Wardour and the Gerards of Garswood belong to the ancient Catholic families of England, whose members have not on a few occasions proved that their faith is dearer than life itself. On the other hand, Burton's religious views are peculiar to himself and he was too outspoken on the subject. The bride's mother was therefore most strenuous in her refusal to countenance the match in any way.* Happily for the world and for themselves, her father and her four brothers were of a different opinion, and Cardinal Wiseman fully recognised the suitability of the union. Not merely did he forward it, by all means in his power, but he himself was at the pains of procuring the dispensation from Rome which is necessary in the case of a mixed marriage. The maternal opposition still continuing however, the wedding was perforce a private one. On the 22nd of January, 1861, eight persons assembled in ordinary morning dress at the Bavarian Chapel in Warwick Street, for the 10 o'clock Mass, after which his Eminence had intended to perform the ceremony. Over night he had, however, been seized with one of those attacks which, four years later, proved fatal, and he was compelled to depute

* Once the wedding was over she received him with open arms, and treated him as if he were her own son to the day of her death; and in her dying moments she asked for him and blessed him, forgetting that he was in Iceland: whilst Lady Burton's father's last prayer was for him and he became the favourite brother of all the family. Lady Burton's mother never ceased asking her daughter's pardon for having forced her either to ruin their two lives, or to take so desperate a step which might have been—but fortunately was not—misconstrued in society. Lady Burton has often said that it was quite embarrassing. Her mother used frequently to say, "I see the hand of God in it all *now;* but I was obstinate and blind, and opposed it, and forced you to risk everything. I never thought you would have the courage to take such a step or I would never have done it."

his Vicar-General, Dr. Hearn, to perform the marriage service for him, saying, "Let them consider themselves as married by me, as much as if it were celebrated with my own hands. Tell them to say that I married them, for it is really what I mean." The Registrar was obliged to be present at the ceremony, the marriage being of the mixed kind. "Thus," says one who was present at the ceremony, "these two people, without any joyful meeting of friends or relatives, without any bride's trousseau, or presents, or cards, or cake, or congratulations, with no appointment, nor prospects, nor fortune, but with true strong hearts and the consolation of her father's blessing and her four brothers' approval, were launched forth into the world hand in hand, to work and win their way and to live their own lives—nor have they failed." Lady Burton has been infinitely more to her husband than these words imply—faithful companion in his last twenty-six years' travels, secretary, aide-de-camp, prudent counsellor, wholly devoted on all occasions to his interests, she has nobly placed powers which might have won for her the very highest places in literature and art at his service, and has been content to sink her own remarkable individuality in what she considers the greater glory of being "the wife of her husband."

CHAPTER IX.

BACK IN AFRICA.

Burton to be "provided for"—An awkward question—"Malice and meanness"—Fernando Po—Departure per S.S. *Blackland*—The voyage out—Madeira—Teneriffe—Bathurst—Mungo Park—Sierra Leone—Philanthropic vagaries—Cape Palmas—The Gold Coast—Accra—Krumen—Cape Coast Castle—A hateful place—More about gold—Porto Novo—An unexpected pleasure—King Pepple and the cruelties of the oil rivers—Local morals—Arrival at "Nanny Po"—Tour of the Oil rivers—Journey to Abeokuta—*Personnel* of the Expedition—Krumen—"A false coast"—The River Ogun—Odours of the jungle—The truth about the negro races—English delusions—The Treaty—Bedingfield *v.* Burton—A negro reception—Standing upon ceremony—A negro potentate—The palaver—Drinks—The sleeping lion and his whiskers—Uses of moral courage—The king's return visit—A missionary invasion—Master Golmer weeps—Signing the treaty—The journey downwards—An English sanitarium and convict settlement proposed—A home for liberated Africans—Mr. Saker—A new departure—Mboka Botani—A dreary night—Quarrel with natives—More palaver—A change of scene—Christmas Day in the Cameroons Mountains—First ascent of Pico Grande—The descent—Swollen feet—A week's rest—Mr. Saker's ineffectual effort—The Great Mountain conquered—Selim Agha plants the British flag on the highest point in Africa—A cold night—The point objective ascertained—Back to Cameroons River.

BURTON'S marriage had made it necessary that his friends should "do something for him." It was not easy to discover in what way the peculiar abilities of this Arabianized-Scoto-Irish-Englishman could be utilised. He was a particularly independent personage, and he had had the audacity—he being merely a captain in H. E. I. C. S.—to think for himself. The operation is

always bitterly repugnant to the official mind, which prefers that "subordinates"—officers, military and naval, consuls and such inferior persons—should take their cue invariably from those glorified clerks who are the real government of this country, and who are known by the name of "permanent officials." Whether the system under which they are appointed is the best that human wit could devise, and whether its results are invariably satisfactory, are questions into which it would perhaps be desirable not to inquire too curiously. In Burton's case there was grievous offence. He had actually dared to suggest that the precautions which England was at that time adopting against the slave trade and piracy in the Red Sea, were little better than childish, and that it was absurd to waste money on a coffin-squadron of gunboats —unhandy craft and miserably uncomfortable for their officers and crews—when the work would be infinitely better done, with a quarter the expenditure, by a couple of small screw steamers, which could enter every port and harbour on the coast, and outsail the swiftest dhows. It is true that the neglect of his advice had done a great deal of irreparable mischief, and had brought about—*inter alia*—the massacre of the Christians in Jeddah, but that fact was hardly calculated to reassure the official mind. Nor was it much more to the purpose that he had posed as a military reformer. The inventor of the "System of Bayonet Exercise" was notoriously unpopular with the authorities—though they did not scruple to avail themselves of the results of his labour—and his connection with "Beatson's Irregulars" had not improved his prospects. As a mere matter of fact, Burton was at this time regarded in official circles as a firebrand, whom it was desirable to get rid of as soon as possible, and who deserved punishment of one sort, if not of another, for daring to be guilty of the sin of originality.

Punished Burton accordingly was, and his enemies may be congratulated upon their mingled malice and meanness. Being on half-pay, as an officer in a Bombay regiment, he applied for employment, and the late Earl Russell, whose kind heart pitied the newly-married couple, saying he had only one post vacant, gave it to him, warning them that it was known as "the Foreign Office Grave," viz. the Consulate of Fernando Po—a magnificent reward truly, for a discoverer, who, in any other country than England, would have had a title and a handsome pension at the least. Here we manage matters better, and more in accordance with the enlightened wishes of King Demos. And so this man, whose knowledge of the East and of nine Eastern languages would have been of incalculable service in India, in Egypt, or upon the Red Sea, was appointed Consul at Fernando Po—the most unwholesome of the settlements of West Africa. The emoluments of the post were not large, and the risks were great; but Burton accepted it to get his foot on the ladder of Diplomatic Service, saying, with characteristic pluck, 'I dare say they would like me to die, but I don't mean to.' The official *animus* now had its opportunity, and his acceptance of this miserable post was made the excuse for striking his name off the Indian Army List. There was a rule, considerably more honoured in the breach than the observance, that no Indian officer should be allowed to take another appointment and at the same time retain his half-pay. When "John Company" transferred his army to the Crown, this rule—which had been allowed to lapse in a score of cases—was revived for the injury of Burton, and that, under circumstances of discourtesy so gross, that it is hard to believe the affront unintentional. He received no notice of what was intended, and knew not what had been done until he saw in the *Gazette* the appointment of his successor. All his service in Sind had been forgotten; his exploits in African

Exploration had been wiped out; and, at the age of forty, after nineteen years' service, Richard Burton found himself a man of world-wide fame, but at home with the nominal rank of Captain and no more, with neither half-pay nor pension, with a young wife, and with, as the sole provision a grateful country could afford him, a paltry Consulate in a pestilential climate.

On the 24th of August, 1861, Burton and his bride took ship at Liverpool in the A.S.S. (African Steam Ship) *Blackland*—a miserable little steamer, built rather for cargo than for passengers, slow and tublike in her movements, and with a screw which, like most of those supplied to passenger ships of this class thirty years ago, effectually murdered sleep. Madeira was reached on the 31st of August, and there the stewardess and the invalids disappeared. He spent but a single day there, but he saw enough and collected facts enough to arrive at two conclusions, which have been curiously verified during the period which has intervened between 1861 and the present day: first, that Madeira is anything but a healthy climate for consumptive patients, partly from the extreme humidity of the atmosphere, and partly from the peculiar melancholy which the place and its society engender; and, secondly, that the island will in the next generation be deserted for Egypt and Algiers—which last has literally come to pass. From Madeira the steamer went to Teneriffe, where another day was spent, and where Burton found an opportunity of correcting Humboldt, whose generally accurate work is marred by a description of the Canaries, which, like the proverbial German's camel, must have been evolved out of his own inner consciousness. At Bathurst—a miserable hole in the Delta of the Gambia—pratique was allowed by the postmaster, in the absence of the Health Officer on sick leave. Burton's normal high spirits did not desert him on this occasion. 'We reflected severely,' he says, 'on

the excessive "cheek" of questioning the health of new-comers from Old England, when the chances are that all the Bathurstians are dying of dysentery and yellow fever. A facetious second mate, who always spoke of his eye as "she," pointed out to me, with a grin, a small gathering of bullocks and buffaloes—the latter word used here for all cattle with humps—declaring that he had never seen so much meat at a time; a pig and a pumpkin being the usual supply in Bathurst market. He also recounted how a friend, having employment and salary here, had left the place after a month on account of the indecent size and fulness of the cemetery.' There was not much inducement to tarry long in the place, but Burton saw with interest a great likeness between the "Mandingo" people and the Somal, who dwell about the same parallel of latitude on the East African coast. Apart from this fact there was little to call for record, the chief point which strikes the English traveller being the singular want of judgment which placed the seat of government for this colony upon an unwholesome sandy island, when within eight miles and at an easily accessible point—Cape St. Mary—there is a settlement healthy and by no means unpleasant. The truth really is that, as Burton discovered on this journey out, the unwholesome part of Western Africa is really only its epidermis. As soon as a few miles from the immediate shore have been traversed, and the true African soil has been reached, the climate becomes little, if at all, worse than that of Western India.

The most interesting incident of Burton's brief stay in the place was a visit which he paid to one Tappa, an aged chief, who had some repute in those parts. 'Everything in the village,' says Burton, 'was known to me as though I had been born in it. Here is the mosque, circular, of wattle and dab, with extinguisher roof of thatch, and tassel at the top. There is the bentang tree (Park's name for the

bombax) where, as in the English pot-house, the village elders meet and lay together their wise heads. I almost expected to be asked for a "saphie," to see a "coffle" of slaves enter the village, to pity a "poor Neealee affeeleeta," or to behold Mumbo Jumbo issuing from the bush.' Burton found the ancient sitting 'in a very *dégagée*' toilette on his threshold, and having shaken hands, broke ground on the inevitable subject of El Islam. The Tappa did not know much Arabic, and obviously did not understand the few verses of the Koran which Burton recited, but when a MS. book of prayers was brought, Burton read them out, greatly to the old man's admiration. 'Pity 'tis,' he remarks, 'that Park, Laing, and other travellers, have taken away the bloom and beauty from this "line." In a month I could learn sufficient Mandenga * for practical purposes, and armed with, not an umbrella, like foolish Mr. Petermann's Doctor Krapf, but with sword and dagger, a Koran and an ink-horn, reeds, and a few sheets of paper, I could pass, an honoured guest, through the country, where those before me travelled as Pariahs. But,' he adds, 'I should not appear in the costume preferred by poor Park, black beaver tile, and blue coat with brass buttons, with shoeless feet—what peculiar perverseness there was in such proceedings, a perverseness only equalled by the admirable perseverance with which the wanderer condemned himself to insults and injuries, and his readers to a thorough misconception of the people's character. So far from being barbarously treated by the "Moors," an Arabicized population, Park and Caillié fared remarkably well, considering their obstinate *Kufr*, their inaccessibility to the truths of a Higher Law, their ghastly whiteman's faces, and their shocking civilised or badly worn attire. Conceive how a negro gentleman, habited in a crown of eagle's feathers, a grass cloth round his loins, and a large spear in

* More familiar to English eyes though less accurate as Mandingo.

hand, would have been received in the country parts of England in 1780. Also, imagine if he had lived through the madhouse to tell his tale, what a picture he would have drawn of the English for the benefit of the African *badaud* and *gobemouche*, who, of course, would never have heard the other part.' In these words lies the secret of Burton's singularly successful dealing with the African and Asiatic races and of his ascendency amongst them. He approached them always from within, and never from an affected point of superiority, save only with the thoroughly barbarous tribes of the interior, with whom it was necessary at once to take a masterful tone. It is not surprising that such a man should entertain a somewhat acute contempt for the average missionary, or that the people who have been brought up upon intellectual pap should hold up hands of holy horror when he turns the "cold, white light of truth" on the pious fables with which their Sabbatic leisure has been so long beguiled.

The stay at Bathurst was pleasantly wound up with a breakfast at the Commissariat Quarters, soon after which the *Blackland* got under way, in a miserable tropical drizzle, which soon changed to the normal North East Trade, 'cold and violent as if we were in England.' A few hours brought the travellers to that most abjectly God-forsaken of English settlements Sierra Leone—or, as the natives usually pronounce it, S'a Leone or "Silly own." The site of Freetown, the capital, is about as ill-selected as possible—a perfect haunt of malaria, with its consequences, fever and dysentery. No one goes there with the intention of staying more than a couple of years, and it is by no means invariable that those who so go, "live out half their days." The place is, in truth, a philanthropic experiment, and as such it was predestined to failure. We have in our wisdom begun at the wrong end. The liberated and other Africans who inhabit S'a Leone, have been treated as

though they were the children of civilisation, and possessed of all the civilised virtues, while the white population have been treated as though they were slave merchants and something worse, unfit to be believed on oath against the nigger, as seen through Exeter Hall spectacles. Common sense would have dictated the appointment of a Court in which justice should be administered by a single judge, so well paid as to be above all reach of suspicion, and belonging to a race, the educated part of which, at least, is not in the habit of taking bribes for the adulteration of the course of justice. Sentiment of the ignorant sort, which gratuitously supposes that the negro man and brother is in all respects save colour the equal of the Englishman, has translated to the Guinea Coast a ludicrous caricature of English civil procedure, which operates in such a way that justice is practically denied to the Englishman; comfort most certainly is. The negro is essentially litigious, and will go to law on the smallest possible provocation—often indeed, on no provocation at all. Whatever dispute he may have with an Englishman is sure to be carried into the courts, greatly, no doubt, to the benefit of the lawyers, mulatto or English-born pettifoggers, who endure a detestable climate for the mere purposes of lucre. These were the results of Burton's observations during his brief stay in S'a Leone more than a quarter of a century ago. He was heartily, and no doubt sincerely, abused for them at home,* and, as a matter of course, no effort was made to remedy this disgraceful and anomalous state of things. The result of this inaction might be read a few months

* One William Rainy, "a coloured person" who delights to describe himself as "of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law," and who was wont to practise in the Sierra Leone Courts, takes vehement objection to Burton's view of the Courts of this interesting colony. Mr. Rainy and his pamphlet are probably forgotten by this time, but taken by themselves they afford the strongest conceivable justification for the opinion given above.

back in a letter to a London evening paper of great influence and wide circulation, which described the state of things in the colony almost in Burton's words—"only more so."

The domination of the negro race had thus become something more than a nuisance. It was actually a punishable offence to call a man a "nigger," though he were as black as one's hat, and might have been egregiously impudent both in voice and gesture. When Burton landed, he was primed with good advice 'not to notice negro insolence, and to turn our shoulders'—the severest punishment upon all who tried their hands at annoyance. An exploration of the town did not improve the travellers' opinion of it or of the people. The sanitary arrangements were infamous, and the supply of provisions scanty in quantity, and far from excellent in quality. When, on the day following, the people crowded on board the steamer, entreating the passengers to take them as servants down the Coast, Burton had the opportunity of seeing how thoroughly the abnormal condition of society in S'a Leone has spoiled the native races. 'No one, at least if not a perfect greenhorn on the coast,' he says, 'will engage him (the S'a Leone man) in any capacity. . . . He has learned "a trick or two," even a black who has once visited Sierra Leone, is considered spoiled for life as if he had spent a year in England. . . . The S'a Leone man is an inveterate thief, he drinks, he gambles, he intrigues, he overdresses himself, and, when he has exhausted his means, he makes his master pay for all.' Religious differences have probably a great deal to do with this state of things. Sierra Leone has a Cathedral, with, at the present moment, a Black Bishop, and it swarms with conventicles of every conceivable and inconceivable denomination of schism. There are, it is said, about 150 of them in the town, but their influence on the morals of the people would seem to be infinitesimal. On all the West

African coast there is not, perhaps, a more scandalously immoral town than the "White man's Grave."

The officers in the barrack entertained Burton hospitably that night, and saw him comfortably on board the *Blackland* at an early hour of the morning. A few hours afterwards he appeared in court at the hearing of a summons brought by one of the two pilots who had sought to bring the ship into port against his unsuccessful colleague. The case was interesting only for the inordinate amount of perjury introduced into it. On the other side of the wall of the court was a school, where the children were yelling hymns under the guidance of a white missionary 'with Paganini hair,' and sundry black assistants—much possibly to their souls' health, but with little conceivable benefit to mind or body. The truth is, that the negro child—and the statement holds good to whichever side of Africa it is applied—is very bright as long as he remains a child, but with the approach of puberty his mental development is arrested, and he henceforward goes backward instead of forward.

The court and the school were the last things which Burton saw in S'a Leone during this, his first flying visit. At four in the afternoon (13th of August) the anchor was apeak, the *Blackland* was standing out to sea, and soon after made Cape Palmas, where there is now an English Consul and where the mails for and from Goree, Monrovia and Badagry are landed and shipped. Palmas seems to afford a pleasant contrast to Sierra Leone. The black fellows there will really work upon occasion and there are two decent hotels; one kept by a Jamaica woman is said to be the best on the coast. Here Burton was anxious to engage a gig's crew and two Krumen as personal servants. Although the destination was Fernando Po, the verandah was soon crowded with aspirants from ten to thirty years old who, however, all behaved decently, did not mob the

Englishman and when told to go, went without murmuring or ill-will. 'In S'a Leone,' adds Burton, 'there would have been an action or at least a summons,' but here all was order and decorum. Much of the good done here Burton attributes to the energy and industry of the American missionary—Mr. Hoffmann of New York—under whose care, in unison with Bishop Payne, of the American Episcopal Church, a Hospital dedicated to St. Mark, which promises to be a most useful agency, has been erected and is now in full working order. It is the only institution of the kind between Teneriffe and Ascension and will probably maintain its unique character, until Burton's dream of a sanatorium in the Cameroons, of which I shall have somewhat to say in a later page, is at last realized.

Burton had one eminently disagreeable "experience" at Cape Palmas. He had been anxious to engage a number of Krumen for service in Fernando Po, but he found that "Nanny Po" was a word of fear, unpleasing to a Kruman's ear. One man only was engaged—at double the ordinary rate—and he 'forgot' to come down to the wharf. Kru canoes were also wanted, as being useful for fishing and for sending notes to ships in the harbour. They were usually plentiful, and to be had for £1 a-piece. Now, however, the owners declared that they wanted all their craft, and declined to sell. The secret seems to have been that Burton had been heard to speak a few words of Spanish, on which the Krumen, with characteristic independence, decided that he was a "Panyer," and refused all dealings with him. These Krumen are in truth a very singular race. They are born seamen; they will cross the perilous bars of the coast with the utmost *sang froid*, exposed though they are to the perils of sharks and breakers. Yet they are arrant cowards. When on board ship—and for obvious reasons they prefer service on a man-of-war to any other—they will run and hide themselves in the coal-bunkers,

At the smallest appearance of danger they will desert their masters; if a roller should strike the boat in which they are they will drop their oars and prepare to jump overboard; the *argumentum baculinum* is the only logic they understand, and if recourse be had to it they simply scream like women, being, unlike most Africans, extremely sensitive to pain. Morally they are cowardly to quite as great an extent as they are physically. If one member of a gang is drowned on a bar or eaten by a shark, it is often found necessary to send the rest home. All this has been pointed out over and over again—by none more emphatically than by Burton—yet it was actually proposed during the Indian Mutiny to raise a Kru battalion for service against the rebels, and Burton, whose 'Wanderings in West Africa, by an F.R.G.S.,' in which peculiarities of the native races are most carefully and accurately described, and which have been before the world since 1863, had the misery of hearing a President of that illustrious body speak of the Krumen on one occasion as the bravest of the West African tribes.

At noon, on the 16th of August, the *Blackland* sailed, having on board 'about £5000 worth of Krumen,' on their way to the Oil Rivers, who gave Burton another opportunity for the study of savagery. Their supper was of rice, which must be far more nutritious than that of India, even as that of India is infinitely better than that of Carolina. The Krumen eat it in great quantity, and get through an immense amount of labour with no other sustenance. On this evening a large cauldron containing a pint per man was brought on deck, and the Krumen squatted round it, and devoured their food in the most savage manner conceivable, balling the rice in their hands, and swallowing each mouthful almost if not absolutely whole. They are not the pleasantest fellow-passengers in the world. African filthiness and carelessness are apt—nay even certain—to

engender skin-diseases of the most loathsome and inveterate kind, and it has been no uncommon thing for Europeans to be infected from merely touching a hand-rail which a Kruman has touched before him.

Cape Coast Castle was reached after an uninteresting and monotonous run down the coast. The principal characteristic of the place seems to have been, as for somewhere about a couple of centuries, the absolute lethargy of the white population, amongst whom European energy seems absolutely deficient. The feeling between the black and the white races was moreover of the very worst when Burton was there. Each pretended to great superiority over the other, and humiliating though the concession was, he felt compelled to admit in common honesty that the pretensions of the blacks were not altogether unfounded. There are some excellent fellows amongst the whites, but not a few evidently belong to the race of vagabonds known as "mean whites" in the Southern States of the Union, and by a less polite epithet in the islands of the South Pacific. Burton dined at the mess of the Gold Coast Artillery, where he was most hospitably entertained, despite the normal scarcity of provisions on the African coast. The feeding is indeed execrable. The unfortunate Englishman has to live upon fowls as large—or as small—as the pigeons of his native country, until he gets scurvy from the monotony. Beef is not to be had; goat's-flesh, stringy and tasteless, supplies the place of mutton; fruit is rare; the only change from this eternal diet of chicken and goat is an occasional turkey brought down from the interior, with perhaps fish, on which last article of diet some of the older European residents chiefly live. The white population of Cape Coast Castle is, however, very small. Nobody goes thither who is not compelled, and nobody stays for a day longer than is absolutely essential. The climate is detestable; the day begins at sunrise, and ends

at 10 A.M., the heat of the sun effectually preventing all movement until sunset; the town consists of one irregular street lined with ragged umbrella trees; with a background of noisome native lanes on each side, a barrack and a parade ground. The dead are buried anywhere—in the basements of the houses they have inhabited in life by preference—the houses are foul and filthy to a degree exceptional even in Africa, and the sanitary arrangements are worthy of Connemara. The only civilising influence seems to be that exerted by the Wesleyans, who have not merely taught their faith to the people, but have also brought them under the civilising influences of trade. These good people have, moreover, educated a couple of native "princes" in England, one of whom—Prince John, whom Burton found settled in Cape Coast Castle—'a very black man with a white tie, *more Africano*'—and acting as interpreter, class-leader and local preacher.

All this interested Burton much less than the fact that gold absolutely abounds in the country. 'Under the western walls of the Castle,' he tells us, 'women were fanning the sand of the shore for gold . . . they shovelled up with their hands the finer "stuff"—the metal sinks through the coarse material—and filled with three parts of it to one of sea-water, a calabash, a wooden bowl, or a metal pan. The implement was then twirled as in California, Australia, and all gold-washing countries, to and fro, with and against the sun. The lighter contents were thrown out by dexterously canting up the vessel, and after repeated washings the precious metal appeared in flakes and dots, with an occasional grain shining out of the black emery that remained at the bottom. . . . At the end of five minutes one of the women produced a small pinch of gold, which she sold to us for sixpence. After that,' Burton goes on, 'I lost all patience with Cape Coast Castle.' Will our grandsons believe that in these days a colony which

cannot afford £150 per annum for a stipendiary magistrate, that men who live in a state of poverty, nay, of semi-starvation, are so deficient in energy as to be content with sitting down hopelessly whilst gold is among their sands, on their roads, in their fields, in their very walls? That this Ophir—this California, where every river is a Tmolus and a Pactolus, every hillock is a gold hill—does not contain a cradle, a puddling-machine, a quartz-crusher, a pound of mercury? That half the washings are wasted, because quicksilver is unknown, and that pure gold selling in England for £3 17*s.* to £4 is here purchasable for £3 12*s.*? That whilst convict labour is attainable, not a Company has been formed, not a surveyor has been sent for? I exclaim with Dominie Sampson, "Prodigious." *

The *Blackland* sailed on the evening of the 19th of August, and early on the following morning had arrived at Accra, the old capital of the leeward districts. Burton did not find the place particularly agreeable. The atmosphere was moist to a very unpleasant degree, the heat was almost overwhelming, supplies were short, though not quite so short as at Cape Coast Castle, and the natives were as exasperating as usual. The one redeeming point about Accra was, that although it was liable to constant outbreaks of dysentery, sunstroke was almost unknown to those who had the strength of mind to move about. Profuse perspiration always follows any attempt at exertion and to this fact Dr. Clarke ascribes by the

* I have quoted this paragraph at length. It may serve, perhaps, to remind some readers of a certain dinner at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, in 1883, at which were present a number of enterprising commercial gentlemen of that town, who were full of enthusiasm over the return of Captain Burton and Commander Cameron from their excursion "to the Gold Coast for gold," and who somehow or other allowed that enthusiasm to dribble away in the most remarkable manner when the necessity for taking up shares became present to them.

equalization of the circulation the prevention of local congestion. Burton here noted the utility of what our German cousins call the *Luft-bad*, the exposure of the body to the air immediately on rising. In cases of dysentery the patient rises at daybreak and sits wholly uncovered until 6 A.M., enjoying the cool and pleasant morning breeze. He is then washed in a cold infusion of various simple herbs, the skin is anointed with Shea butter, a gruel of Indian corn is given and the patient falls into a sound and refreshing sleep. It seems a little odd, by the way, that a man of the singularly wide knowledge and experience of Burton, should not have discovered that the *Luft-bad* is one of the oldest of European remedies and should have looked upon it as an African discovery. A day of wandering was brought to a close with a succulent dinner at James Town, in the house of the hospitable Civil Commandant, Major de Ruvignes, and then came, 'a rush through the breakers and a frantic paddling' and in half an hour more the travellers were once more aboard the *Blackland*. The journey to Lagos was not unpleasant. A bore, in the person of a Spanish gentleman, who was perhaps one of the most absolutely idle men that ever breathed, had been got rid of; the ship was clearer, and in the course of the night the 'infamous regions of Little Popo, Great Popo, and Whydah' were passed without disturbance to the passengers.

At mid-day, on Saturday, the 21st, the *Blackland* was off Porto Novo, sixty miles distant from Lagos, and separated from the sea by lagoon and sandbank. Here a day was spent, not greatly to the satisfaction of anybody, and evening placed the ship in the roads of Lagos. The epithets lavished on this unhappy settlement would be amusing were they not so well deserved. Lagos is defended by a bar, or rather two bars, which render an approach to the settlement dangerous as well as disagree-

able, and which cost on an average fourteen lives per annum, not including whites. The local steamer came out in the morning and took off such of the travellers as desired to land, of whom Burton was one, as a matter of course. He found the place in some confusion—his deliberate opinion of it will be found later on—and discovered that the town was 'native to the last degree'—in other words, it was unspeakably filthy, squalid and unclean, in every sense of that many meaning word. The one redeeming feature of it was the abundant vegetation. Lagos is a city of palms. The cocoa grows almost in the salt water, the broad-leaved bread-fruit, introduced from Polynesia, flourishes like an indigenous plant and the trees, one and all, swarm with beautiful birds. But the people . . . ! 'The people struck me as being of a lower caste than those of the Gold Coast, more approaching the typical genuine nigger of the Southern Republic. They suffer much from cutaneous complaints, krakra, yaws (*frambasia*), lepra, elephantiasis, and a phagadænic ulcer common at Fernando Po, from which even Europeans have no immunity . . . At times the place becomes a charnel house.' In spite of all, the people seem to be 'a merry race of Pagans,' who find their principal enjoyment in sensual pleasure, and in the inhalation of the potent haschish (*Cannabis Indica*).

An unexpected pleasure awaited Burton at Lagos. The Mohammedan community there turned out in force to greet him under the leadership of one who like himself had made the pilgrimage to Meccah. The Muslim 'took sweet counsel together,' as the missionaries say, and the Shaykh Ali expressed a strong wish that the Shaykh Abdullah should return with him, promising him safe conduct. 'I refused,' says Burton, 'with a tightening of the heart, a little alleviated, however, by the hope that fate may spare me to march at some future day through

Central Africa homewards. And in that hope I purified my property by giving the Zakat, or legal alms, to the holy man, who palpably could not read or write, but who audibly informed his followers that "this bondsman" is intimately acquainted with "*Kull' ilm—omnis res scibilis.*"' All pleasures come to an end, however, and when the signal went up Burton had to get on board, and to enter upon his next journey, one of a hundred miles, to the Bonny River, where he found himself at 8 P.M. on Tuesday, the 24th of September. There was no opportunity of doing anything until arriving at the river which has since become celebrated after a fashion by the visit of "King Pepple" to England and the burlesque appointment of "Poet Close" as his laureate.

Burton found the Bonny equal in point of filth and nastiness to the Fleet Ditch in its worst days and discovered that its greatest attraction was a Ju-ju house, used for human sacrifices. For the rest, the people of the Bonny River, are about the cruellest and most brutalised of any on the African coast, the most inveterate of slaveholders and barbarous to a degree which Englishmen can hardly understand. One or two sentences from a paragraph of Burton's must suffice :—'In some rivers a canoe crew never lasts three years. The master thinks nothing of nailing hands to a water cask, or of mutilating them in various ways, many lose their eyes by being peppered, after the East Indian fashion, with coarsely powdered cayenne—their ears are cut off, or they are flogged. When a great man dies, all kinds of barbarities are committed, slaves are buried, or floated down the river bound to bamboo sticks and mats, till eaten piecemeal by sharks.' I have suppressed the details as being a little too sickening. It will be sufficient to add the following :—'There is apparently in this people a physical delight in cruelty to beast as well as to man. The sight of suffering seems to

bring them an enjoyment without which the world is tame; probably the wholesale murderers and torturers of history, from Phalaris and Nero downwards, took an animal and sensual pleasure—all the passions are sisters—in the look of blood and in the inspection of mortal agonies. I can see no other explanation of the phenomena which meet my eye in Africa. In almost all the towns on the Oil Rivers you see dead or dying animals fastened in some agonising position. Poultry is most common because cheapest—eggs and milk are Ju-ju to slaves here—they are tied by the legs head downwards or lashed round the body to a stake or tree, etc., etc.' One item further need only be given: 'When old Pepple, father of the present man, took captive King Amakree, of New Calabar, he gave a large feast to the European slave traders on the river. All was on a grand scale, but the reader perhaps might find some difficulty in guessing the name of the dish placed before his Majesty at the head of the table. It was the bloody heart of the King of Calabar, just as it had been torn from the body. He took it in his hand and devoured it with the greatest apparent gusto, remarking, "This is the way I serve my enemies."'

It is hardly necessary to say that the state of morals on this part of the West African coast defies description. Burton speaks of the Bonny River as 'this African Styx,' he might have found another and perhaps even more appropriate name for the place in classical history. Early in the morning after leaving it, he found himself in sight of Fernando Po, his destined headquarters for some time to come. The last words of his 'Wanderings in West Africa' are:—'Arriving in these outer places is the very abomination of desolation. I drop for a time my pen in the distinct memory of our having felt uncommonly suicidal through that first night in Fernando Po.'

Under such circumstances a good many men would

have held themselves excused if they folded their hands and refused to do more. The world had ill-used them; why should they labour for the good of the world. Burton was made of a different fibre. He had hardly established himself with his bride at Fernando Po before he started off on a tour of exploration of the mouths of those "Oil Rivers" which form the delta of the Niger—perhaps the most hateful portion of the "Dark Continent." Returned to the seat of his Consulate he found himself, as he puts it, 'stranded at Fernando Po Island, Bight of Biafra, Gulf of Guinea, Western Intertropical Africa, and divided by the thinnest of party walls from Anti-Paradise.' For a week he could do nothing, but on the 9th of October, 1861, the Commodore of the West African Squadron offered to ferry him over to Lagos whence he might get to Abeokuta, "the Town under a Stone," and back to the Consulate in time for the next mail. The offer was eagerly accepted, and on the following evening H.M.S. *Arrogant*, with Burton on board, sailed for Lagos, where she arrived on the 14th (Monday) and transferred her passenger to H.M.S. *Prometheus*. On board this ship, and under the care of her experienced surgeon, Burton was fortunate enough to have his "seasoning fever," a necessary concomitant of African travel, not dangerous if taken in time and treated with skill, but decidedly unpleasant in itself. After the fever came a tornado, in the course of which the ship was twice struck by lightning, and on the 23rd of October she finally cast anchor at Lagos. There Burton stayed until the 28th as the guest of Mr. McCoskry, the acting governor of the Colony, busy with getting in supplies for his intended journey, engaging a servant, and in the enjoyment of Moslem society. This servant, Selim Agha, turned out to be a most valuable acquisition. His life was certainly an oddly adventurous one. Born in Tegullet, he had been

taken to Egypt at a very early age; had spent twelve and a half years in Europe, had totally forgotten his native language, and had returned to Africa with 'that failure of failures, the Niger Expedition.' Burton engaged him, and, he says, 'he proved himself perfection; a Figaro, but, un-Figaro like, honest, civil and unpresuming, he could cook, doctor, shave, valet, garden, carpenter, shoot and stuff birds, collect spirit-specimens, in fact he took all the trouble of life off my hands.'

The Expedition—which was not perhaps so well assorted as could have been wished—was ready by the end of a fortnight. It consisted of Commander Bedingfield of H.M.S. *Prometheus*; Mr. Eales, the surgeon of the ship; one Williams—'a lazy, half-educated interpreter to the Government at Lagos'—a dog 'Sancho,' who to the intense delight of everybody, save his master, was mysteriously drowned, or lost in the bush, early in the journey; Burton himself, Selim Agha, and the other personal attendants of the explorers. The start was made at 9.15 A.M., on Tuesday, the 29th of October, 1861, in the two gigs of the *Prometheus*, which were manned by Krumen, whom Burton considers to have been demoralized by the kind treatment they had met with on board the man-of-war, and who were in consequence the idlest and least trustworthy of their tribe. 'In the state of nature,' he says, 'they will row forty miles without other refreshment than a "snack," eaten whilst lying upon their oars. Artificialized, they must halt, "chop water," and cook after every third hour; otherwise they will dawdle, give answers, or with far protruded lips, sulk. Our fellows once saw their captain standing alone on the river bank awaiting his breakfast, and yet they sat down to "yam." I could not pity him,' adds Burton, 'it was his own doing. But one cannot wonder that no merchant vessel will employ a Kruboy who has been known to serve on board a man-of-war.' With

oarsmen of this type the journey began through a sufficiently hideous and savage country, where impalement is much more common as a form of human sacrifice than it is in those benighted regions of Eastern Europe where Mr. Gladstone's High Church admirers found evidences of it in every tavern sign.

The district through which they passed was not an altogether enticing one. Burton describes it as, 'neither sea nor good dry land,' and as 'essentially a false coast'—the growth, in short, of an immense drift brought down by the rivers from the interior during countless ages. Through this soft alluvial ground winding channels pass, edged by the eternal mangrove festooned by huge llianas, whose tendrils, sometimes sixty feet in length, are so fragile that the merest touch will snap them. Animal life in the swamp is scarce, but along the streams—'the colour of cocoa-nibs and milk'—pass endless canoes with oil puncheons full or empty, as the case might be. After a while signs of habitation were visible; little villages, with indications of industry about them, and with a population who, 'living in the midst of miasma, look fat and well, have children at their desire, and breed dogs, sheep, and goats, pigs, and poultry.' The end of the day saw the travellers at one of these settlements—a collection of huts called Igaon, and distant from Lagos some twenty-five miles. The place Burton describes as being a mere straggling settlement of some two hundred souls, the terminus of river navigation in the 'dries,' beyond which travellers must journey through the wet and feverish bush.

By daybreak—5 A.M.—the travellers were astir, and in another hour afloat in the midst of a dank and dripping African fog. On this day, and for many days after, they had reason to bewail the singular monotony of the scenery of the country in which their lot was cast. There are a few varieties of trees, but when these few are

exhausted there is nothing upon which the eye can rest or the imagination turn. On this, the second day, a halt was made for breakfast at eight, and a second breakfast towards noon, which afforded opportunities to Burton and his companions for an examination of the people. Their opinion of them does not seem to have been high—the natives of this region are in short a race of degraded savages, fine in physical conformation, but somewhat addled of brain. I do not intend either here or elsewhere to enter into Burton's opinions on the question of polygamy. They are his own, and I have nothing to say to them—except that his own practice is in strange contradiction to his theories—but the singularly low state of morals amongst these Egbas ought, one would think, to have opened his eyes.

The journey was not an altogether agreeable one. The river (Ogun, not given on every map) shoaled rapidly, and as there was a bar at every salient and re-entering angle, frequent grounding made the day tedious. Breakfast was at 8 A.M., amongst a most friendly people, who kept the travellers' company throughout the meal, and afterwards joined them in 'a social glass of gin.'* After breakfast the journey was resumed through a populous and not unprosperous country, and at Agbameya—sixty-four miles above Lagos—the river, becoming impracticable even for canoes, was abandoned for land travel. The travellers had spent four days upon their journey, so that on an average the

* It may be remarked at this point that Burton in the course of his journals and diaries frequently comments upon the utterly execrable quality of the spirituous liquors supplied in "trade" in Africa. So long as they "bite," *i.e.* so long as they are pungent and fiery the black man is satisfied. Trade rum, for example, would seem to be a mixture of vitriol, treacle, and cayenne pepper, with a small admixture of the coarsest grain spirit, a gallon of it yielding upon distillation only about a quart of absolute alcohol, and leaving a residue quite too nauseous for description.

day's progress was a matter of some sixteen miles, and no more. Small wonder that Mr. Stanley should cry out for a railway in the Valley of the Congo!

To Abeokuta the road was the merest bridle path, kept in fair condition by the tramping of the market people, but constantly washed by the tropical rains. The most unpleasant feature of the road seems to have been the fetid odour which everywhere assailed the nostrils, and which may be accounted for in part by the fact that the corpses of slaves, poor strangers and travellers, are regularly thrown into the bush instead of being buried, and in part also by the presence of a large black ant—the ch'hungo uvundo of Zanzibar—which infests the African continent, and emits an overpowering fetor. Six miles of travel through this bush brought the party within sight of Abeokuta—Understone—a town somewhat remarkable of aspect, and fully justifying its name, being bisected by a long "dorsum" of granite, which lies like a turtle's back between the scattered lines of habitations. Burton's entry to it was signalized by one of the very few personal adventures which he has thought it worth while to record. The "doctor" dismounted from his pony; Burton's reared; his foot caught in the stirrup, and he 'had the pleasure of hearing the sound of war over his back.' His comment on the adventure is too characteristic to be left unquoted. 'The results were a few bruises, and the resolution of carrying for the future a stout stick wherewith to belabour belligerents' heads. A fall was a bad omen to begin with, but, as says good Edom o' Gordon,

> "Thame link to freits, my master dear,
> Then freits will follow thame."

Besides which, it was a Friday, and it let me off cheap.'

Burton's great object in this journey was to discover and to propagate the truth about West Africa, and, as might be expected, he found the reality very different from the fancy

pictures which good people, who have never visited the country, have drawn. Abeokuta, for example, has been copiously described as a species of Negro Oldham or Manchester. Missionaries and "Christian visitors" are there; there is a school, and there is a printing-press, at which a local paper, partly English and partly Egba, is printed; cotton gins and presses have been sent out, but the result of it all is dispiriting. Thousands of pounds have been spent upon these philanthropic vagaries, but the African *vis inertiæ* is too potent for English enthusiasm. The strong men will sometimes do a little cotton ginning—work which in North America is reserved for 'old hands or very young ones, breeding women, sucklers, or invalids,'—and of the seven presses seldom more than one at a time is in use. 'Half-an-hour is required to fill it by five men, plus a dozen, who look at the workmen, and who in due time take a spell. They average *per diem*, in the seven presses, sixteen bales of 112–125 lbs. each, and they have never exceeded eighteen. Half of the machinery lies upon the ground all dirt, mud and rust. Rusty, it is landed from the steamer, rustier it is sent up in a canoe to Abeokuta, and there it lies upon the ground rustiest, because the people will not work.' The fact of the matter simply is, as Burton has remarked a hundred times—and no living man has had so many opportunities of observing the African races as they are—the black man will not work if he can avoid it. He has few wants, and no particular intellect to create them. Nature in the tropics is very bountiful to him, and if he can bask in the sun all day, distend his stomach with yam and sweet potato, indulge in an occasional debauch of pombé, palm wine or trade-rum, he is perfectly content. All the efforts of all the missionaries of all the societies—Catholic, Protestant, Evangelical, or Ritualistic, English or American—will no more avail to change the African nature than to wash his skin white. Unfortunately Africa has for

many years been the happy hunting ground of the philanthropists. Good people—not a few of whom have never been nearer to the Dark Continent than Brighton or Torquay—have written volumes of gush and twaddle about it, and the result has been that when Burton, with his usual hatred of sham and half-knowledge, told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, about this imaginary Paradise of African industry, Abeokuta, he was assailed with a perfect tempest of vituperation. Even his statement of the facts relating to the tenure of land in the Egba country was received with incredulity and disapproval by the partisans of the American missionary, Mr. Bowen, who actually laboured under the delusion that in a country where tribal rights are more rigorously enforced than anywhere in the world—save perhaps in New Zealand —'there is no property in land, or rather that land in Yoruba is common property.' In like manner, he was attacked for denying that the Egbas are industrious. Yet how is it probable that this should be their character, living as they do in a 'malarious, fever-stricken, enervating, effeminizing' land? The truth would seem to be that the mass of people who write and speak about Africa see only what they are predisposed to see and are ready to quarrel with any and every one who turns upon it that electric light of common sense which is Burton's special characteristic.

The missionary stations visited—and there are not a few of them in Abeokuta and its surrounding villages—a walk begun at 5 A.M. disclosed to Burton most of the characteristic features of the place, and ended by landing him in the "bazaar" at Yoruba, of which he says after an inventory of its contents, which fills three pretty closely printed pages, that 'it was a heterogeneous mass, whose combined aroma on a warm morning and an empty stomach after eight miles of sunny walk, was as

startling to the olfactories as the awful hubbub—chiefly feminine and infantine—of saluting and laughing, squabbling and cursing, hailing and howling, was to the auditory nerves.' Then came an interview with the king. "Mr." Williams whom Burton describes as a most 'forward' specimen of the nigger—spoiled in fact by ill-assimilated white ideas—had been sent to arrange this interview. The affair which brought it about and which lay at the root of the whole expedition was somewhat serious and requires some explanation. As long ago as January, 1852, Captain Forbes, of H.M.S. *Penelope*, had made a treaty with the chief of the Egba nation, under which the slave trade was absolutely abolished. English traders were placed upon the footing of 'the most favoured nation,' human sacrifices and the slaughter of prisoners taken in war were abandoned; missionaries, their houses, chapels and schools were protected. As usual the treaty had been shamelessly violated. The slave trade was flourishing, in fact, if not in name, human sacrifices were not uncommon, missionaries were molested and trade was hampered. It was to protest against this state of things and to negotiate a new treaty with stringent engagements for the future, that Commander Bedingfield and Burton as Consul at Fernando Po visited Abeokuta.

The interview with the king was not arranged with absolute facility. His Majesty had sent word that he would receive his not-too-welcome guests at 10 A.M. Captain Bedingfield, less experienced in African matters than Burton, insisted as his superior in rank upon waiting the pleasure of this barbarous potentate and to remonstrate was perfectly useless. The result was that the English mission found itself treated with contempt. Ten o'clock came, then 11, then 12; messages went to and fro, but still 'sable majesty' refused audience. 'Under these circumstances,' says Burton, 'had it been my "palaver," I

should have deferred the visit until 3 P.M., and I should not have appeared before 5 P.M. I have no doubt,' he adds, 'that more civility would have been the result, and that the impression would have lasted longer.' Captain Bedingfield took a different view, and the consequence was that the mission had to put up with no small number of slights and insults. When at last they were graciously granted an audience, they found the 'palace,' as Captain Speke would have called it, 'a ragged clay house, long and rambling, with a shallow verandah, formed by posts supporting the eaves, under which female slaves, called—to magnify his importance—"king's wives" sat before articles for sale. Stooping to avoid injuring the coronal region, we crossed a hollow court-yard. . . . entered through the second gate an inner and a smaller court, and there we found a cluster of negroes seated at squat *sub divo* to receive us.' The potentate who rejoices in the style and title of Awajali of Ijebu Ode, was not visible—African potentates seldom are—and the English mission had to wait. Luckily they had brought their own chairs. The palace contained but two, and says Burton, 'we had time indeed to sit.' The verandah was crowded with chiefs, "niggers"—*i.e.* slaves—and a few Moslems, to the number altogether of about 150 adult males. 'Never,' says Burton, 'have I seen such villanous crania and countenances as amongst the seniors of Abeokuta. Their calvaria depressed in front and projecting cocoa-nut like behind, the absence of beards, the hideous lines and wrinkles that seamed and furrowed the external parchment, and the cold unrelenting cruelty of their physiognomies in repose, suggested the idea of the eunuch torturers erst so common in Asia. . . . I afterwards observed the same amongst the elders of Benin, and I should not be surprised to find it at Agbome and Komasi. . . . There was not a vestige of splendour. The chiefs were bare-headed, naked to the waist, wholly

unornamented, except with a few cheap beads, and clothed with a common native loin wrap, or a bit of unbleached domestics. To retain wealth in such lands requires care and caution: an ostentatious man, however rich, will die poor.'

There were other difficulties. "Mr." Williams, the Church missionary, had not appeared—a fresh reason for standing upon ceremony. It would hardly interest the reader of 1887 to have explained to him the vagaries of the "niggers"* of a quarter of a century ago—those gentry were not much more amenable to reason then than they are to-day. The chairs were placed: his dingy Majesty disdained to appear, but at last a dirty table was brought in, and with it a couple of wash-hand basins. 'One was blue Majolica, the other French Faience, coarser than Majolica, true pot-house appointments, in each of which were two tumblers, and two wine-glasses—the materials for a carouse—at mid-day in the tropics!—then came upon the *tapis* four bottles of maraschino, prepared for commerce; an ordinary high-shouldered, black gin-bottle, containing the normal mixture of vitriol, turpentine, and *aqua pura*, two large case-bottles of Brazilian rum; the offal of molasses, which, however, these people prefer to the "right Jamaica," and water in a "lustre jug," as the trade calls it, a thing of obsolete make and colour, such as thirty years ago was common in English farm-houses.

'All this splendour, however, did not so dazzle us as to make us forget that his Majesty was treating us most slightingly, and our murmurs were not spared. At length, the confidential young slave, who had drawn the corks, and who bore a bunch of keys, European and country-made, and large enough for half a dozen chatelaines, drew back the old brocade bed-hanging. Thereupon his Majesty appeared, encaged, like Clapperton's portrait of the Bornuese Sultan;

* Slaves.

or to choose a comparison nearer home, like a denizen of one of the larger dens in the Zoological Gardens. The shape and appearance of the apartment was exactly that of Mr. Punch, magnified perhaps a score of times; and it was a hole in the wall, under whose outside verandah we were sitting. The loose box was full of women and children, probably part of his Majesty's fine family. He is said to have twelve young and fifty old wives. . . . One of the spouses sat before him, fanning him with a circle of hairy cow-hide rudely set in a hairy handle, differing from the flag-shaped instrument of the further east. She wore a strand of red coral, and an indigo-dyed loin wrap, about which she was needlessly coquettish. In the yerandah dangling over the Alake's head, were two Moslem charm-calabashes, covered apparently with many-coloured threads, white and red, light-blue and dark-blue, with hangings of written characters and talismans—their appearance was not familiar to me. The right arm of Majesty reposed upon a long bolster covered with crimson silk velvet; and two mats, whose ends projected into the verandah, supported the portly person, which was disposed in a free and easy way upon the dexter side, with the limbs drawn up. Upon the mat ends were placed a huge leathern cowrie purse, not unlike the old French *gibécière;* the royal stick, so enriched with beads that the material was invisible; an artful animal—done in cotton, with a harlequin suit of beads—intended for a dog, but resembling an armadillo; two chauris, or fly-flaps, of white ox-tail—his Majesty held a third, which rejoiced in a handle of beads—and a pair of unsheathed swords. One was a blade like the ancient falchion, with which the Osmanli captured Rhodes, only it had a brass head of some beast, found possibly in heaven above, but certainly not in the earth below. The other was an antique Toledo, much worn down, but still bearing in distinct letters the noble Castilian motto, " No me trajas

sin razon ;" on the other side, "No me degaines sin honor." Weapons of this kind often travel far. When the 18th Regiment, Bombay, N.I., attacked and defeated the Beni Bu Ali Bedawin, near Maskat, they found amongst the spoils, European swords, daggers, and gun-barrels, which had been handed down as heirlooms from generation to generation.

'Such was the setting which enclosed the picture. The picture itself was as curious. Okukeno, Alake of Abeokuta, is said to be between sixty and seventy years old, and his contemporary, Ogubonna, had been a balogun, or high military officer, which implies an elderly man, during the Egba dispersion, some forty-five years ago. His head, partially shaven, and his beard were grizzled, but judging from the plumpness of his arms, and the absence of wrinkles, Dr. Eales and I concluded he was not much beyond fifty. He was a large and massive man, blind of one eye, which imprudently encountered a stone when attempting to arrest a faction fight ; heavy featured, coarse, and unprepossessing. The loss of his upper teeth, except the canines, which recalled the wild boar of Ardennes' fangs, caused a disagreeable indentation of the upper lip ; the lower incisors have been destroyed by snuff, and the tongue-tip habitually protruded in a manner the reverse of kingly. Altogether he suggested the idea of an old, very damaged, and very ricketty lion. His dress was a tall fez-like cap of crimson velvet, disfigured by a pendant fringe of small blue porcelain beads round the upper third. A necklace of red coral—pink is little valued by these lovers of the gorgeous—and a double string of the same material round each wrist, were the regal ornaments. This fondness for corals seems to have been borrowed from Benin, where even in Bosman's day it was a decoration of state. His only body-cloth which appeared in view was a toga, of white watered silk, striped with broad crimson bands ;

and it sat upon him incongruously enough. His manner was as peculiar as his audience chamber and his appearance. He seemed more than three parts asleep, and we could never decide whether the cause was old age, affectation of dignity, or the two greenish glasses of strong waters placed before him on a silver or silvered tray, now lead-coloured for want of plate-powder.'

When at last the curtain was raised, the members of the Mission were introduced by "Mr." Williams, and the "palaver" began. The envoys were presented in the usual course, and the customary speeches were made, with the effect of sending the Alake to sleep, or at all events of inducing him to pretend slumber. Then followed a good deal of what may be not irreverently described as nonsense, to which it is hard to understand English officers and gentlemen submitting. The black ruffian took snuff, and the ragged bed curtains were let down between him and them, while he did so; he drank, and the same ceremony was repeated, and meanwhile the Consul and the Captain sat on their straw-bottomed chairs awaiting his pleasure. There was a reason for this piece of rudeness of course, the belief in the sacredness of the person of the king and the dread of witchcraft, which is supposed to be most potent when the object is eating, drinking or sleeping. Then followed endless talk, salutations, compliments, protestations of "the happiest day of my life" description—anything, in short, save business. It was found impossible to get his sable Majesty to fix a term for the resumption of the negotiations and the serious drinking of the day had to begin. Burton's companions felt themselves compelled to taste some of 'the king's sweet wine,' and he adds by way of parenthesis, 'by their looks it was apparent that they had not found it either Tokay or Lunel.' The bottles were opened 'with a perfect disregardlessness of expense;' tumblers of rum were handed

about, and the English visitors showed signs of wishing to quit the scene. They were, however, delayed—the king's "dash" had not arrived. When it came it proved to be a sheep, a goat and a bag of cowries, for which they had to return three cases of excellent Hollands, 'far too good for such mouths.' It is not surprising to find that Burton was disappointed with his reception and that he attributed it in part to the petting which the people of Abeokuta had undergone at the hands of English negrophiles. Some part of the trouble, however, may have been due to an extremely injudicious letter of Captain Bedingfield to the king. This gentleman, refined, courteous and polite, had addressed the negro sovereign in a style admirably adapted to impress a courtier of Louis XIV., but hardly adapted to the intellectual calibre of the 'missing link.' He had asked, "Is Abeokuta so strong that she will never more require the assistance of England? Does she consider it safe to pull the whiskers of a sleeping lion?" together with a few other insoluble conundrums of the same kind. Naturally enough the king "gave it up"; he did not know what a lion is, such animals never coming down into the moist, dark forests of Guinea, and the Sierra Leone gentleman, who had been called in to interpret the letter, knew nothing more about the animal, than that he was "the King of beasts." "But what are his whiskers?" asked his Majesty. It was suggested that he probably wore a beard. Then what the dickens, or something to the same purport, asked poor Okukeno, justly indignant at being taken for a low caste huntsman, "have I to do with plucking the beast's beard?" The truth of the matter simply is that the African, whether Eastern or Western, does not understand finesse or sarcasm. What he does understand is a big stick and a strong will. Gentlemen who go to him with the notion that the "noble savage" requires only conciliation, and can be approached by tender methods, are apt to find themselves

terribly mistaken, but those who, in Burton's fashion, go straight to the point and assert themselves, have little trouble in dealing with the negro races.

Captain Bedingfield was unfortunately one of the feeble ones. Animated by the best of all possible intentions, he insisted on dealing with this dirty and drunken savage as if he were an Emperor of Austria or Germany—a potentate, that is to say of great power, and governed by European ideas of courtesy. The mistake he made was happily productive of no serious consequences, but it deserves to be noted for the benefit of future travellers in Africa. The proper way of dealing with him was unquestionably the high-handed, but Captain Bedingfield chose to adopt the loftily courteous and distantly polite, with results not altogether flattering. And yet had he listened to the lessons of the hour, he might have learned something. Burton wanted to penetrate the secret of the Ogboni. He was practically refused, though he had become one of the Freemasons of Arabia, and after a five years' probation had been invested with the "thread of the twice born" in India. Bribery and heavy fees, twenty-two bags of cowries, two sheep and two goats, the latter doubled upon acceptance of the terms—proving altogether unavailing, Burton resorted to his old weapon, *de l'audace, de l'audace et toujours de l'audace.* 'At Ikoradu, my friend Mr. McCroskey and I, happening to pass an Ogboni lodge which was full of men and elders, quickly walked in, and stepped round the building before the assembly, stupefied by the sudden appearance of white faces, dropping as it were from the skies, found presence of mind to protest. The Ogboni it should be remembered are a secret society compared with which Freemasonry is a public meeting, and the secrets of which have never been disclosed to white man or black.' Says Burton in his comment upon the Reverend Mr. Bowen's assumption of knowledge: 'As all

are pledged to the deepest reticence, and as it would be fatal to reveal any mystery—if any there be—we are hardly likely to be troubled with over-information.' The truth probably is that as with at least one "antediluvian" order amongst ourselves the mystery is no mystery at all, and there is absolutely nothing whatever to say or to reveal.

The evil effects of Captain Bedingfield's submissiveness to negro insolence were soon made manifest. The Alake had summoned the Mission to attend him at 10 A.M. They were punctual to the appointment, but his Majesty was not visible—had not, presumably, slept off the effects of the last night's debauch. The party were not received until 11.15, when they found his Majesty in the same 'state' as before, 'the same old deal table and native body-cloths, the same jugs and basins, glasses and case-bottles, stood before the Presence, and he was fanned by a young wife.' Captain Bedingfield asked for explanations—they were given by the Akbesi, who consumed two mortal hours over them, resting every ten minutes, while the interpreter from Lagos rendered what had been said into his own dialect. 'The assembly was hushed,' says Burton, 'except when some chief vociferated "silence" or some sycophant drawled out "don't die!"' Then came explanations of all kinds—none of them true, of course—in which the names of the various members of Bishop Crowther's family were somewhat ridiculously mixed up—and then Captain Bedingfield 'saw his opportunity' and made his speech. There was the usual 'palaver'—painfully uninteresting after an interval of five and twenty years. The Alake listened, and finally broke the silence with a vehement denunciation of everybody concerned in the business, and a declaration that no peace could be made 'as long as the Ibadan holds the graves of our fathers, our homes and our ancestral farms.' Having said thus much, the Aláke who had been gradually leaving

what Burton calls his 'cage,' but what is really a kind of *sanctum sanctorum*, sank back into it and the curtain which divided his Majesty from the *profanum vulgus* was dropped. Cold gusts and a lively dust gave warning of an approaching tornado, and the party prepared to break up. Burton and Mr. Eales having drunk 'a little peppermint'—one has to eat and drink strange food in West Africa sometimes—and, having been told that the king would meet them outside, left the palace. Captain Bedingfield very sensibly sent in a message that for his part he must shake hands with and be properly dismissed by the Alake. After some delay that potentate returned smiling in fresh clean robes and hobnobbed with his distinguished visitor.

On Tuesday, the 5th of November, the Alake overwhelmed the Expedition with the offer of a return visit. The ceremony was not imposing. First a noise of horns and a beating of tom-toms announced the approach of Majesty. The band was followed by the royal stool—a common frame of bamboo covered with coarse red serge. This utensil was accompanied by the Akpecis and other chiefs, who seemed to pay more attention to it than to its master. Then followed a troop of lads armed with drawn knives and coarse swords, who served as sword-bearers or pages to the Alake. The potentate came next, attired in what may, for the sake of euphony, be described as his coronation robes—huge garments of fur and purple velvet. His head was covered with a high and thick fez having three rows of beads at the lower edge, while his nether extremities were clad in purple velvet trousers, with a broad stripe of the veriest tinsel gold, and on his feet were carpet slippers edged with monkey fur. By the hands he led two boys, and he was accompanied by a choice selection from his harem, while the train was wound up by the officials of the household. There were altogether some eighty souls, and all crowded into one small room, where

in one brief hour the atmosphere became that of a slave ship.

'After *com'liments*' the king handed his *chob*, or stick of office, to an attendant and sat down, the centre of a semi-circle of his wives, and after more salutations the palaver was resumed. The question of human sacrifices was again brought forward. As usual, the chiefs lied about the matter with audacious effrontery in the common school-boy fashion. "Please, Sir! it wasn't me, Sir! it was the other boy!" But Captain Bedingfield now knew the whole matter, and gave the Alake to understand that England would not permit its repetition. The lying on the part of the chiefs had been resumed when an interruption of a sufficiently incongruous character occurred. Three missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, accompanied by the wife and son of the head of the Mission at Abeokuta, entered the room, bound upon the errand of explaining to Captains Bedingfield and Burton and their suite the extraordinary honour conferred upon them by the visit of the Alake. Nothing short of Windsor Castle in the house of a subject could have produced an equal amount of congratulation. Happily the interruption was speedily brought to an end —though in rather a ludicrous way. Master Golmer, the child of the missionary aforesaid, frightened by the attentions of the young prince, 'who was,' says Burton, 'about the size of a small French poodle . . . began to boo-hoo in a style which soon caused the precipitate retreat of the party.' But why, it may not unreasonably be asked, did so grotesque a party intrude itself upon grave deliberations? The riddle is apparently one of those which have no answer. The missionaries retired and business was resumed—by which word must be understood the utterance of no inconsiderable number of lies and the voluntary proffer of an immense number of promises, all to be kept until a suitable opportunity offered itself for

breaking them. The old question of Messrs. Townsend and Crowther—infinitely uninteresting after more than a quarter of a century has passed away—was again raised and discussed at inordinate length. 'The Alake seemed to find the palaver as dull as we did, and fell into a long doze which "wreathed his face in curious smiles."' On awaking, he took up the thread of the argument. 'His delivery,' says Burton, 'was not pleasant; the loss of his incisors, and the length of his canines, rendered him almost unintelligible. His tongue protruded in a queer, paralytic way. He spoke so low as to be hardly audible, and at times he broke forth into a crow-like chuckle. He spoke with the utmost deliberation, and when he stopped to be fanned and wiped his *claqueurs* vociferated the usual cries.'

The end of that day's work came at breakfast time. The king retired in state under the salute of trade muskets. The next day was fixed for signing the new Treaty, but, unfortunately, 'these people,' says Burton, 'will sign everything, but they have no idea of keeping anything.' For the moment there was, indeed, a fear lest even the promise of the Alake to sign the Treaty in the morning of the following day would not be fulfilled, but the chiefs came down in the evening and renewed the promises which had already been made. On the morrow, therefore, Captain Bedingfield, Captain Burton and their attendants, presented themselves at the "palace"—as the collections of wattle and dab-thatched cottages which house African chiefs are humorously styled by English travellers—and were cordially received. The claims of dignity had been satisfied, wherefore the British officers presented themselves in *mufti*, and the Alake received them in a comically abbreviated costume, consisting of a fez without beads, and a chequered waistcloth. The hall of reception was like a Roman *atrium*, arcaded all round, and having in the centre a rude *impluvium*, into which the waters were conducted by an inverted

cone of mat and thatch. The king lay upon a plain carpet, in an alcove at the end of the room, under the protection of his fetish, and having behind him a trophy of Tower muskets, and a leopard's skin so yellow that it might have been mistaken for that of an ounce.

The palaver was to be private—a convenient arrangement when one of the parties to the treaty to be signed warily intends to repudiate it if occasion should arise. Nevertheless, besides the two interpreters, four chiefs were present, and before the proceedings had lasted very long, the room was thronged with women, children, and confidential slaves. After two hours of talkee-talkee, a deal-table was brought in, and Abeokuta Williams indited thereon the treaty, which Bedingfield and Burton had come from Lagos to negotiate, as well as a letter of apology to the Acting Governor of Lagos. The apology was a very formal expression of regret indeed, and the Treaty was little more than an equally formal promise to observe the conditions of the Treaty of 1852 (1) abolishing the slave-trade; (2) promising the suppression of human sacrifices; and (3) declaring the road between Lagos and Abeokuta open in perpetuity. As a matter of course, within a week the two first clauses were shamelessly violated. A letter received at Lagos from Abeokuta announced that a human sacrifice had been offered in broad daylight, and that some women had been kidnapped from the house of a Mr. King. For the present, however, all seemed *couleur de rose*—at least in the eyes of Captain Bedingfield—and the party started on its return-journey on the same afternoon, Friday, 8th November, 1861, after a stay of exactly one week.

The journey downwards was uneventful and short. The first night was passed in a regular West African orgy. A start was made at 8.40, and after a long day of pulling through the loathsome mangrove swamps, the crews of these two

boats landed at Lagos after twelve days' absence, 'somewhat wiser if not better men,' and convinced above all things of the desirability of strengthening the British interest at this point, and of preventing, in the interests of peace, the incursions of those liberated Africans upon the mainland, whom an unenlightened philanthropy would let loose there under the delusion that, because there is no such thing as a tenure in fee, the soil of the West Coast is a "no man's land," which every one who chooses may seize upon at will —a delusion which in one form or other has brought about most of our troubles at the Cape, and nearly all our miserable and costly New Zealand wars.

To increase English influence on the West African coast, however, a sanatorium for the whole region is necessary. The climate on and near the shore is deadly to Europeans, but Nature has provided a remedy in the Cameroons* Mountains, where snow falls at intervals all the year round, and upon whose glorious summit the mercury sinks below zero at midnight at all seasons. On the long slope between the mountains and the coast is a fertile and temperate district readily convertible into a sanatorium for the west coast, and (in 1861) quite as accessible from all parts of it as the Neilgherry Hills from Bombay. Lagos, one of the least healthy towns on the coast, became a British Colony in 1861, and the usual civil and military establishments were placed there. In case of any of their members succumbing to the climate, the only places of refreshment and repose which they could find would be Madeira and Teneriffe, the former ten days and the latter three weeks' steaming distant. Burton's idea was that for the creation of this much-needed sanatorium, the system of transportation should be revived, and in view

* The word is really Camarones (Spanish, shrimps), but it is so commonly written thus that I have preferred to retain the accepted orthography.—ED.

of the innumerable failures which have occurred under that of penal servitude there is more sense in the suggestion than modern prison reformers are perhaps prepared to admit. The advantages of such a convict station as that proposed would be simply enormous. Escape from it would be impossible, save into the trackless bush which convicts would soon learn to know is peopled with no inconsiderable number of wild beasts, and is very indifferently supplied with victuals, while the native races, savage though they are, would be much more likely to cooperate with the authorities than to shelter men who must inevitably speedily turn into brigands. We shall be told of course of the "inhumanity" of sending men who have done nothing worse than commit a few burglaries or robberies with violence into perpetual exile in an unwholesome climate instead of giving them another chance in their own. The cry of the humanitarians is by this time, however, pretty nearly worn out, and most sound-headed Englishmen are growing weary of the sentimental pity denied to the sufferings and privations of those who are wounded and plundered by the hands of burglars and garotters, and which yet can weep salt tears of compassion over the back of the latter criminal when scarred by the "harmless, necessary cat" for inflicting life-long injuries on persons who have done him no more wrong than is implied in wearing a watch or carrying a purse which Mr. Bill Sykes chooses to covet. As to the outcry about perpetual exile, which, one would ask, is better—to spend, as in a recent case, fifty-two years out of a life of sixty-eight within the monotonous walls of an English prison, picking oakum, "grinding the wind" at the crank, or pumping water at the treadmill, or to pass the greater part of the same time in comparative liberty engaged in really useful and profitable work. The outcry about the unhealthiness of the climate for those interesting moral

invalids is equally factitious. The men whom Burton would employ would be engaged in forming a health station for the use of those officers and men of the military, naval and diplomatic services, whose duty calls them into climates a thousand times more unwholesome than any of those into which our interesting convicts are likely to be sent, and if those pioneers of civilisation are expected to accept their lot without murmuring, surely it is not too much to expect that the habitual criminal—the *hostis humani generis*—should accept his lot with as much patience as he can muster, and certainly without the foolish tears of the sentimentalists.

Burton had however by no means the intention of relying exclusively upon convict labour for the creation of his sanatorium. At the time of his writing after his journey to the Cameroons—there were 45,000 "liberated Africans," i.e. escaped slaves, in Canada. These gentlemen were not invariably "Uncle Toms"—in fact they were very often very much the reverse, so that a "prominent abolitionist" was once heard to say, that if anything could reconcile him to slavery, it would be the spectacle presented by the "free niggers" in Canada. The only method of disposing of these people which offered itself to the Canadian mind, was to send them to the Yoruba shore. Unfortunately the climate is deadly, and as the land is all held in strict tribal settlement, the attempts of the new arrivals to take up real estate were productive of "fruitful hot water to all parties." But at the Cameroons where the chiefs are few and far between, and the population is scattered, land may be had for an almost nominal price. Here therefore Burton proposed to found his colony of some 300 or 400 families, on a very modest scale. The emigrants should, he thought, belong to the classes of mechanics and artificers, labourers and lumberers; they should be berthed and rationed on board hulks in Ambas Bay during the first nine months at the

least, and employed on shore in the work of reclamation under a superintendent. Grants of land on a small scale should be given to them under somewhat stringent conditions. The superintendent should be provided with a stock of cloth and knives, matchets and tobacco for the purposes of trade, and, as throughout the Bights of Benin and Biafra, salt should be made one of the great staples of trade. The sale of arms and ammunition, and the purchase of slaves, should be absolutely prohibited, and the consumption and import of ardent spirits put under rigid restrictions. As soon as the new colony could run in leading strings, he proposed to import frame houses, whilst waiting more permanent structures built of the stone which lies on every hand, and cemented with lime from the coralline or madrepore, afforded in such abundance by the sea. Three sanitary stations would have to be created, one on Mondovi Island, at the mouth of Ambas Bay, one at Mount Henry, about 1000 feet above the sea-level, and two hours' walk N.N.E., of the Victoria Missionary Station and a third in the grassy country about the extinct "Black Crater" at a point some 4000 to 6000 feet higher, all the three being connected by good solid substantial roads. Various other schemes for clearing the forests and planting on a large scale presented themselves to the fertile imagination of Burton, but nothing ever came of them. He had a black mark against his name, he was reputed to be a visionary and an enthusiast, and his proposals failed to commend themselves to the "permanent officials" who shape the policy of England. Therefore they were allowed to fall to the ground; the value of the Cameroons to this country, as the owner of the most important of the settlements on the West Coast of Africa, was denied, and the district has since been allowed without a struggle—with hardly even a protest—to fall into the hands of the Germans, who have annexed

the property of British settlers by wholesale, and have treated their remonstrances with undisguised contempt.

When Burton went to the Cameroons, he found a very thinly peopled mountainous country, well-wooded, and well watered, with at least one beautiful grassy oasis covering many miles and, being in the enjoyment of a deliciously temperate climate, admirably fitted for the purposes of a sanatorium. The great obstacle to its utilization for this purpose was the absence of roads. At the time of his visit about ten miles a day in a straight line seems to have been thought excellent travelling: more often the distance covered was considerably less. And such roads as these journeys were made over! The bed of a mountain torrent, is sometimes spoken of as the acmé of discomfort for the traveller, but that must seem almost like a macdamized road, as compared with a footway traced over upheaved and weather worn blocks of lava, with descents of six or seven feet every few hundred yards, varied by occasional deep trenches of corresponding width. Over such roads (?) boots and shoes wear out with extraordinary rapidity, and Burton even advises that the traveller should provide himself with boots with stout wooden soles. The remedy which is likely to find favour with most people is, however, the construction of a light railway. Stanley demands something of the kind for his proposed new State of the Congo—there can surely be nothing unreasonable in suggesting one to cover the few miles between the coast and the highest of the proposed Sanatoria.

Burton left the pestilential coast of Lagos, on the 21st of November, 1861, in H.M.S. *Bloodhound,* and after visiting the dull and deadly Brass and Bonny rivers, made for Morton Cove *—one of the many settlements of the Baptists in these regions, and like most missionary stations, chosen with a careful eye to salubrity and pic-

* So named after Sir Samuel Morton Peto, of railway reputation.

turesqueness. The place is indeed one of the pleasantest on the whole of the West Coast; it boasts an abundance of good water, which, gushing from the heart of the rock, has the unspeakable merit of being always cool even in the hottest tropical weather. Burton had, by pure accident, arrived at a most fortunate time. Herr Mann, a young Brunswicker of twenty-five, a gardener of Kew, who had been sent out from England two years before, to join Dr. Baiker's Niger expedition, had just arrived at Victoria, to prepare for an exploration of the Cameroons mountains. He had already made a partial ascent, but disheartened by the reports of dangers ahead, had returned to civilisation, and was now proposing a second. Mr. Saker, the well-known Baptist missionary, was willing to join, and on the 19th of December, 1861, the expedition started. It consisted, to use Burton's expression, of 'four heads and eighteen tails.' Mr. Saker was attended by two men who carried his bedding, water breaker and a locked box of necessaries, rice, tea, cocoa, sugar, boiled ham, salt pork, sweet cake, soft bread, salt, chilies, and a pocket pistol of cognac. With Mr. Saker was Mr. Johnson, a native of the Susu country, near Sierra Leone, but resident in this district for more than thirty years, and Muni, a Dimbia runaway of by no means exemplary character. Another personage was Judge Calvo, of Fernando Po, whose suite consisted of four irreclaimable ruffians from the Spanish Colony, while Burton himself was attended by six men under the command of "Black Will," a malingering rogue, who in spite of the persuasions of Selim Agha, Burton's faithful steward, contrived to sprain his ankle, and to get sent back to Ambas. The tail was brought up by four Krumen, who had been sent down from the mountain by Herr Mann to fetch beef, but who in the absence of that desirable commodity were laden with instruments, bedding and rations for a week.

Thus equipped the party plunged into the "bush," against the inapplicability of which word to a forest of tropical trees 100 to 150 feet in height, Burton warmly protests. The road through the forest was not absolutely desolate; peasants were met going to market attired in the simplest conceivable costume—a grass cord round the waist supporting a single cloth shaped either like a T or an isosceles triangle. But though their attire was simple, their ornaments were not—red and yellow, blue and white porcelain beans, the incisors of the porcupine tied by a thread round the neck, and a multitude of Lobo armlets—bracelets of brass, iron, and copper, worn, as Burton has explained elsewhere, not to keep off evil spirits, but to keep them in 'as the seal of Suleyman prevented the Jinn from leaving his prison pots.' Every man carried a long pilgrim staff—a 'third leg' being a matter of absolute necessity in a country where the smallest rainfall turns every path into a sliding bed of clayey mud. They bore arms—old muskets, with greasy rags wrapped round the locks, and long broad blades in skin sheaths, machetes, or knives of baser metal in wooden handles: the women carried baskets of blackened bamboo upon their backs, except where the baby, 'clinging racoon-like to the parental person, and supported by a foot square of grass cloth, and shoulder braces.' They were all wonderfully tattooed, and the eyelashes were plucked out, giving a singularly wild and beast-like expression to the eyes.

By 10.30, having been on the march since dawn, the caravan had covered a distance of something over forty miles from Victoria (Ambas Bay), and had risen to an altitude of 1055 feet. Here was the home of the chief Myombi, who presently made his appearance in the glazed hat of a British seaman. Breakfast was eaten, and water threatening not to last, the breakers were filled with the juice of the banana tree, the porous and cellular tissue of

which contains an abundance of sap, cool, refreshing and with a slight flavour of cucumber. By noon the road was resumed. It led by an almost imperceptible path through the forest, over rooted and rocky ground swarming with ants. The trees were tangled with llianas, and flowers were to be seen on every side—a blue convolvulus, a mormadica with a yellow flower and a little prickly gourd, clematis, geraniums, a papilionaceous bean-like blossom of vivid scarlet, a species of honeysuckle and the yellow hibiscus. Orchids were also numerous, but by no means so beautiful as in South America. Three hours' marching over a bad road—if road it might be called, which road was none—brought the party to Mboka Botani, otherwise Mapanya, and before sunset—the march having been resumed after a short halt—it fell in with Herr Mann, who had spent the day in rest, he having only returned on the previous night from a successful ascent of the mountain. 'The announcement,' says Burton, 'caused us to "tie a face," as the Africans say. Soon, however, I reflected that considering the distance, and the height, it was some mistake on his part, and this it proved to be. The enterprising botanist, so far from having scaled the summit, had never even seen it.' Preparations were made for a cheerful evening, and after a while the chief, Botani, was introduced. This was a thickset man of about thirty-five, very much married, very ugly, and in some ways a typical Soulouque. Burton's description of his personal appearance reminds one of the typical "nigger" of the Music-Hall stage. His fat upper lip was clean shaven; he had the regulation whisker tattooed in bright blue, and wore a Yankee "goatee" in lieu of beard. His costume consisted of a lofty black beaver, a scanty breech cloth of chequered cotton, and a full dress coatee of the R.M.L.I.—'all red and yellow —the devil's livery.' The people squatted on their hams chanting a song and beating time, whilst 'he performed

a solemn pavane, ending in a lavolt, a turn about and a wheel about, and a jump Jim Crow, in right royal African style. A frantic pushing of palms as if he would prostrate each new comer friend, and an accolade, right breast to right breast, were the signs of absolute welcome, which our Polichinelle vouchsafed to us.' The judge roared with delight, 'but,' says Burton, 'I felt grave. When the negro king dances he expects the white man to pay the piper somewhat heavily.' The truth came out when Herr Mann made his confession—he had been plundered unmercifully, and shamefully misled as to the mountain he had intended to ascend, so that, after paying an enormously high price for the privilege of guidance and for tolls, he had been able only to ascend a single cone, on the top of which he left his maximum and minimum thermometers, in the full belief that he had conquered the great Cameroons Mountain.

That task was, however, reserved for Burton. In consequence, a complete reorganisation of the forces took place on the following day. Mr. Johnson, of the Church Mission, and Muni were sent back to Victoria together with six Krumen under Selim Agha, the latter under orders to return with a fresh relay of provisions. Whilst those provisions were on the way a tremendous hubbub was raised. Botani, who had had his "dash," got exceedingly drunk, and offered one of his many daughters, a child of twelve, to Burton not *en tout honneur*. This being refused he seized upon the only interpreter the travellers could boast, a small boy called "Poor Fellow," and swore he would keep him for Muni's debts. To make matters worse, Judge Calvo had been too friendly with the people, the net result being that Burton and his companions had to spend the night with their fingers on the triggers of their revolvers. At last, on the morning of the 21st, Selim Agha, the invaluable, returned with his Krumen and their provisions, and

also unfortunately with Myombi who began by demanding a glass of rum. His request not being complied with he retired to sulk. Soon afterwards there was a gathering of the clans in front of Burton's tent, and "Poor Fellow," having been sent for, was directed to ask him his intentions. The reply was brief but explicit:—'On the morrow we were to ascend the mountain with nine or ten guides, whom we offered to fee, and we expected in return for our "dashes," which had not provoked any retaliation, kindness and civility.'

Thereupon ensued a true African palaver. After consultation amongst themselves, the chiefs calmly stated that the toll for ascending the mountain would be 500 "big tings"—£500, which provoked a shout of laughter. In half an hour the demand was reduced to 300, which was also received as a joke, and at last, upon the advice of Mr. Saker, the *fortiter in re* was tried. Botani and Myombi were informed, much to the disgust of Herr Mann, who wanted to establish a depot at Mapánya, that whether they liked it or not the Englishmen intended to go on. The "dashes" already given were ample toll, and the demand for more was unreasonable, and would not be complied with. The answer was that they should have neither guides nor carriers, which was met with the utmost contempt, and with the promise that Myombi, who trades in the market of Victoria, should answer there for this "palaver." All seeming to be of no effect, the party arose and prepared for their departure. The work of packing was accomplished under endless difficulties, but it was done at last and they sallied forth, short-handed as to porters, but in good order, and leaving behind only one bag of rice which one of the most sensible of these childish villagers promised to forward on the morrow. The camp was made at 6 P.M. and then the Krumen, who had been too terribly tired to march any further, devoted themselves

to "play," dancing, or rather gymnastic exercises, for some hours.

The march was resumed at an early hour. Speedily the forest disappeared and the caravan entered upon a stony desert 'a mass of detached boulders, between whose treacherous sides leg and ankle easily came to grief, and lava blocks thinly sprinkled with lichens and dry grass.' The heat gradually grew prodigious and threatened to deprive the travellers of their senses. Mr. Saker suddenly became totally deaf, the walk degenerated into a halting, stumbling jog; the alpenstock became a grievous burden; the Krumen lagged hopelessly behind, and the sleeplessness of the night before told heavily upon the Europeans. At two o'clock it was impossible to go farther without a rest, a halt was accordingly called and a luncheon, consisting of a crust of bread and a cup of water, from the only breaker possessed by the party, was served out—'what quintessence of nectar it was!' says Burton. A sound sleep on a lava block for a couple of hours somewhat restored him but he found himself without companions, and it was many hours before he succeeded in crossing this terrible lava stream and in finding the spring to which Herr Mann the botanist had given his name. Here the Krumen had cleared a slope and had built leafy tabernacles for themselves. Selim Agha and his stragglers came in. At an altitude of 7300 feet above the sea the travellers passed a quiet night.

Before dawn Burton and his companions started to ascend the mountain which up to that time had been held the highest of the Cameroons. The journey out and home was accomplished in something less than six hours, and the remainder of the day—Christmas Day, 1861—was spent in topographical and geographical explorations, and in such substitute for Christmas festivities as could be obtained in the heart of the African wilderness and at an elevation of

7000 feet above the sea. Mrs. Saker had contributed a pudding and Pico Grande was very rightly rechristened "Mount Helen" after her. The travellers had beef, 'but a trifle salt;' brandy being short its place was supplied with anizado (*anisette*), and the evening passed with sober hilarity around a roaring fire of Yule logs. Mr. Saker had started for the Cameroons, immediately after breakfast on Christmas Day and on the following morning the expedition was entirely reformed. The Krumen were banished to a distance at which their noisy horseplay could not offend and were ordered to bring in every day a certain amount of fire-wood under penalty of loss of rations. The camp was cleared and set in order; the basin of the spring deepened, its channel embanked, and the turf cleared away; chairs, tables, benches and couches contrived out of faggots of herbaceous trees and young branches; a platform was put up for the drying of specimens, the boughs that might be blown down in a hurricane were cut down, decent entrances were cleared and finally a Pelourinho, or whipping post, was set up *in terrorem.*

At half-past 5 A.M. on Friday, the 27th of December, the first ascent of the mountain commenced. Some idea of the difficulty of the journey may be formed from the fact that when the first halt was called at 8.45 no more than a mile and a quarter had been covered. After a short rest the march was resumed under slightly more favourable auspices, another mile and a half being accomplished by 10 o'clock. On this occasion, it was not intended to do more than deposit breakers of water, and sundry small stores in preparation for the great ascent. The mountain is composed of two cones, and the journey of this day was confined to the first. The weather was certainly against the travellers, almost as much so as the inveterate idleness and skulking of the Krumen, and when it was attempted to

boil the thermometer on the edge of the Victoria Crater it was found that the 'prudent Jack Brass,' who had been left half way on account of his utter uselessness, had annexed the blanket used to shelter the apparatus, and that a furious north-east gale made all attempts at scientific observation impossible. The descent was accomplished rapidly enough, but after several falls 'and shocks enough to break a town-man's tendo Achillis, or to rupture his diaphragm,' the party were compelled to halt. The "Kru-ery" fortunately brought a response; the faithful Selim Agha was on the watch and came out with fire-sticks to guide the party into camp, which was entered at 8.30 P.M.—fully twelve hours having been spent in covering ten miles.

'In the morning,' says Burton, 'the travellers were distinguished by the looped and windowed raggedness of their dress, and by hobbling about like cheap "screws" after a long hunting day. Beyond sun and wind-burned hands and face, my companion suffered nothing, and speedily recovered from his sprain. But, in an evil hour, I had set out in a pair of loose waterproof boots, which began by softening and ended by half-flaying the feet. It was a spectacle next morning when they were removed. This is a fourth recurrence of a similar annoyance, the three others having happened at Meccah, at Harar and on the hills of Usumbara. Caustic and diachylum were both wanting for some time, till at last a little of the latter was brought up from the lowlands. Presently supervened another African consequence of cold, wet and over-exertion—swollen feet. To this also I had been a martyr in the Eastern region. In the lowlands the disease is dangerous; it may last three months, and end in the worst consequences of inflammation—ulcerations that cripple the limbs. It has little acute suffering. This absence of pain is typical of African disease, as anæsthetic death is of India—in both places the

exhaustion of nervous energy may be the cause—and when feeling comes on, recovery approaches. The natives, who are equally ignorant of Dr. Allopath's powder and Dr. Homœpath's dilution, treat it with hydropathic bandages. I first tried arnica plaster in the absence of diachylum and then dressings of rum and water, in the want of spirits of wine. My case concluded with a little ague and fever, and I was unable to walk for a month, thus losing thirty days out of forty-six. So the exaltation of the day was succeeded by the depression of the morrow, and unusual pleasure brought its own penalty.'

A week was spent in resting, in making preparations for further ascents, and in collecting specimens of natural history. A fruitless reconnaissance by Messrs. Calvo and Mann brought on a return of the sickness of the latter, and the party re-appeared in camp on the second day, only to find Burton down with ague, as well as unable to move with the bad foot mentioned above. Speedily the party in camp was augmented by the return of Mr. Saker, who was accompanied by a Mr. Johnson, a coadjutor of the Cameroons Mission, six Krumen, and three Cameroons men, who deserted *en masse* the next day. The party now became thoroughly dilapidated. 'Mr. Saker took sights all day, and had fever every night; Mr. Smith worked out a two months' tertian, which he had caught in the Cameroons river; my foot was still painful; and Herr Mann suffered so much from an old dysentery, that it was thought better for him to try change of air. Provisions, too, were getting scarce. The twenty-five Krumen had managed to get through nearly half a ton of rice in a fortnight, no stores had arrived from England and the difficulties of obtaining supplies from the natives were almost insuperable. Mr. Saker made another, and comparatively ineffectual, attempt to scale the mountain, and finally, on the 27th of January—exactly a month from the day of Burton's

untoward accident—he started, in company with Herr Mann, who had returned from Victoria in perfect health, for the ascent of the Great Cameroons. Leaving Mount Isabel (so named after Lady Burton), they came in sight of the two mountains, one on each flank of the Great Cameroons—which Mr. Saker had christened after our illustrious Sovereign and her Consort, not knowing at the time of the recent death of the latter—and after a march of 6937 feet, rested in "Saker's Camp." By "B. P." thermometer the height proved to be 10,595 feet above sea-level, about the altitude of Mount Isabel's summit, and 300 feet more elevated than Mount Etna. By 2 P.M. the Victoria Crater was reached, at 3 the party rendezvoused within the crater, and at 5 P.M. they were back in last night's camp. Rising early the next morning, Burton, with the invaluable and most faithful Selim and three Krumen, set out on their journey to the mountain-top. By 8 A.M. they had covered 4000 feet of broken lava, and had halted for breakfast, resuming the march towards Halfway Rocks, that rose from the slope of the Victoria Mountains. Here a halt was made, and a base having been measured, the scientific mapping out of the region began. From this point the ascent of the final cone was comparatively easy, and ere long, over the cinder-strewn plain, the party crossed to the summit of the great Cameroons mountain. 'On the very lip of the volcanic lion,' Selim Agha hoisted the Union Jack, and the last bottle of champagne was emptied in honour of the day. 'As a token of our visit,' says Burton, 'we left a slip of sheet lead, upon which our names were roughly cut, and two sixpences in an empty bottle—rather a bright idea—not emanating from my pericranium. Mongo-ma-Loba, Theon Ochema is now ours. The B. P. showed Victoria Mountain to be 12,700 feet above the sea-board,' a few feet lower than the Ortler Spitz.

After this ceremony Herr Mann returned to camp, col-

lecting specimens on the way and Burton set out to explore Mount Albert and to complete his survey and sketch the very remarkable view. The deepening shadows in the livid air warned them away, however, and a hasty return was made to camp, where the immediate adhibition of hot porridge and grog effectually expelled the cold. The night was frosty, 'cross and noisy,' and, in spite of a roaring bivouac fire, the blankets were thick with ice in the morning. They were 2500 feet below the mountain-top, which in turn is 3000 feet below the line of perpetual snow, but the cold is such that on the top the rain must often become ice, and even in the crevice of the rock where they passed the night the frost must be perennial.

On the way back progress was materially retarded by measuring, thanks to which, however, very valuable results have been obtained. The exact distance of the summit of the Cameroons from Victoria is established as being 18 statute miles of indirect, and 13 geographical miles of direct, distance from Victoria. The measured distance as given in Burton's table was 100,392 feet—a little more than 19 statute miles, but allowance has to be made for the deviation to Saker's Camp. It is easy to estimate the extent of the delay which this scientific work entails when it is mentioned that on the first day of the descent proper two hours were spent in covering a single mile. Other and more scientific explorations and examinations were intended, but to these the weather opposed an impenetrable barrier. The storms were terrific, and anything like further progress was impossible as well from the evil dispositions of the Krumen as from the naughtiness of the weather. Near noon on Friday the last day of January, 1862, therefore, camp was struck and the downward journey resumed. In the evening Burton scaled Black Crater, and ascertained that its height was 7028 feet, in spite of the furious wind which nearly swept

him and his belongings into space. An exploration of the plateau followed, eminently satisfactory as to its prospects as the scene of the future sanatorium. In the morning the journey was resumed; the heat overhead became painful, the black charred wood and ashes under foot formed an excellent reflecting medium, and the surging mists from the cauldron below rendered the taking of observations anything but satisfactory. In the forest itself, upon which the travellers had now re-entered, the descent was 'detestable'—slides of clay, drops and falls, a cordage of llianas, and a net-work of tree-roots made it longer than the ascent.

The night was passed under a roof—in perhaps about as filthy a den as West Africa could provide—and on Sunday morning Burton with his little party left Mapánya under the escort of the chief Botani and in an atmosphere 'something between that of a Turkish bath and of a London ballroom.' There was no particular difficulty to encounter. One or two attempts were made to 'stick up' the Krumen and their loads, but Burton had taught his men the salutary lesson that while the danger of being shot was problematical, the punishment for desertion was inevitable. And so on the whole the caravan got on without much difficulty, and landed in the Cameroons safe and sound, leaving the indefatigable Herr Mann to follow at his leisure. On the 4th of February, 1862, Burton left the Cameroons 'with a sigh'—though it must assuredly require all the fortitude and self-possession of a traveller of his calibre to sigh over parting from a vermin and fever-infested desert such as that in which he had spent his Christmas holidays.

CHAPTER X.

MORE STUDIES IN WEST AFRICA.

"Fresh woods and pastures new"—Le Plateau—French colonists—Start up the Gaboon—A tornado—Denistown—Le Roi Denis—Prince Paul—A nasty night—"Papa's village"—Mbáta—The Prince's kinsfolk—A generous offer—Another prince—Gorilla's nest—M. du Chaillu's accuracy—A try for a gorilla—The slave trade—Another "king"—More gorilla hunting—Difficulties of the journey—A narrow escape—Sanga-Tanga—Forteune the hunter—A gorilla at last—Untimely fate—The Fan country—Tippet Town—The Fans—Cannibalism—A negro dance—Back to the Gaboon—Corisco—Fernando Po again—An evil year—To Loango land—Kinsembo—A dangerous landing—To the Congo River—English agents—The "King of Kings"—African dress—Up the Congo—Yellala Falls—Another potentate—Native mendicancy—"Dash"—The evening's amusement—The morning's reflection—The cataracts—An exorbitant toll—Down the river again—On the way to Dahomé.

AFTER his Cameroons expedition, Burton, in search of "fresh woods and pastures new," turned his attention to the Gaboon, the name of which was familiar in those days to the English public in connection with Mr. Walker and M. Paul du Chaillu, whose wonderful gorilla stories were in everybody's mouth. Passage was obtained without difficulty in one of the ships of the West African squadron, and soon after mid-day on Monday, March 17, 1872, the British Consul at Fernando Po found himself anchored opposite to Libreville, the capital of the French colony of the Gaboon (Gabão). He was not too favourably impressed with what he saw. The ships were dirty, though

large and well-built, and the officers neat and natty in appearance. But the colonists generally appeared to have a morbid horror of the climate. When sickness appears they succumb at once, and all the medicine in the world cannot save them. Besides fear of fever, they are victims to nostalgia and *ennui*, and, in short, they are emphatically not good colonists. Their tempers are, it would seem, too excitable; they are always in uniform, they are eaten up with the sentiment of officialism, and they are too ready to appeal to the *ultima ratio* of civilised nations ever to do much good with a coloured population. Burton met them, but though he was received with all politeness and friendliness, he was glad to obtain the assistance of two Englishmen, who were in charge of factories higher up the river, to act as ciceroni round Libreville. Under their care, he made an exploration of the place, which he found neat, clean, French-like and pretty but not palatial. The French occupation of the place dates from 1842, when the dominion of the Citizen King seemed to be firmly established, and the consequence was that when Burton visited the Gaboon in 1862, in the heyday of the "Second Empire" in Europe, he found himself still under the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe. Mont Bouët leads to Fort Aumale: Point Joinville, at the northern jaw of the river, faces Capo Montagniés, and Coniquet, Orleans Island.

At the hotel Burton found the usual gathering of minor officials, surgeons, clerks of the factory, and so forth, drinking absinthe and vermouth, smoking and playing at dominoes, or contending who could talk loudest and longest. Dinner came at 7 P.M., and seems to have been a rather barbarous meal. 'The *clientèle* rushed in like back-woodsmen on board a Mississippi floating palace, stripped off their coats, tucked up their sleeves, and knife in one hand and bread in the other (where was the fork?) advanced

gallantly to the fray. The din, the heat, and the flare of composition candles, which gave 45 per cent. less of light than they ought, the blunders of the slaves, the objurgations of the hostess, and the spectacled face opposite me, were as much as I could bear and a trifle more.' This, it may be remarked, is Burton's usual temper. Savagery he can endure, but the savagery which appears when the thin veneer of civilisation is stripped off from the anything but noble savage who goes about in broad-cloth and a "top-hat" he cannot away with. Burton made but a short stay in the Gaboon—only so long as the steamer would occupy in going to and from the south coast with mail-bags. Many of his most trusted friends were moreover away, but those who remained were indefatigable. Mr. Hogg borrowed a boat from the Rev. C. W. Walker, of the Gaboon Mission, and manned it with three of his own Krumen, collected the necessary stores for the men, and assisted Burton to lay in his own stock. It was not an extravagant list: Candles, sugar, bread, cocoa, desiccated milk and potatoes, Cognac and Medoc, ham, sausages, soups and preserved meats to the value of 300 francs. He had "four pull-a-boys;" one a Mpongwe, Mwáká *alias* Captain Merrick, a model sluggard; and Messrs. Smoke, Joe Williams, and Tom Whistle—Kru-men, called Kru-boys. This is not upon the principle, as some suppose, of the grey-headed post-boy and drummer-boy. All the Kraoh tribes end their names in "bo," *e. g.* Worebo, from "wore," to capsize a canoe; Grebo, from the monkey "gre" or "gle," and many others. Bo became "boy;" even as Sipahi (Sepoy) became "Seapie," and Sukhani (steersman) "Sea-coney."

Burton set out on his voyage on the 19th of March, after a parting visit to the Griffon, which consumed the entire morning, and started for his journey up the Gaboon in a cranky and rotten old boat, and with a sulky and somewhat mutinous crew. In the course of the day he passed the

English villages—clusters of shabby huts, where the "trade" is carried on. There was, however, plenty to occupy the traveller besides the view. The clouds rolled up dark and heavy; 'a dismal livid gloom palled the eastern sky, descending to the watery horizon, and the estuary beneath the sable hangings which began to depend from the cloud canopy gleamed with a ghastly whitish-green. Distant thunders rumbled and muttered, and flashes of the broadest sheets inclosed fork and chain-lightning, the lift fire zig-zagged, in tangled skeins, here of chalk-white threads, there of violet wires to the surface of the earth and sea. Presently nimbus-step, tier and canopy gradually breaking up, formed a low arch regular as Bifrost bridge, which Odin treads, spanning a space between the horizon ninety degrees broad and more. What is technically called the "ox eye," the "egg of the tornado," appeared in a fragment of space glistening below the gloomy rain-arch. The wind ceased to blow, every sound was hushed as though Nature were nerving herself, silent, for the throe, and our looks said, "In five minutes it will be down upon us." And now it comes. A cold blast, smelling of rain and a few drops, or rather splashes, big as gooseberries, and striking with a blow; one followed by a howling squall, sharp and sudden puffs, pulsations, and gusts; at length a steady gush like a rush of steam issues from that awful arch, which, after darkening the heavens like an eclipse, collapses in fragmentary torrents of blinding rain.' The danger was really serious. A tornado is harmless enough to those under a good roof, but H.M.S. *Heron* was sunk by one, and the venture of a cranky gig laden to the waters' edge was what some call "a tempting of Providence."

The storm passed over, and in a couple of hours Burton was landed at Denis-town, where, in the course of an interview with "le Roi Denis," he found reason to doubt the acumen of some of his predecessors. His Majesty had

been described as having "a mild and expressive eye, a gentle and persuasive voice, as being equally affable and dignified, and . . . one of the most king-like looking men in Africa." Burton found him a *petit vieux vieux*, nearer seventy than sixty, with a dark wrinkled face, and an uncommonly crafty eye, one of those African organs which is always occupied in 'taking your measure not for your good.' In reply to Burton's proposals and offers of

THE AFRICAN KING, ROI DENIS.

dollars, liquors, and cloth, this worthy personage informed him that all his men were away in the plantations, but that, for a somewhat larger consideration, he would lend him his son Ogodembe, *alias* Paul. The offer was accepted, and Prince Paul took his seat in the boat. He turned out 'a youth of the Picaresque school;' vain, conceited, and an inordinate boaster, with a great opinion of "Papa," and a

greater of himself, not altogether without justification, perhaps, since he spoke fairly good French—a very different dialect from the S'a Leone and West Coast English. But, like all Africans, he was an incorrigible liar—a trick which he had apparently learned from his father. The journey did not begin very happily. Roi Denis had promised that the boat would arrive at her destination, Mbátá, at five o'clock. At 8.30 it entered a watery lane, bordered by mangroves, dark as Erebus, and of amazing irregularity of depth. The boat bumped every minute, and first one tornado and then a second, threatened to swamp it. It was necessary to drop down to the nearest "open," which was reached at 9.30. The boat grounded again, when the crew sprang ashore, saying they were going to boil plantains on the bank. Burton made snug for the night with a wet waterproof and a strip of muslin, to keep off the miasmatic air. The first mosquito had made himself felt at 8 P.M.: now they came in legions. Prince Paul complained bitterly of having to pass the night under the bush, and suddenly "proposed to land, and fetch fire from *l'habitation*."

"What habitation?"

"Oh! a little village belonging to papa!"

"And why the —— didn't you mention it?"

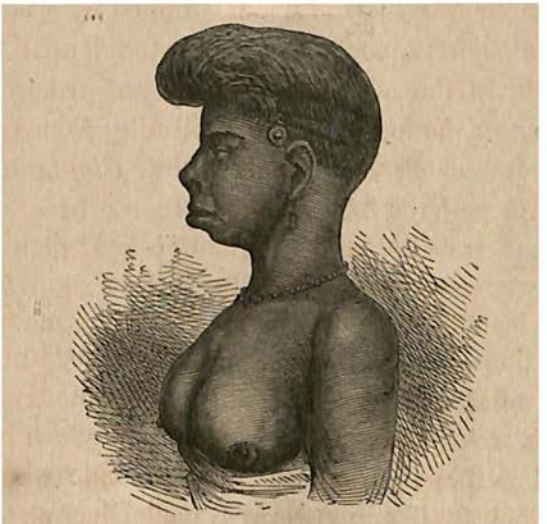
"Ah! this is Mpombinda, and you know we're bound for Mbátá."

'Nothing negrotic now astonishes us,' says Burton, 'there is naught new to me in Africa.' He was, therefore, by no means surprised to find that, within 400 yards of the boat in which he was preparing to pass a dismal night, there was a neat village, where fire and light might be obtained, and where exhausted nature might be recruited with 'quinine, julienne and tea, potted meats, pipes and cigars.' At five in the morning the party were again on the move. The boat was afloat, and progress was once more

possible. In these erratic streams the time for the journey has to be most carefully selected. The way is blocked by ugly snags; the turns are puzzling in the extreme, and the overgrowth and undergrowth render travelling exceedingly difficult. 'The best time for ascending is half-flood, for descending is half-ebb; if the water be too high, the bush chokes the way; if too low, the craft grounds. At the Gaboon mouth the tide rises three feet; at the head of the Mbátá Creek, where it arrests the sweet water rivulet, it is, of course, higher.' The boat was stopped by a fallen tree, and, after a short canoe journey, Burton landed, and by half-past six in the morning, after a weary tramp through mud and jungle, he found himself six miles from Libreville and in Mbátá, which the French call *la Plantation*. One remark may, perhaps, be permitted to me here. Almost every African traveller, and their name is Legion for they are many, represents, doubtless in perfect good faith, the distances which have to be traversed as enormous. One constantly finds recorded, for example, journeys of twenty and thirty miles through jungle and rough country. Tried by Burton's tests, these distances would diminish mightily, and I am, perhaps, erring on the right side when I say that it is doubtful if any African traveller has at any time covered more on an average than ten miles a day.

On arriving at Mbátá a house was soon cleared for Burton by the Lord of the Village, and Prince Paul at once gathered together a crowd of his kinsfolk. "Sisters, cousins, and aunts," formed but a fraction of the army. Prince Paul's Papa, *le Roi* Denis, had been very much married. By his son's account—which might be true, but which probably is not—he had a hundred sons, and a hundred and fifty daughters, and most of them seem to have settled in Mbátá. All, of course, expected presents, and Burton soon found that his stock of goods would be gone if he complied with all these rapacious demands. The

huntsman, who was to go with him after the gorilla, was then brought in, a Spanish negro, whose name of Fortuna had been corrupted to Forteune in Mbátá. And a "dash" or present having been prepared for *le Roi* Denis and Prince Paul, that illustrious young nobleman took his leave, after introducing a pretty young woman (pretty as they make them in Africa that is to say) as his sister, 'informing me,' adds Burton, 'that she was also my wife *pro tem.*' When he had departed, Burton made acquaintance with his new

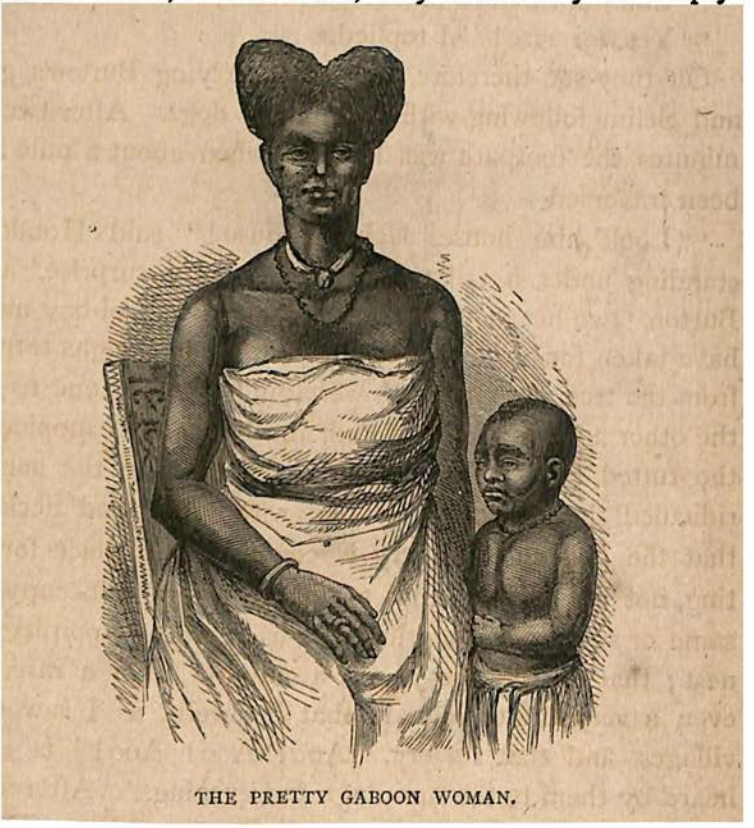


PRINCE PAUL'S SISTER.

comrades. Forteune turned out to be an old friend of Paul du Chaillu, of whom he spoke in high terms, much married, a little hen-pecked and an ardent sportsman. He supplies the village with beef—not beef in the strict sense, but animal food of every kind, from the hippopotamus down to the field-rat. His gun was an old and rickety trade musket, which, when lead was wanting, he would load with a bit of tile and some trade gunpowder—half charcoal. He boasted of having killed more than a hundred gorillas and anthropoid apes, and on the question of ammunition, Burton remarks, that as many gorillas are killed with tools

which would not bring down a wild cat, it is evident that their vital power cannot be very great.

Burton's next visitor was Prince Koyálá, brother to Roi Denis; brother, that is to say, in the sense of fellow-tribesman. This potentate had come simply for the sake of seeing what he could get, and Burton understanding this, assumed wrath, and shouted, 'My hands dey be empty!



THE PRETTY GABOON WOMAN.

I see nuffin, I hear nuffin! What for I make more dash?' The reply was that the young Prince was a man of dignity, and would be dishonoured by dismissal empty-handed. There was a long wrangle, but at last the matter ended with the gift of a glass of trade rum. Burton found it necessary, however, to make the people understand at this point that he was not a trader, but a traveller, and found

very speedily that he had not wasted his time. In the course of the same day he showed his hosts the pictures in Du Chaillu's book. They recognised the bald-headed chimpanzee (*Troglodytes calvus*) at once, but when he turned over the page to the picture of the cottage, with its neat parachute-like roof, all present burst out laughing.

'"You want to look him Nágo (house)?" asked Hotaloya.

'"Yes, for sure!"' I replied.

Off they set, therefore, Forteune carrying Burton's gun, and Selim following with a couple of dogs. After twenty minutes the footpath was left, and when about a mile had been traversed—

'"Look him house, Nchigo house!" said Hotaloya, standing under a tall tree. I saw to my surprise,' adds Burton, 'two heaps of dry sticks, which a school-boy might have taken for birds' nests; the rude beds, boughs torn off from the tree, not gathered, were built in forks, one 10 and the other 20 feet above ground, and both were canopied by the tufted tops. Every hunter consulted on the subject ridiculed the branchy roof tied with vines, and declared that the Nchigo's industry is confined to a place for sitting, not for shelter; that a couple generally occupy the same or some neighbouring tree, each sitting upon its own nest; that the Nchigo is not a "hermit," nor a rare, nor even a very timid animal; that it dwells, as I saw, near villages, and that its cry, "Aoo! Aoo! Aoo!" is often heard by them in the mornings and evenings.' After some further details of little interest now, Burton adds:—'Thus I come to the conclusion that the *Nchigo Mpolo* is a vulgar nest-building ape. The bushmen and the villagers all assured me that neither the common chimpanzee, nor the gorilla proper (*Troglodytes gorilla*) "make 'im house." On the other hand, Mr. W. Winwood Reade, writing to the *Athenæum* from Loanda (September 7, 1862) asserts, "When the female is pregnant, he (the gorilla) builds a

nest (as do also the Kulukamba and the chimpanzee), where she is delivered, and which is then abandoned." And he thus confirms what was told to Dr. Thomas Savage (1847):—"In the wild state their (*i.e.* the gorillas') habits are in general like those of the *Troglodytes niger*, building their nests loosely in trees." Nevertheless,' Burton says, 'I jealously looked into every statement, and the numerous friends of Du Chaillu will be pleased to see how many of his assertions are confirmed by my experience'—that is, that gorillas certainly exist, but that Burton was not fortunate enough to get one.

The great object which Burton had in view in making

THE HUNTER AND HIS TWO WIVES.

this journey, was to shoot one or more specimens of the gorilla. In this, however, he was disappointed. "The luck was against him." He saw the gorilla, heard him, came upon his mortal spoils repeatedly, but never had a chance of hitting him, even though he offered five dollars—equivalent to as many sovereigns in England—to every huntsman for every fair shot, and ten dollars for each live ape. Nor was this all. Not merely did Burton shoot no gorillas, but he was grievously disappointed in other ways, and ran many risks rather out of the ordinary course. 'We ran a fair risk of drowning on the first day's voyage; on the next march we were knocked

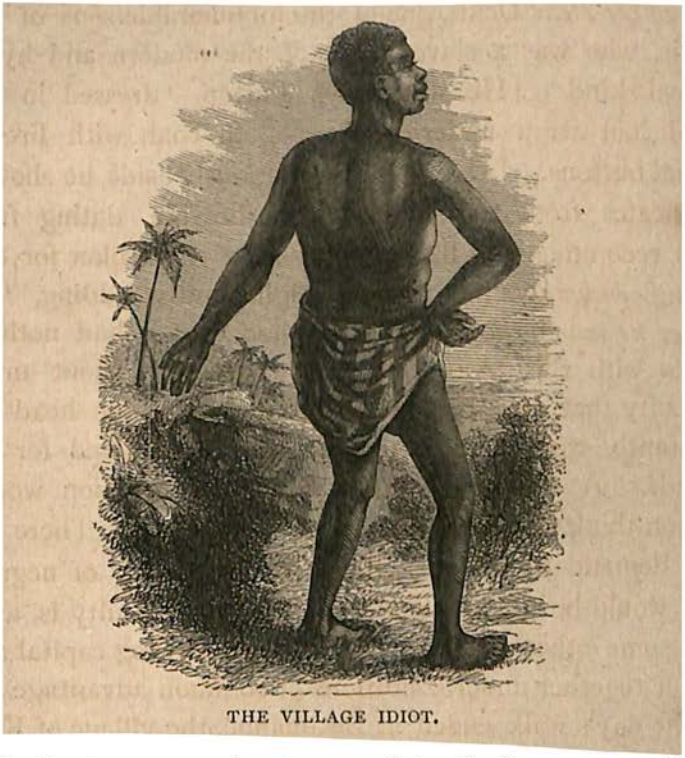
down by lightning, and on the last trip I had a narrow escape from the fall of a giant branch which grazed my hammock.' The weather was abominable, rains and tornadoes were an excellent pretext for Burton's men to shirk work and nurse the headache, which was the natural result of the last night's debauch. There came one who had seen a huge gorilla near his village; then returned Forteune, who swore that he had spent the day in the forest, and had "shot at a gorilla"—which meant, as is usual in Africa under such circumstances, that he had spent a quiet day in a snug hut. It became necessary to leave Mbátá, and on the following morning Burton and his company did so. A walk of three hours brought them to the village of Nehe-Mpolo—three miles south of their starting-point—where they were received with distinction by a certain "huge young woman," who, despite her size, was not wanting in the duties of hospitality, and not merely put the kettle on that all might have tea, but brought water that the travellers might wash their feet. The tediousness of African travel has seldom been more strikingly manifested than on this occasion. Two hours were spent in traversing three miles, and then nothing more could be done until the next day. When the next day came, the travellers set out for the southern bush, passed through three villages in five miles, and in the course of the journey found very conspicuous evidences of the presence of the gorilla. The bushmen who had been directed to meet the travellers, seem to have been as complete a realisation of the 'missing link' as could be desired. 'They were,' says Burton, 'a queer looking lot; with wild, unsteady eyes, receding brows, horizontal noses, and projecting muzzles; the cranium and features seemed disposed nearly at a right angle, giving them a peculiar baboon-like semblance.' It is hardly a matter for wonder that Burton refused to have anything to do with these "hunters." They would not separate, they

chattered so that game would be startled a mile off; they refused to act as beaters, and altogether were about as useless a set of animals as could be desired.

The only point of interest during these wanderings amongst the swamps, which lasted for many days, was the discovery that the slave trade on a small scale still flourished in them. At one place, for example, Burton was visited by *Petit* Denis, one of the innumerable sons of Roi Denis, who was a slave-dealer of the modern and hypocritical kind. 'He was,' says Burton, 'dressed in the usual loin wrap under a broad-cloth coat, with French official buttons. Leading me mysteriously aside, he showed certificates from the officials at Libreville, dating from 1859, recommending him strongly as a shipbroker for collecting *émigrants libres*, and significantly adding, "*les nègres ne manquent pas.*"' Of course Burton had nothing to do with this man, but he discovered without much difficulty that slave-cargoes of from eight to ten head are constantly carried down the river and embarked for the islands. A regulated system of free emigration would, Burton thinks, be a great boon to this district. There is a real demand for labour, and there are plenty of negroes who would be glad to perform it. The difficulty is, as it is in some other quarters of the globe, to bring capital and labour together under conditions of common advantage.

The day's walk ended at Bwámángé, the village of King Lángobúmo, where was found his Majesty's hut (it is somewhat of a relief to find a thatched hovel described otherwise than as a "palace"), surrounded by a village comprising 'five scattered and unwalled sheds.' His Majesty was somewhat more civilised than the majority of his compeers. 'He at once led us to his house, a large bamboo hall, with several sleeping-rooms for the harem; placed couch, chair and table, the civilisation of the slave-trade; brought wife No. 1 to shake hands; directed a fowl to be

killed, and, sitting down, asked us the news in French.' It was a wet night, and Burton passed it in the house, talking over the prospects of sport, and learning that gorilla were abundant everywhere, even in the bush behind the king's house. Full arrangements were made. The "king"—how ludicrous the word seems as applied to the headman of a trumpery hamlet of a hundred souls or so!—offered to beat



THE VILLAGE IDIOT.

the bush, to engage hunters, and to find a canoe which would carry the party to Sánga-Tánga, landing its members at all likely places. There was a not altogether sanguine feeling on the part of Burton and his companions; in point of fact, there was a strong suspicion that they had been "done," which was not removed when, on the following day, a boy rushed in with the news that an "ole man gorilla" had been seen sitting in a tree hard-by, after whom Burton spent half the day in a fruitless stalk. The start next

morning was attended with something more than ordinary difficulties. The boat was full of dirty water, the tholepins were represented by bits of stick, and all the furniture was missing. The owner came down after a time and wanted to talk. Burton refused any more palaver, paid him his money, and ordered the canoe to be baled out and launched; but the men would not work, and it was only by a threat to start the rum into the sands that they could be induced to stir. Then some result was produced. 'One by one they rose to work, and in the slowest way possible produced five oars, of which one was sprung, a rickety rudder, a huge mast, and a sail composed half of matting and half of holes. At the last moment the men found that they had no "chop"; a franc produced two bundles of sweet manioc, good travelling food, as it can be eaten raw, but as nutritious as Norwegian bark. At the last moment Lángobúmo, who was to accompany us, remembered that he had neither fine coat nor umbrella—indispensable for dignity and highly necessary for his complexion, which was that of an elderly buffalo. A lad was started to fetch these articles, and he set off at a hand-gallop making me certain that behind the first corner he would subside into a canter, and lie down to rest on reaching the huts.'

A long time was spent thus, but at last the travellers got away. Luncheon was eaten at 3 P.M., and almost as soon as the journey was resumed they were stopped by the people of one of the villages, who consider that they have some sort of prescriptive right to take toll of the traveller's rum and to force him to lodge in their village for the night. It was with no small difficulty that Burton got through with the representation that he was a wicked white man, who would "gang his ain gait," who had no goods but weapons, and who only wanted to shoot a njina and to visit Sánga-Tánga, where his brother Mpolo (Paul du Chaillu) had been. In the evening the darkness came on thickly

and rapidly; the light failed; the storm came up and it was possible to steer the boat only by the uncertain light of the lightning. A bar was crossed without those in the boat knowing aught of the risk they had run, and when at last the land was made once more the rain came down in a deluge. 'In five minutes after the first spatter all were wet to the skin. Selim and I stood close together, trying to light a match, when a sheet of white fire seemed to be let down from the black sky, passing between us with a simultaneous thundering crash and

FETISH BOY.

rattle and a sulphureous smell as if a battery had been discharged. I saw my factotum struck down, while in the act of staggering and falling myself; we lay still for a few moments, when a mutual inquiry showed that both were alive, only a little shaken and stunned; the sensation was simply the shock of an electrical machine and the discharge of a Woolwich infant—greatly exaggerated.' The rest of the night passed without mishap. Burton wrapped himself

up warmly, took a 'stiffener' of raw cognac, and at once fell asleep in the heavy rain while the crew gathered under the sail. Next morning he arose at 4 A.M., little the worse for his night's exposure. 'A handful of quinine, a cup of coffee well "laced," a pipe, and a roaring fire,' soon made these odds all even and enabled him to face the labours of the day.

It was not quite the pleasantest that could have been wished for—more like the damp weather which sometimes comes at the end of an English May than the bright sunshine which is commonly associated with the name of Equatorial Africa. The adventures of the day were, however, not without their humorous side. 'After two hours, says Burton, 'we passed another maritime village, where the farce of yesterday evening was re-enacted, but this time with more vigour. Ignorant of my morning's private work, Hotaloya swore that it was Sánga-Tánga. I complimented him upon his proficiency in lying, and poor Lángobúno, almost in tears, confessed that he had pointed out to me the real place. Whereupon Hotaloya began pathetically to reproach him for being thus prodigal of the truth. Nurya, the "head trader," coming down to the beach with dignity and in force told me in English that I must land, and was chaffed accordingly. He then blustered and threatened instant death, at which it was easy to laugh.' The end of the journey was reached about 10 A.M. at a place once the headquarters of the slave trade, but now practically as dead as the buried cities of the Zuyder Zee.

Having reached Sánga-Tánga, the next thing was, of course, to get back as speedily as possible. There was talk about gorillas on the way home, but it came to nothing and meant nothing. Part of the way back led through the forest—hard and dangerous travelling, two hours of which do more harm to the traveller than five days along the sands. All hope of getting a gorilla was speedily at an

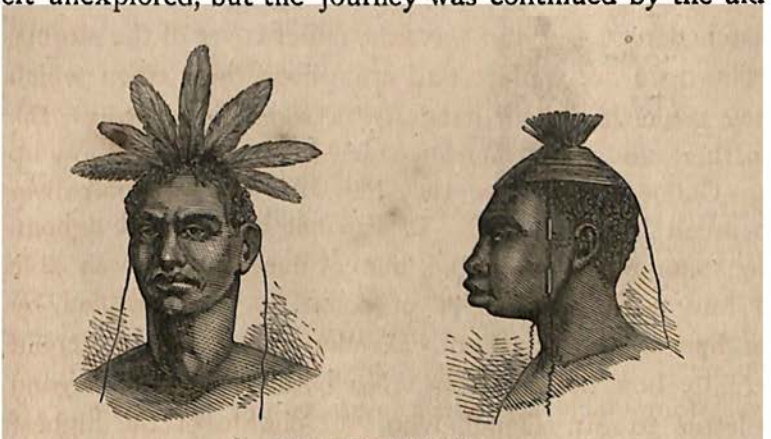
end. Forteune had a wonderful story of one which he had shot and which had dragged itself away to die in solitude, but the tale would not bear investigation. So convinced was Forteune of the hopelessness of the business that though it would have been to his own advantage he actually dissuaded Burton from staying, telling him that while he was in the place the spell which he had cast upon it would still work, but that it would be at once broken by his departure, a theory which he volunteered to prove by sending down the first fruits. Curiously enough the sequel justified his assertions.

A heavy tornado, which seems to be a matter of every day occurrence under the Equator—and the Gaboon River is barely half-a-dozen miles north of it—detained Burton for a day, but early in the morning of the last day of March he fared forth once more. The swift brown stream carried the boat down at a great pace, and though she grounded once in the shallows the Krumen lifted her very speedily and the way over the ebbing tide was unimpeded. Glass Town was reached before mid-day, five hours only having been spent upon a journey of twenty geographical miles. In the twelve days thus spent 120 miles had been traversed —not a very large extent of territory perhaps, but sufficient to answer Burton's purpose of testing the general accuracy of M. du Chaillu's book. His failure to shoot a gorilla was unquestionably a disappointment, hardly to be mitigated by the arrival in the evening of this day of a remarkably fine specimen, shot by Forteune. 'When placed in an arm-chair,' says Burton, 'he ludicrously suggested a pot-bellied and patriarchal negro considerably the worse for liquor. From crown to sole he measured 4 feet 10⅜ inches, and from finger tip to finger tip 6 feet 1 inch. The girth of the head, round ears and eyebrows, was 1 foot 11 inches; of the chest, 3 feet 2 inches; above the hip-joints, 2 feet 4 inches; of the arms, below the shoulder, 2 feet 5 inches.'

He was, it will be seen from these figures, an unusually fine specimen of his race, but his subsequent career was not a fortunate one. The man employed to skin him did not understand his business, and a variety of mistakes were made in dealing with him, so that when Burton went to see him in the British Museum he found not 'the broad-chested square-framed, pot-bellied and portly old bully-boy of the woods,' but a 'wretched caricature'—pigeon-breasted, lean-flanked, shrunken-limbed and hungry-looking.

The wretched weather detained Burton at the Factory for some time. There was no other inducement to stay. The factory held 200 barrels of gunpowder under a thatched roof, and the servants, under cover of the storms, broke open every place and stole everything upon which they could lay their hands. As soon, however, as the weather moderated, Burton started on an expedition up the Gaboon River to the Fan, of whose cannibalism so much has been said. It was not easy to get a boat. No steamer was available, but at last Burton was able to hire a little schooner of some 20 tons manned by six hands, one of whom, Fernando, a Congoese, could actually box the compass. No outfit was taken beyond a letter to Mr. Tippet, who had charge of the highest establishments up-stream. On the 10th of April accordingly he set out 'despite thunder, lightning, rain, and the vehemently expressed dislike of the crew.' The weather was, indeed, quite sufficiently bad to warrant this objection, and at last, worn out by a four-knot current and a squall in his teeth, Burton anchored in the river about five miles to the S.E. of Konig. Here a diamond mountain was at one time supposed to exist, but it is hardly necessary to say that our voyager saw nothing of it and found that the tradition is dying out even amongst the native population. The cruise was resumed on the following day, past Bakhele, the capital of a tribe once calculated to number

100,000 and believed to be cannibals of the worst kind. Whether the charge be true or not, is now an unimportant question, but it is remarkable that when Burton went to the Brazil some time afterwards he found the tradition of cannibalism rife amongst the negro slaves from the Gaboon. From this point the river narrows rapidly; the tide did not serve continuously, and when the wind dropped the heat was stifling. He held on his way, however, halting at the missionary station of Anenga-nenga—an island at the confluence of the two streams Nkomo and Mbokwa, which together form the Gaboon. The former was perforce left unexplored, but the journey was continued by the aid



FAN HEAD-DRESSES.

of sweeps up the latter, which is the more southerly of the two streams. In three hours the first of the Fa*n* villages was reached, and at sunset, two hours later, Mayya*n* or Tippet Town. All the guns on board the schooner were double loaded, and discharged by way of salute; the people replied in the same way with the added accompaniment of the loudest howls. Mr. Tippet, an intelligent coloured man from the States who acts as Mr. Walker's native trader, came on board and carried Burton to his extensive establishments on shore where the gnats and the rats gave him a rather lively night.

An exploration of the country the next morning showed that Burton was in the home of a very wild race. Their name Fán, in the plural Báfán, meaning "man," is written thus by Burton; Fa*n*h by the missionaries; Mpángwe by the Mpangwe, and sometimes Fanwe or Panwe by Europeans. As a matter of fact, it is extremely difficult to express the pronunciation of any of these names by any combination of English letters. The thick African lips and tongue produce sounds which the finer organs of the Caucasian races find it hard to imitate. Portuguese, whose inflexions are distinctly Jewish, would seem to have some sounds in common with the African dialects, though perhaps not many. The people live in small villages, with a maximum population of some 4000, and a minimum of a couple of dozen. The houses are not remarkable for neatness, and the race is marked by all the more striking characteristics of the savage tribes of the far interior, from whom they are supposed to descend. They are not, however, by any means so repulsive in their appearance as M. du Chaillu made them out to be. From the illustrations to his work, 'I fully expected,' says Burton, 'to see a large-limbed, black-skinned, and ferocious-looking race, with huge moustachios and plaited beards. A finely-made, light-coloured people, of regular features, and decidedly mild aspect, met my sight. The complexion is, as a rule, chocolate, the distinctive colour of

FAN WARRIOR.

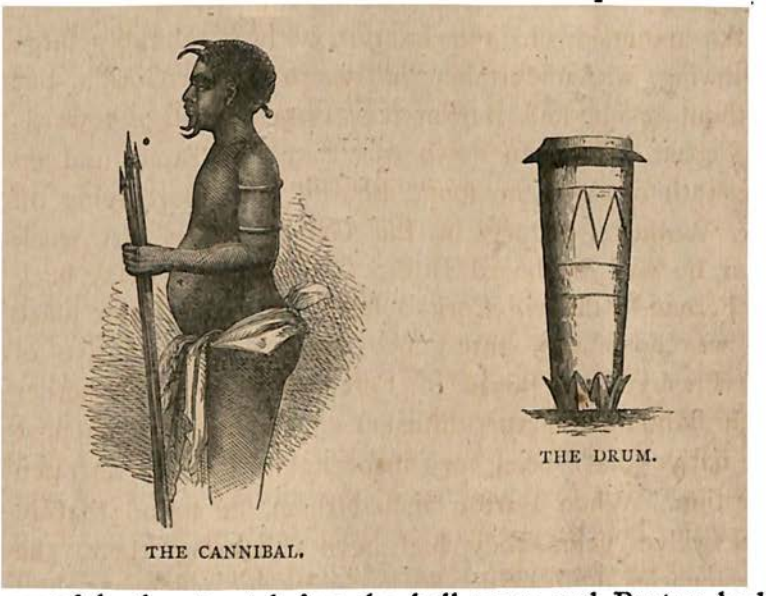
the African mountaineer and of the inner tribes; there are dark men, as there would be in England, but the very black are of servile origin. . . . Many, if bleached, might pass for Europeans, so Caucasian are their features; few are negro in type as the Mpongwe, none are purely "nigger" like the blacks of maritime Guinea and the lower Congoese. And they bear the aspect of a people fresh from the bush, the backwoods. . . . The hair is not kinky, peppercorn-like, and crisply woolly, like that of the Coast Tribes; in men, as well as in women, it falls in a thick curtain nearly to the shoulders, and it is finer than the usual elliptical fuzz. The variety of their perruquerie can be rivalled only by that of the dress and ornament.'

As regards cannibalism, Burton says, 'I made careful inquiry about anthropophagy amongst the Fa*n*, and my account must differ greatly from that of M. du Chaillu.' He goes on to say in effect that there is practically very little cannibalism amongst the Fa*n*s, and that the way in which it is conducted shows that it is a quasi-religious rite, practised upon foes slain in battle, evidently an equivalent of human sacrifice. 'The corpse is carried to a hut, built expressly on the outskirts of the settlement; it is eaten secretly by the warriors; women and children not being allowed to be present, or even to look upon man's flesh, and the cooking-pots used for the banquet must all be broken. A joint of "black brother" is never seen in the villages; "smoked human flesh" does not hang from the rafters, and the leather knife sheaths are of wild cow; tanned man's skin suggests only the *tannerie de Meudon*,* an advanced "institution."' At the same time it is not to be denied that the Fa*n*s are a cruel and barbarous race. 'Prisoners are tortured with all the horrible barbarity of that human wild beast which is happily being extirpated, the North American Indian and children may be seen greedily licking

* Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' Book v., chap. vii.

the blood from the ground.' They murder infant twins; bury offenders alive with almost as much cruelty as if they professed a certain form of Christianity, and they will administer to criminals of another kind flogging as severe as those once inflicted by the knout.

In the afternoon of the first day in this place, Mr. Tippet asked Burton to put in an appearance at a solemn dance, which, led by the king's daughter, was to be performed in honour of the white man's visit. A chair was placed in the



THE CANNIBAL.

THE DRUM.

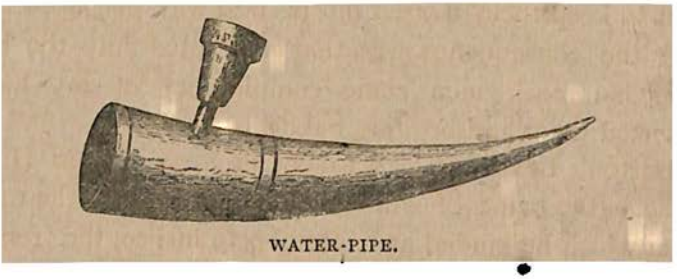
verandah, the street being the ball-room, and Burton had an ample opportunity of studying Fan womanhood. He was not impressed by it. The sex are usually short, fat, broad in the face, and greasy as to skin. 'Highly gratified by the honour,' says Burton, 'but somewhat overpowered by the presence, and by that vile scourge the sandfly, I retired after the first review, leaving the song, the drum, and the dance, to continue till midnight. Accustomed to the frantic noise of African village life in general, my ears here recognised an excess of bawl and shout, and subsequent experience did not efface the impression.' On the whole, however,

he carried away a very fair impression from the capital of the Fa*ns*. After studying them carefully for some time, he arrived at the conclusion that they are superior in honesty and manliness to the coast races; they have had too little intercourse with the whites to become thoroughly corrupt; the virtue of chastity is still known amongst them; they are not 'broken to ardent spirits,' and they are excellent workers in iron, which they smelt with charcoal, and temper with many successive heatings and hammerings.

An excursion to the interior, with a tolerably large following, was undertaken in search of the Gorilla, but without result, and Burton now turned his face towards the coast. The run down was easy and rapid, and on the 17th of April, he found himself once more lying off Mr. Walker's factory in the Gaboon river. A week later he was on board H.M.S. *Griffon* on his way back to Fernando Po, *viâ* Corisco Island, at which latter place he was hospitably entertained by the representative of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Whether their labours for the diffusion of Christianity amongst the natives have been very successful is perhaps an open question. When Burton visited them, he found that in the twelve years they had been labouring there, the Missionaries had made 80 converts, of whom 15 had been "suspended"—in other words, had relapsed into heathenism. If, however, these good men have done but little to boast of amongst the blacks, they have added something to the work of scientific research—sending home something over two hundred specimens of hitherto unknown animals. Burton parted from his kind and hospitable entertainers at the Mission House with regret; re-embarked on board the *Griffon*, and at noon on the following day found himself again "at home" in Fernando Po.

The year 1862 was a melancholy one in the history of Fernando Po. Yellow fever raged there, and in two months

wiped out one-third of the whole colony. In the following year all the conditions for the re-appearance of the disease were conspicuous. The earth was all water; the vegetation slime, and the atmosphere half steam, and the difference between the wet and dry bulbs almost *nil.* Burton was hesitating how to escape, when H.M.S. *Torch* steamed into Clarence Bay, and the commander (Smith) hospitably offered him a passage down south. He gratefully accepted, and on the 29th of June he got away from the charnel-house in which he had been living for some months past. He had plenty of time in which to enjoy the luxuries of the captain's cabin. The *Torch* was a rotten old tub, which



WATER-PIPE.

made about four feet of water a day; her boilers were worn out, and her pace was consequently the merest saunter. It was only on the seventh day after leaving Fernando Po that she sighted the red cliffs of Loango land. At Loango, then a mere tenth-rate trading station, Burton transferred himself and his belongings to H.M.S. *Zebra,* and started on the run of 240 miles southwards to São Paul de Loanda. The only adventure to diversify the voyage was falling in with H.M.S. *Espoir,* which had just effected her second capture — this time of a slave schooner with about 500 Congos. After making acquaintance with the British resident at this place, Burton took horse and made his way inland to Calumbo—a wretched little unwholesome town, where misty mornings, days of burning sunshine, and the miasma of the surrounding marshes produce a bilious remittent fever, which periodically decimates

the population. Here he stayed one night. 'After receiving and returning the visits of the principal whites,' he says, 'all habited in frocks and continuations of the blackest and heaviest broadcloth, we feasted with the excellent commandant, who was hospitality itself. The mosquitoes soon roused us from any attempt at sleep, and we passed the night after a fashion, which sometimes leads to red eyes and "hot coppers" in the morning. I left early, for my companions had business in Calumbo; as they were no longer present to control the bearers, a race as soft as putty, and I was not used to manage them, so the gang became unbearable. The soldier sent to keep them in order did his best with his supple-jack, and the consequence was that all bolted into the bush. The hammock men came complaining of my having deserted them and begging bakhshish.'

Burton's next step was to obtain a passage in H.M.S. *Griffon*, the name of which will be familiar to the reader, from which he landed at Kinsembo, to inspect the 'remarkable lofty granite pillar.' The landing at this point is almost, if not altogether, the worst upon the coast; no boat from the *Griffon* could live through the surf, but 'at last seeing a fine surf-boat artistically raised at stern and bow, and manned by Cabindas, the Kruboys of the coast' made fast to a ship belonging to Messrs. Tobin, of Liverpool, Burton boarded it, and obtained a passage. The negroes showed their usual art. Paddling westwards they rounded the high red and white South Point, where a projecting reef broke the rollers. They waited for some twenty minutes for a lull; at the auspicious moment every throat was strained by a screaming shout, and the black backs bent doughtily to their work. They were raised like infants in the nurse's arms; the good craft was flung forward with the seething mass, and as she touched shore they sprang out whilst their conveyance was beached by a crowd of stragglers.

On shore the visitors were hospitably received by the representative of the firm already mentioned, and after a night spent in conflict with the terrible mosquito of Kinsembo, crossed the ferry, and mounted hammocks on the other side. The men were a striking contrast to those of São Paulo de Loanda, vigorous, active, and so rapid in their movements, that they contrived to keep up a steady pace

THE LUMBA, OR PILLAR OF KINSEMBO.

of six miles per hour throughout the day. The journey inland to the pillar was pleasant as an excursion, but otherwise perhaps hardly worth the trouble of landing through the tremendous surf, and the twenty-four hours' further detention in Kinsembo, which a change of weather made necessary.

The run from Kinsembo to the Congo was devoid of

incident. Nor were the excursions made about the mouth of the river remarkable. The real interest of the journey begins with the departure up the river of the schooner-rigged launch *L'Espérance*, which, with a crew selected from the *Griffon's* men, and a guard of half-a-dozen Laptots, sailed up the broad river Congo whose name has been made so familiar to English ears by later explorers. A very curious phenomenon was observed at the outset: the fresh-water current comes down at the rate of from three to four miles per hour, while there is an under or tidal inflow of about the same force. After anchoring for the night under shelter of the island, variously called Zungá Chyá Ngombe, Ilha do Boi, Rhinoceros Island and Bull Island, the journey was resumed. The river passed through an almost impenetrable forest, whose sloppy soil and miry puddles seem never to dry. In the midst of these forests Burton found the old slave barracoons, in which the traffic still lingered. 'At present,' he says, writing it must be remembered in 1863, 'it is "tiempo seco" (dull time) and the *gérants* keep their hands in by buying ground nuts and palm oil. The slave trade, however, makes 500 not 50 per cent., and the agents are naturally fond of it, their mere salaries being only some 150 francs per month.' On the second day of the cruise the chief of those slaving settlements, Porto da Lenha (absurdly printed Ponta de Linha in the charts), was reached, and here the small archipelago, which marks the mouth of the Congo, first appeared. The settlement is quite a modern and apparently by no means a desirable one. 'Low, and deeply flooded during the rains, the place would be fatal without the sea breeze; as it is the air is exceedingly unwholesome. There is no quay; the canoe must act gondola; the wharf is a mere platform with steps, and in places the filth drains are not dry even at this season' (August). The place is a centre of Portuguese corruption. The two "kings" receive a tribute from the Resident of

$16 per head for every slave embarked; 4 per cent. on all goods sold, and a rent of $100 per month (£192 a year) for the soil. Early in the morning the chiefs begin by going their rounds for drink, and at every factory—there are sixteen of them—a barrel of spirits is kept ready broached, for the benefit of the traders in eggs and yam. 'The mixed stuff costs per bottle,' says Burton, 'only a hundred reis (= fourpence), and thoroughly demoralises the black world.' He went ashore here, and presenting his letters of introduction, obtained plenty of information. The place was in a state of decay. The decline of the slave-trade had ruined it, and the lawful commerce in palm oil and ground nuts had scarcely attained sufficient proportions to become remunerative—partly, perhaps, because of the incapacity of the agents. The following sentences, which are typical of many pages, will explain much. 'Early next morning I went to the English factory for the purpose of completing my outfit. Unfortunately Mr. P. Maculloch, the head agent, who is perfectly acquainted with the river and the people, was absent, leaving the business in the hands of two "mean whites," walking buccras, English pariahs. The factory—a dirty disgrace to the name—was in the charge of a clerk whom we saw being rowed about bareheaded through the sun, accompanied by a black girl, both as far from sober as might be. The cooper, who was sitting "moony" with drink, rose to receive us and to weigh out the beads which I required; under the excitement he had recourse to a gin bottle, and a total collapse came on before half the work was done.' Burton asks why south latitude 6° the parallel of Zanzibar should be so fatal to the Briton on the West Coast. The answer may probably be found in his own books. Given a number of half-educated men, of not very good moral character to start with; put them in a pestilential climate, surround them with every conceivable temptation to immorality,

remove from them all the restraints of public opinion, let the Church neglect them utterly, and give them spirits at fourpence a bottle—under all these conditions, is it surprising if the English name is discredited on the African coast?

At Boma, the farthest Portuguese factory, thirty nautical miles from Porto da Lenha, the travellers landed to find themselves in a somewhat poor little settlement, where the air was 'sensibly drier and healthier than at the lower settlement,' and where, in a word, 'there was nothing against the place but deadly *ennui* and monotony.' They landed at once; found the Portuguese resident, Senhor Pereira, friendly and hospitable; found also excellent mutton and a daily market, which supplied all that was necessary. What was wanted was supplied from the Resident's garden, but it is not a little remarkable that the same complaint should be made in Congo and Angola that is made by many travellers in California. After enumerating the immense variety of European vegetables and fruits grown by Senhor Pereira, Burton is compelled to add that they are distinguished by 'the absence of all flavour combined with the finest appearance. It seems,' he goes on, 'as though something in the earth or atmosphere were wanting to their full development.' Similarly, though in the upper regions the climate is delicious, the missionaries could not keep themselves alive, but died of privation, hardship and fatigue—a warning which the well-meaning enthusiasts of the "Congo Free State" may well lay to heart, though it is the result of observations made a quarter of a century ago.

Arrived at Boma, Burton found that it would be impossible for him to go farther up the country without the permission of the Rei dos Reis, the King of Kings, Nossalla, and that that permission could be obtained only by payment of a heavy toll. He started accordingly in a canoe

on the 9th of September in search of him, and carrying as "dash" a fine spangled cloak, a piece of chintz, and a case of ship's rum. After a row of two hours and a quarter, Banza Chinsalla was reached, and the party landed amidst the usual demonstrations caused by an arrival at an African village. The place was a heap of huts surrounded by an old road fence, with an audience-room a trifle larger than usual, with low shady eaves, and a "half-flying" roof for the sake of air. 'Presently entered the Rei dos Reis Nossalla: the old man, whose appearance argued prosperity, was *en grande tenue.* The crown was the usual "biretta" (nightcap) of open work; the sceptre, a drum-major's staff; the robes, a parochial beadle's coat of scarlet cloth edged with tinsel gold lace. His neck was adorned with hair circlets of elephants' tails, strung with coral and beads; the effect to compare black with white was that of Beau Brummell's far-famed "waterfall tie," and the head seemed supported as if on a narrow rimmed charger. The only other ornament was a broad silver ring welded round the ankle, and drawing attention to a foot which, all things considered, was small and well-shaped.' On the left of the throne sat the Nehinn or "second king." This particular majesty was habited in a coat of livery of 'olive-coloured cloth, white worn at the seams, and gleaming with plated buttons, on which was the ex-owner's crest—a cubit arm.' Burton gives a very good reason for the use by negro potentates of these fantastic and, to our eyes, ridiculous dresses. 'Contrast with his three-quarter nude subjects gives him a name; the name commands respect; respect increases "dash," and "dash" means dollars.' So it certainly did in this case. There was a long palaver, in the course of which M. Tissot explained that Burton had come to 'take walk and make book,' to spend and not to take away money. The king retired to drink, 'a call of nature which,' says Burton, 'the decencies of barbarous dignity

require to be answered in private.' He returned, bringing with him his nephew, the 'Silver Chief Officer,' by name Gidifuku—a stupendous personage with elephants' tails on his head, the full dress uniform of a French naval captain on his body, epaulettes of enormous size, and a zebra guernsey, of what Burton calls 'equivocal purity.'

This amazing creature, who was notable as a man of great wealth and—what is not its invariable accompaniment—of great personal courage, was as keen a hand at a bargain as his uncle. The palaver was resumed *more Africano* with a drink—'a bottle of trade fizz was produced for the white man, and rum for his black congeners.' At last the business was arranged. The king was to send Burton with a couple of his own canoes to Banza Nokki, where he asserted (falsely as it turned out) that the river navigation ended, in consideration of a payment of about £6 in cloth and caps—about three times the usual tariff. When the terms had been settled, Burton 'solemnly invested old Nossalla with the grand cloak which covered his other finery; grinning in the ecstasy of vanity he allowed his subjects to turn him round and round as one would a lay figure, yet with profound respect, and, lastly, he retired to charm his wives.' This part of the business ended with presenting a little satin cloth to H.R.H. Prince Gidifuku and to Nchinn—a ceremony which ended with the shaking hands, which, as already mentioned, is an exceedingly dangerous performance on the West Coast of Africa. This business settled, the party returned to Boma, where they arrived the next day in time for a *déjeuner à la fourchette* with Senhor Pereira. When the time came for the start to Banza Nokki the canoes promised by the "King of Kings," contrary to all expectations, made their appearance, and on the 6th of September the expedition set out. The excellent Sr. Pereira bade a friendly adieu, happy in the

prospect of success for the expedition, because during the last night 'the frogs had made a noise in the house.'

Thus began the first great journey of exploration up the Congo. In view of what has been done during the last few years it is not uninteresting to look back upon the state of things existing in Burton's time, and compare it with that of our own times. When he went the slave-trade was practically dying out. There were some faint relics of it here and there, but the gay times when jollity and recklessness amongst the whites were the order of the day, and when gold ounces were thrown in handfuls on the Monté table, had gone for ever. The West African world was, in short, in a state of transition. The old order had changed, but it had hardly yet given place to the new. Now, however, all is altered, and the steamer for which Burton in his canóe sighed in vain in 1863, is a feature of the landscape in 1887. Nor was the journey altogether without danger. In passing the settlements around the point called Fiddler's Elbow 'a snake-like war canoe, with hawser-holes like eyes, crept out from the southern shore; a second, fully manned, lay in reserve, lurking along the land, and armed men crowned the rocks jutting into the stream. We were accosted by the first craft, in which, upon the central place of honour, sat Mpeso Birimbá, a petty chief of Suko Nkongo, a pert rascal of the French factory, habited in a red cap, a green velvet waistcoat, and a hammock-shaped tippet of pineapple fibre; his sword was a short Solingen blade. The visit had the sole object of mulcting me in rum and cloth, and my only wish was naturally to expend as little as possible in mere preliminaries. The name of Manbuku Prata (the "Silver Chief Officer") was duly thrown at him, with but little effect: these demands are never resisted by the slave-dealers. After much noise and cries of "mwendi" (miser-skinflint) on the part of the myrmidons I was allowed to

THE LOWER RAPIDS OF THE CONGO RIVER.

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proceed, having given up a cloth twenty-four yards long, and I felt really grateful to the trade which had improved off all the other riverine settlements.'

Before long the interpreters exclaimed 'Yellala falla—the cataract is speaking'—and the cheering roar of the falling waters made itself heard. 'About noon,' says Burton, 'we struggled past Point Masalla, our Diamond Rock, a reef ending in a triangular block, towering abruptly, and showing by driftwood a flood-line about twelve feet high,' the explanation of which is, that the tideway ends at these falls, where was formerly the termination of canoe travel up-stream. Here Burton found how African guile had over-reached him. He had bargained with the gentleman in the beadle's cast-off livery to be conveyed to Banza Nokki, not knowing that Nokki was the name of a canton, and not, as he believed, of a settlement. In the result he found himself stranded upon a sufficiently pleasant sandy shore, but a good many miles westward of the point where he would be. The night was cool and pleasant, and in the early morning Gidi Mavunga, father to the king, with several "princes" and some forty armed slaves, made his appearance. The princes were dressed, as became their exalted rank, in the usual official *biretta*, black coats, European shirts, and the skin of a wild animal of some kind hanging in front like a Highlandman's "sporran." 'On the great man's mat,' Burton adds, 'was placed a large silver-handled dagger, shaped somewhat like a fish-slicer, and the handsome hammocks of brightly-dyed cottons brought down for our use shamed our humble ship's canvas. The visitors showed all that African *câlinerie* which, as fatal experience told me, would vanish for ever, changing velvet paw to armed claws at the first mention of cloth or rum.'

After a scrambling march up-hill of nearly two hours, during which the aneroid showed a rise of 1430 feet, Banza

Nokki was reached, where was found the abode of El Rei —a *blanc bec* of about twenty, who had formerly been a trading lad at Boma, and who came out to meet the travellers dressed in the usual absurd fashion:—'a gaudy fancy helmet, a white shirt with limp Byronic collar, a broadcloth frock coat, a purple velvet gold-fringed loin-wrap; a theatrical dagger whose handle and sheath bore cut glass, emeralds, and rubies, stuck in the waist-belt; brass anklets depended over naked feet and the usual beadle's cloak covered the whole.' The audience with this sable potentate was of the usual kind. A greybeard of travellers' gin was opened, a tumbler was placed in a basin and filled to overflowing, the 'great gentleman' drank of it African fashion—filling the mouth and rinsing gums and teeth so that no portion of the mouth might lose its share—and then the liquor went down to the 'little gentlemen' below the salt. What follows must be given in Burton's own words:—'Old Shimbal the linguist had declared that a year would be required by the suspicious bushmen to palaver over the knotty question of a stranger coming only to "make mukanda," that is, to see and describe the country. . . . My wishes were expounded and every possible promise of hammocks and porters, guides and interpreters, was made by the hosts. The royal helmet was then removed, and a handsome burnous was drawn over the king's shoulders, the hood covering the *biretta* in the most grotesque guise. After which the commander and M. Tíssot set out for the return march, leaving me with my factotum Selim and the youth Nehama Chamvu. . . . We slept in a new climate: at night the sky was misty and the mercury fell to 60° (F.). There was a dead silence. Neither beast nor bird, nor sound of water was heard amongst the hills. Only at time high winds in gusts swept over the highlands with a bullying noise and disappeared, leaving everything still as the grave. I felt once more "at

home in the wilderness"—such, indeed, it appeared after Boma, where the cockney taint yet lingered.' There, for a while, Burton was compelled to stay, passing his time in making a careful study of the people and country, and in forming a botanical collection of some 490 specimens which have been duly deposited at Kew. The number would have been considerably greater, but a naval personage, who was supposed to be a high authority on the coast, had made a trifling mistake of six months in the

'LIZER.

time for undertaking the journey, and had consequently landed Burton in the strange country in the autumn instead of the spring.

Life at Banza Nokki was, however, by no means unmingled pleasure. Every one from ruler to slave begged for cloth and rum. There were five "Kings" who wore cloth cloaks and a multitude of chiefs who did not, and all were clamorous alike for eleemosynary drinks. The excellent Gidi Mavunga took matters into his own hands, however, and having returned from his journey to the "small country," made a not unreasonable bargain in cloth

and beads for safe convoy to and from the Cataracts. On the 11th of September accordingly a start was made, Gidi Mavunga leading the way in a S.S.W. direction, over a district where the soil showed traces of iron, and where the shrub which, according to Herodotus, bears wool instead of fruit abounded. At the end of a mile and a half the party reached Banza Chinguvu, about 170 feet higher than Banza Nokki and with a climate far more breezy and better in every way. The place was very small and the population some 300 at the outside, but it was healthy and not unpleasant as a halting place. Here the bargaining was completed; the women made up torches and prepared food for the journey, and the travellers sat in state to receive the chiefs of the neighbourhood—gentry who came 'gaudily attired in cast-off clothes and in the crimson night-caps once affected by the English labourer.' * The chief sat in his hut—or rather, in the little piazza formed by the eaves of it, surrounded by his dependants and entertaining his visitors with palm wine by the gallon. Visits of this kind usually ended with the presentation of a bottle of gin, after which the guests departed with a profusion of courtesy, the more remarkable from the fact that courtesy, like hospitality, is somewhat foreign to the African nature.

The arrangement was that the party should start at dawn on the following day. There had, however, been too great a consumption of palm wine, trade gin and trade rum to make an early start possible, but at last the grumbling,

* This remark of Burton's will probably shed some light to many readers on sundry perplexing advertisements in the daily papers announcing that certain ladies and gentlemen—chiefly Hebrews, to judge from the names—are prepared to purchase cast-off clothing of every description, uniforms, liveries, and so forth, "for the colonies." The last word means, of course, in this connection the West Coast of Africa. The independent and self-assertive "colonials" are hardly the people to want second-hand liveries.

VIEW FROM BÁNZA CHINGUVU.

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ill-tempered, and loitering party was mustered. Four chiefs led the way; fourteen armed "moleques" carried the hammocks, four bottles of "present gin," two "costa finas" (= twenty-four yards of fancy cotton), and fourteen fathoms of satin stripe—'the latter,' says Burton, 'a reserved fund.' The start had been made at 6.45 A.M., and three miles of beautiful undulating country had not been covered before a village was reached, where a halt was necessary. The travellers waited for an hour whilst the "king" dressed. When his Majesty made his appearance he turned out to be a fat, good-natured sort of person, habited, as these potentates usually are, in most ridiculous costume, and fully determined on keeping the caravan until the next day at the earliest. When it was made manifest to him that Burton had no intention of wasting his time after this fashion, he became amenable to reason, and sent for provisions—fowls, fish, sugar-cane and bananas. Whilst food was preparing, one Chico Fulrano, a nigger of the worst type, eaten up with *psora*, came in accompanied by a Mandingo slave, a noble specimen of savage humanity who appeared to regard his Congo captors with supreme contempt. He spoke a little Portuguese, and with the help of his master, Burton was able to catechise him. 'He did not deny that his people were "papagentes" (*i.e.* cannibals), but he declared that they confined the practice to slain enemies. He told a number of classical tales about double men, attached, not like the Siamese twins but *dos-à-dos;* of tribes whose feet acted as parasols, the Plinian Sciapodai, and the Persian Tasmeh-pa, and of mermen who live and sleep in the inner waters—I also heard this from M. Tarrot, a palpable believer. He described his journey down the great river, and declared that beyond his country's frontier the Nzadi issues from a lake which he described as having a sea horizon, where canoes lose sight of land, and where they are in danger from violent storms; he described

the latter with great animation, and his description which reminded me of Dibbie, the "Dark Lake." Probably this was genuine geography, although he could not tell the name of the inner sea, the Achelunda of old cosmographers. Tuckey's map also lays down in N. lat. 2° to 3° and in E. long. (G.) 17° to 18° a great swamp draining to the south; and his "Narrative" tells us that some thirty days above Banza Mavunda, which is 20 to 24 miles above the Yellala, "the river issues by many small streams from a great marsh or lake of mud." This would suggest a reservoir alternately flooded and shrinking; possibly lacustrine bays and the bulges formed by the middle course of the Lualaba.'

There was the usual quarrel over the "dash"—accentuated in this case, however, by the fact that the chief was of a nature somewhat more stubborn than usual. At last Burton and his followers got away, and a couple of days found them at the rapids of the Congo. The aneroid showed 860 feet of absolute altitude, and about 65 feet above the landing-place of Banza Nokki. 'The aspect of the surface,' says Burton, 'is that of every large deep stream with broken bottom; the water boils up in ever widening domes, as though a system of fountains sprang from below. Each centre is apparently higher than its circle; it spreads as if a rock had been thrown into it, and the outer rim throws off little eddies and whirls no larger than a thimble.' Across this stream Burton and his companions were paddled in a quarter of an hour, and after a somewhat tiresome journey, were received in the capital of yet another king—King Luvungungwete—a monarch who rejoices in a 'great room furnished with every luxury; hides of a fine antelope described as the Kudu; cruets, basins, bottles, and other vases; lustre-mugs, John Andersons and Toby Philpots.' The ladies of the village sent a message to say that they had never seen a white man,

and came in force accordingly; the children followed; then appeared the king, an invertebrate sort of personage, who for a wonder had no beadle's cloak or epauletted uniform. *Tout de même* he grumbled at his "dash," though he sent in return a small present of fowls and manioc, together with three slaves who, however, were to serve 'not as guides, but as a basis for a separate charge.' After sunset came the dance to an orchestra of two drums, and as Englishmen will be apt to think, from Burton's description, of somewhat exceptional indelicacy, possessing however 'the merit of perfectly expressing, as Captain Cook's companions remarked of the performances in the South Sea Islands, what it means.'

The evening's amusement did not bear the morning's reflection. Burton left the revellers at midnight, and when early on the following morning he turned out, he found them sick and sorrowful. They were extremely unwilling to set out on their day's journey, and in the course of the day's difficulties their tempers did not improve. The journey, as a matter of fact, was not an easy one. A painfully steep ridge had to be crossed, and the rate of progress may be estimated by the fact that three hours were consumed in traversing seven miles. Arrived at last in the territory of the actual "Bush-men," instead of marching to the chief's home, Burton and his companions 'sat in their wet clothes under a friendly wild fig. The women flocked out at the cry of the hammock-bearers, and nursing their babies, sat down to the enjoyment of a stare.'* The people were exceptionally curious, but their interpreters were away on some fishing expedition. They returned at last, and after a long palaver and much grumbling, they accepted Burton's "dash," and promised to allow him to see the Yellala of the Congo River. As he justly says,

* "The Hottentots are remarkable for staring at each other—God knows why." Anti-Jacobin. April 2, 1798.

'Had these men been told a month before that a white man would have paid for permission to visit what they considered common property, they would have refused belief; with characteristic readiness, however, the moment they saw an opportunity of making money, they treated the novelty as a matter of course.'

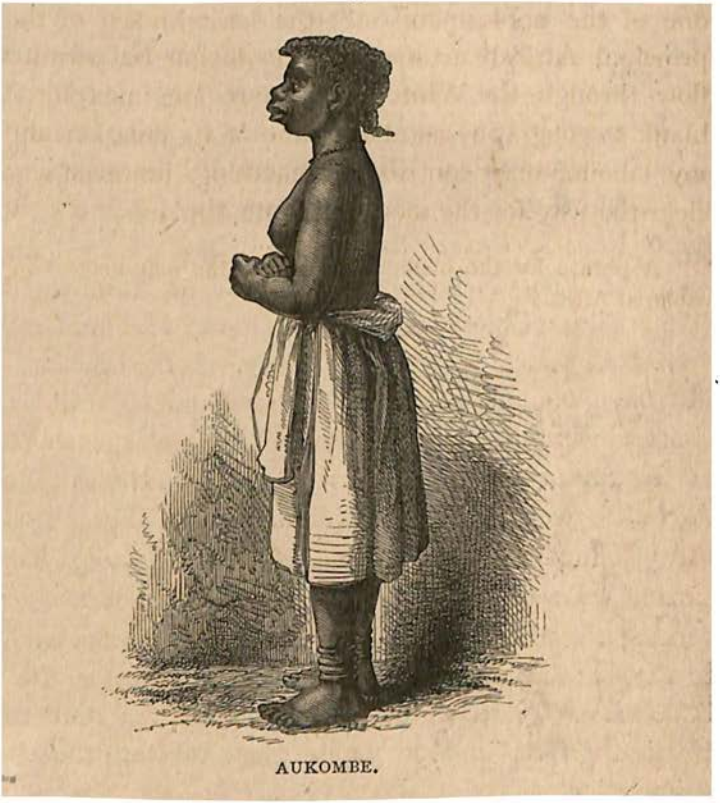
On the following day the journey to the Yellala was made. The way lay first down hill for some 890 feet; then over a rounded hill with precipitous face 'all steps and drops of rock,' then another descent of 127 feet, which placed the party at a point of 100 feet above the water, with a full view of the Yellala. The general impression was favourable. From the printed accounts of these falls Burton had been led to believe that he would find only a second-rate stream bubbling over a stony bed. Instead of this, he found a grand reach of water, which narrows from 900 to between 400 and 500 yards, and falls over a long series of rocks at angles of from 35° to 45°. The whole scene and its accompaniments have, however, been described at such length and with so much picturesqueness by later travellers that it is unnecessary to go into details, in which it may be remarked Burton is somewhat strikingly corroborated by every explorer who has followed him and who—as a rule—has carefully abstained from all mention of their obligations to him and his labours.

At this point an insurmountable obstacle intervened. 'I had been warned when setting out,' says Burton, 'that a shipful of goods would not take me past Nkulu. This was soon confirmed. On the evening after arrival (at Nkulu) I had directed my interpreter to sound the "bush kings" touching the expense of a march to Nsundi. They modestly demanded 100 lb. of beads, 50 kegs of powder, forty demijohns of rum, twelve burnuses, a few swords, and 200 whole pieces of various expensive cloths, such as Costa Finas, Riscados and satin stripes—briefly about £300 for

three days' march.' Demands like these of course made further progress impossible. The guide, moreover, had never had the faintest intention of going beyond the Yellala, though he had been paid to go to Nsundi. Burton proposed to send back a party for rum, powder and cloth to the extent of £150, or half the demand, and a row royal followed. Burton had to make a speech in Portuguese—a task which he easily accomplished—to the effect that 'Gidi Mavunga, who had been paid for Nsundi not for the Yellala, had spoken like a "small boy" (*i.e.* a chattel). I had no wish to sit upon other men's heads, but no man should sit on mine. Englishmen did not want slaves, nor would they allow others to want them, but they would not be made slaves themselves. My goods were my own, and King Nessala, not to speak of Mambuco Prata (the "Silver Chief" mentioned above) had made themselves responsible for me. Lastly, if the Senhor Gidi Mavunga wanted to quarrel the contents of a Colt's six-shooter were at his disposal.' Such a speech would, as Burton says, have made a European furious. On the African it produced a very different effect. Peace and harmony followed, and in the evening Gidi Mavunga came to Burton's quarters to 'talk sense.' The upshot of the conversation was, that after due consideration, Burton came to the conclusion that further progress was for the time impossible. A report of the excursion was sent to the Foreign Office, and a paper prepared for the British Association.

The journey down the river, which began on the 17th of September, was, like the history of a peaceful and prosperous country, devoid of incident. The chiefs who had been exceedingly attentive on the road up, when rum and cloth and beads were to be had for the asking, were by no means prodigal of their attentions, and that wonderful myth, African hospitality, proved more mythical than ever. 'The

down voyage was charming,' says Burton, 'instead of hugging the southern bank, we raced at a swinging pace down midstream. An admirable mirage lifted the canoes which preceded us clean out of the river, and looking down stream the water seemed to flow uphill. Although the tide began to flow up shortly after 10 A.M., and the sea-breeze was unusually strong, we covered the forty-five



AUKOMBE.

miles in 7 hours and 15 minutes . . . landed at Boma, and found that the hospitable Senhor Pereira had waited dinner, to which I applied myself most "wishedly!"'

An ineffectual attempt to visit San Salvador occupied the next three days, and on Sunday, the 27th of September, 1863, Burton was once more on board the *Griffon* on his way to Dahomé, the story of which strange mission must

be reserved for the next chapter. Burton's last words concerning the Congo deserve, I think, to be transcribed here, dealing as they do with a matter which some other people have taken to themselves with a species of assumption that no one had ever heard of the great medial artery of Africa before Mr. Stanley went in search of Dr. Livingstone. 'I conclude,' says Burton, 'with the hope that the great Nzadi, one of the noblest and still the least known of the four principal African arteries, will no longer be permitted to flow through the Whitë Blot,* a region unexplored, and blank to geography as at the time of its creation, and that my labours may contribute something, however small, to clear the way for the more fortunate explorer.'

* A phrase for the blank space left by the map-makers in "Unexplored Africa."

CHAPTER XI.

DAHOMÉ AND THE GRAND CUSTOMS.

English relations with Dahomé—Burton in London—Selected for the mission — Instructions — Presents — Their reception—H.M. S. S. *Antelope*— Pestilential Lagos—Whydah—"Trade rum"—Music and dancing—The king's reception gifts—Official visits—The truth about African travel—Entry to Savi—An operatic scene—Butterflies —Alladá—The first of the Amazons—More dancing—A royal escort — Food and drink — Kana—A tiresome custom—African hospitality—Buko-no's visit—The king's half-brother—A "truly barbarous display"—The eunuch's company—Entering the royal gates—Presented to Gelele—Drinking—The Moslem envoys—Dahoman etiquette—African roads—The palace—Arrival of the king—An African trick—Offering the presents—The victims—Gelele's speech—The dreariness of the festival—The "evil night" —Dahoman customs—The morning spectacle—The king's wealth —A dancing ambassador—The Reverend's music—Another *Nox Iræ*—An African review—Conflicting interests—Dahoman dilatoriness—The audience—A hopeless task—More delays—A miserable journey—Whydah at last—Failure of the Expedition against Abeokuta—Off to the Oil Rivers.

IN 1861, Burton expressed to the Foreign Office his desire to visit Dahomé. It was, however, considered undesirable that he should do so at the time, though the English Government had manifested great displeasure with the king of that country, partly because of his persistent encouragement of the slave trade, partly on account of his human sacrifices, but chiefly because of his hostility to the people of Abeokuta. The slave trade, as Burton has shown more than once or twice, is a matter which can hardly be suppressed until it is supplanted by new interests

and new sources of income. The "customs," at which many lives were annually sacrificed, could hardly be abolished in deference to remonstrances from without, inasmuch as most of the victims were either offenders against the laws of Dahomé, such as they are, or prisoners of war, whom it is the general African custom to slaughter or enslave. As regarded Abeokuta, which Charles Kingsley, with a strange contempt for the meaning of words, calls 'Christian Abeokuta,' on the strength of one six-hundredth part of the population being nominally Christian, our right to interfere was even less clear. Nevertheless, we had done so, and had commissioned the Rev. Peter W. Bernasco, a 'Native Assistant Missionary,'* in the employment of the Wesleyan Missionary Society at Whydah, to warn King Gelele that if he again made war on the Abeokutans, the towns on the coast would be burnt. Mr. Bernasco performed his mission, and reported the result to his superiors at home in a letter which has a strong flavour of piety about it, but which contains the remarkable statement, that the King of Dahomé had sacrificed 2000 human beings at his annual Grand Custom.† At the end of the year, 1862, and during the month of January 1863, Commodore Wilmot, Senior Officer of the Bights Division, accompanied by Captain Luce, R.N., and Dr. Haran, of H.M.S. *Brisk*, visited Abomé, and returning in safety proved the possibility of such a journey.

Burton paid a brief visit to London in winter-time, 1863, to lay his views before her Majesty's Government. Returning to Fernando Po in the spring of 1863, he was informed by a Foreign Office despatch that he had been selected to

* Mr. Bernasco, besides being a missionary was a store-keeper in Whydah, and sold rum and pottery, cloth and ammunition in a shop hard by his chapel.

† A statement which was bodily adopted by the usually well-informed *Saturday Review* (July 4, 1863).

proceed on a mission to Dahomé to confirm the friendly expressions of Commodore Wilmot. A second despatch, dated 20th of August, gave him further and most minute instructions as to his proceedings in Abomé. The old questions were revived, and Burton was instructed to confirm all that Commodore Wilmot had said; to insist upon the king finding out some source of revenue to replace the slave trade, to urge him to limit, if not to altogether abolish the human sacrifices, to decline civilly the king's offer to allow British soldiers to be stationed at Whydah, and to point out that as British merchants cannot take slaves in exchange for their goods, it is eminently desirable that they should be able to obtain the produce of the country —palm oil, ivory, cotton and similar articles. Burton was also to carry presents as an earnest of the friendly feelings of the Government. The king had asked for an English carriage and horses, and Commodore Wilmot had practically promised them. The Foreign Office had professed to have consulted the king's wishes as far as possible—and did *not* send the carriage and horses on the ground that 'in the first place it would be a difficult matter to get English horses out to the coast, and even supposing they arrived safely at their destination, it would be very doubtful, from the nature of the country and climate, whether they would long survive their arrival.' The list of presents entrusted to Burton for delivery on this mission was—

> One forty feet circular, crimson silk-damask tent, with pole complete (contained in two boxes).
>
> One richly embossed silver pipe, with amber mouthpiece, in morocco case.
>
> Two richly embossed silver belts, with lion and crane in raised relief, in morocco cases.
>
> Two silver, and partly gilt, waiters, in oak case.
>
> One coat of mail, and gauntlets.

(Contained in one deal case, addressed to Captain Burton, H.B.M.'s Consul for the Bight of Biafra, West Coast of Africa).

It is slightly anticipating matters, but it may save time to tell in this place the reception accorded to those gifts. The tent was a dead failure. It was far too small, 'indeed,' says Burton, 'to sit under it for an hour would have been hardly possible.' The members of the mission had to pitch it with their own hands, but wooden pegs and slides had been sent out instead of metal, as required in a land of white ants. 'The article was handsome, more so, perhaps, than any thing belonging to the king: yet the only part of it admired was the gingerbread lion on the pole top.' The pipe was never used: Gelele preferring his old red clay and wooden stem for reasons of lightness. The belts caused great disappointment. All the officials declared that bracelets had been mentioned to Commodore Wilmot. The coat of mail was found too heavy, and the gauntlets too small, and,' adds Burton, 'as it will certainly be hung up, fired at and broken by the king, a common cuirass would have been better.' The only really successful gift was the pair of silver waiters, which 'were very much admired, and their use was diligently inquired into.' The neglect to send the carriage became a real grievance. Burton explained the flimsy argument of the Foreign Office, but it was put aside at once. Carriages had been brought before, and there was no reason why they should not be brought now. 'If the horses died upon the beach at Whydah, no matter. King Gezo, after obtaining an equipage, had taken the "strong name" Nun-u-pwe-to, and the son burned to emulate the sire.' And so forth—the moral of the whole being, that if you wish to gratify a savage potentate you should consult those who know something about the native character, and should above all

things get rid of the notion, that though the African is in many things little better than a child of eight, the old days of the *traite* have familiarised him with a kind of magnificence which he cannot forget. After this, perhaps, it is hardly necessary to add, that when he has expressed a wish for any particular thing every reasonable effort should be made to gratify him. It is, however, hard to impress the mind of the 'permanent under secretary' with revolutionary notions of this kind.

Provided with these sumptuous gifts, Burton embarked on 29th of November, 1863, on board of H.M. S.S. *Antelope*, under the command of Lieut.-Commander Allingham—a venerable paddle steamer of an obsolete type, but well fitted for the duty she was called upon to do. Three days later she was rolling in the roads of 'pestilential Lagos . . . the youngest, and the most rachitic of Great Britain's large, but now exceedingly neglected, family of colonies.' The town looked a little less hateful than when Burton saw it last—the great benefactor of West African cities "General Conflagration," having been at work, and the town having to a great extent been rebuilt. Other improvements had taken place under the firm rule of the first Governor, Mr. Coskry, who had made nudity penal, had swept away the filthy place where impaled corpses of men and dogs scandalized eye and nose, had created a broad road—a marine parade—and most important of all, had established a regular police. Still the place was pestilential. Out of seventy Europeans nine died in a single fortnight, and no one felt his life safe for a week. There was thus no inducement for a prolonged stay, and accordingly Burton did not delay. Stores were hastily collected; Mr. Cruickshank, Assistant-Surgeon, R.N., made ready to accompany the Expedition, and on the 4th of December 'we hurried from the City of Wrath.' On the 5th, they anchored off Whydah—a few hours too late to catch a glimpse of the *Rattlesnake*—

Commodore Wilmot's ship—which had been detained as long as possible in order that Burton might have an interview with his predecessor in Dahomé, and which had at the last moment been compelled to leave without the opportunity of their meeting.

The landing at Whydah was as ceremonious as the embarkation at Fernando Po had been. The usual salutes for a Government Mission were fired, and all the apparatus of state and ceremony accompanied Burton to the miserable shore. 'Unfortunately for the dignity of the occasion, 'we landed amid song and shout in the usual way; shunning great waves we watched a "smooth," paddled in violently upon the back of some curling breaker, till the boat's nose was thrown high and dry upon the beach; were snatched out by men, so as not to be washed back by the receding water, and gained *terra firma* without suspicion of a wetting.' It is hard to associate dignity with such a landing, but the Whydah people know their coast, and have no foolish prejudices. The escort saluted the Mission with muskets, and began the march towards the town 'shouting, firing, singing, and dancing.' The Expedition itself was headed by a Kruman from Commander Ruxton's ship, carrying the white and red crossed flag of St. George attached to a boarding pike, followed by five hammocks,* with an interpreter, and Burton's own crew of six Krumen armed and brilliant with bargee's red night caps, and coloured loin-cloths of remarkable scantiness. Half way between the shore and the town the Expedition came upon the village of Zumgboji, where all the party had to descend from their hammocks to greet the Head-Fetishman, 'a dignitary fat and cosy as ever was the *frate* or the parson of the good old times.' With this venerable person they 'snapped fingers.' Nobody, unless thoroughly Europeanized, shakes hands in Africa—'the thumb and mid

* Manchila.

index are sharply withdrawn on both sides after the mutual clasp, and this is repeated twice to four times, the former being the general number.' Refreshments followed—water in wine glasses, followed by glasses of rum. The water was good enough, but the rum was the infamous product of modern civilisation known as "trade spirit"—deficient in alcohol, but made up of sulphuric acid, molasses, cardamoms, and other abominations. Happily it is unnecessary for the traveller to drink all the concentrated nastiness that is offered to him. He must put his lips to it, but there is no necessity for consuming the whole. There is always a camp follower or convenient servant for whom "trade rum" or "trade gin" has no terrors, and who would rather get exceedingly drunk on these poisonous compounds than allow his master to be injured by them.

After this interview, the members of the Mission again snapped fingers with the Head-Fetishman, and mounted hammocks to cross the 400 yards of sandy islet in the midst of which his house was placed. Again they had to dismount to receive the compliments of the village captain —the Caboceer—who presented them with Kola-nut, and Malayuetta pepper. A brief pause here was followed by another short journey, which brought the Mission into the town—an unwholesome place with a charnel-house odour about it, suggesting fever and dysentery. The place is not quite what any one in search of a haven in which to end his days would choose, but it is less really repulsive than it seems. The land around yields two crops per annum, and the product is said to be an hundred-fold. The travellers took their seats under a tree in the centre of the town, and presently a rough species of review was held in their presence—ending with the various troops forming into a rude, close column, perambulating three times from right to left, and ending with a halt and a "present arms" of a novel kind. 'With a hideous outcry, hopeless to

describe, captain and men with outstretched right arms, raised their sticks, bill-hooks, or muskets, to an angle of forty-five degrees, the muzzle in the air like a band of conspirators on the English stage.' Then came singing and dancing of a comic opera type—these people are all *fanatici per la musica*—and their exercises seem to be of the "vigorous agility" type, and almost as fatiguing to the spectators as to the performers. The parade was relieved at intervals with a little firing, and ended with the normal drinking, after which the Expedition was allowed to continue its journey through the Whydah market, where crowds were collected to see the king's "new strangers." Arrived at the "English Fort" in company with the military chiefs, Burton and his friends repaired to the middle of the *enceinte*, where was a shady arbour, with a table spread with 'bottles of water, sherry, gin, rum, and other chief-like delicacies.' All had to drink, and to be drunk before the assembly separated. At last the end came, and the visitors were at liberty to depart, after having 'spent five mortal hours in accomplishing the work of forty-five minutes.' Even then all was not over. There were more salutes to be fired, and something was even left for the next day. Then a repetition of the performances was gone through, singing, dancing, chorus, and ballet—all the pantomime of which Burton had had so utter a surfeit on the preceding day.

Following the performances came troubles. Some of the king's officers came down with messages and instructions. 'The chiefs at once took high ground, declaring that they brought the king's word—that is to say a Royal message, and directed us to stand up. I refused to do so till the Royal cane, the symbol of the owner's presence, was brought into the assembly, and was prostrated to by all in the room. They then welcomed me, saying that the monarch had sent as a reception gift, a goat, a pig, a pair

of fowls, and forty yams. Of course the offering came from themselves, and required a suitable return, that is to say, anything between twice and twenty times its value. Having despatched them, we descended into the court and presented a case of gin (= five dollars) to the Ka-wo. After a long speech, he perorated by offering to fight for me. My reply was that as a Commandant of Amazons, a dignity conferred upon me during my last visit, I could fight for myself. Under cover of the loud applause excited by this mildest of retorts, we made our escape, and withdrew into the fort.' The night which followed was quiet. Within doors there was a babble of tongues but without, peace. Whydah, though it contains a population of the greatest scoundrels and ruffians unhanged, is admirably policed. Murder is unknown; housebreaking almost impossible, and a man may leave clothes hanging up in his courtyard with perfect safety. The reason is simple. Whydah is a 'white man's town,' and, as such, 'under the direct supervision of the king. . . If any evil report reaches the capital, a royal messenger comes down, and the authorities tremble.'

After a walk round Whydah, Commander Raxton left the slave-port on the 10th of December, and the departure of the Mission became imminent. Certain royal messengers, however, came in from Abomé—great officers of the king sent only when distinguished visitors were expected. They made the journey in three days; and, although they would not confess the fact, they were simply overwhelmed with fatigue. The three gentlemen (eunuchs) bore names of somewhat striking kind—Mr. De-adan-de, whose name being interpreted signifies "he is valiant in Dahomé," was as haughty as his master could have been; Mr. Ya-mo-ji'a (Cannot get such a son to be born) was remarkable only for the sable blackness of his skin, and for a compound prognathism, supernal and

infernal, which in the profile of his muzzle suggested porcinity. With this *par nobile* came the king's head servant and one Sokun, nephew of the Meu, or second Minister, who was to act as interpreter, and he in his turn was accompanied by a nephew of the English landlord at Abomé, Rukono, who was to act as spy upon the rest. The emisaries produced their credentials in the shape of a "shark stick"—a tomahawk about two feet long, ending in a knob carved into a conventional squalus, a bit of iron like a broken axe-adze protruding below the lower jaw; an equally grotesque effigy of the "tiger of the deep," beaten out of a dollar, being tacked on to the upper part of the handle. "Cannot get such a thing to be born" had a "lion stick," whose shape was not easily distinguished from the aquatic animal. These emblems of valour are preferred by the present ruler to the "crocodile stick," with which the late Gezo used to present his captains. The fatigue of the royal messengers rendered a delay of some days necessary, which they ingeniously utilized by sending a slave each morning to inquire after the health of the envoys, a service for which he was rewarded with a glass of trade rum. They would willingly have rested for a week or more, but Burton gave them to understand that they must be ready in three days, or else follow on and overtake him before he got to Abomé. This put them on their mettle, and, on the 13th of December, all was ready, and in the early light of dawn the *cortège* passed out of the town of Whydah on its way to the north. They made their way in the usual hammock (manchil), concerning which Burton remarks that these barbarians (otherwise the African natives) have not invented a regular four-in-hand, but in the west, as in the east, carry their burden two at a time. When they reach a rough place, another pair, diving in between the usual number, roughly clutch at the cloth between the rider's shoulders and heels,

bumping, if possible, his pate against the pole. 'This explains,' adds Burton, 'the old traveller's complaint about being "trussed in a bag, and tossed on negroes' heads."' What follows is interesting, especially to the imaginative artists who evolve pictures of African travel out of their own inner consciousness. One such lies before me at this moment. An English lady, in a comfortable wicker-basket, with a lusty boy of at least seven years old in her lap, is making her way through the African bush carried by two smiling brown gentlemen in raiment of spotless white which reaches from considerably above the waist to considerably below the knee. Between them is a bamboo, at least nine inches thick and fourteen feet feet long, and weighing probably a hundred weight, to which the lady is slung. Burton's tale is rather different. 'They' (the Africans) 'do not carry on the shoulder, but on their skulls; the notably short and sturdy African negro neck dictates the choice, and a thin coil of rags or dry leaves amply suffices for the defence of craniums formed rather for butting than beauty.' It is, in short, necessary to make very considerable allowances in reading accounts of African travel. The books describe a country of peace, beauty, and prosperity—just such a place in fact, as the man ambitious of the fate of the hermit-martyr might be thankful to make the refuge of his declining days; the bald and naked truth is that the continent is a sink of dirt, disease, vice, crime and impurity, moral and physical, of every kind. Only a man of the strongest stomach and most unflinching devotion to duty could live amongst the West African tribes for a week; and every one who dies on that wretched shore, in the discharge of his duty, as well deserves the Victoria Cross as the most gallant of those that have won it.

After a quarter of an hour's travelling the road led across one of the most characteristic strips of the African

coast—a narrow line of bush, Bombax, and broad-leaved figs—in May a yard deep with brown horse-pond lying upon a fetid black bed of vegetable decay, in December wetting the calf, and in February caked with dry mud. The road hence lay over a succession of gentle ascents and declivities as gentle, clothed mainly with bush, with poor maize and wilted cassava, from which the insipid 'farinha,' which in England is called tapioca, is obtained. Two hours before noon the caravan reached Savi, where a ceremonious entry, with pipe and tabor and dancing, had to be made. Savi is a mean-looking place, apparently of no importance, but was once the capital of the kingdom of Whydah, important enough to maintain an army of 200,000 men (*i.e.*, possessing a population containing males of from 18 to 50 equal to that number), and rich enough to 'dash' half a hundredweight of gold to Captain, afterwards Sir Challoner, Ogle for capturing off Cape Lopez, and duly hanging, the pirate Roberts. The reception of the Mission at this place was, in its way, interesting, but as the same thing was repeated at every one of the more important villages on the road, where even only two dancers could be mustered, the proceedings must in time have become rather monotonous. 'Advancing in our hammocks,' says Burton, 'which were preceded by men capering, firing and shouting songs of welcome, we saw the Caboceer Akponi prepared to receive us in state under the rugged ficus in front of the town. Shaded by a tattered and battered old white calico umbrella, he sat upon a tall Gold Coast stool, with a smaller edition cut out of the same block supporting his naked feet. He was a quiet-looking senior in a striped waist-cloth, a single blue Popo bead, strung with a human incisor to a thread—a Chiefly decoration—represented the rest of his toilette. Our seats were ranged opposite the Caboceer—mine in the centre, Mr. Cruickshank's on

the right, the Yewe-no (godfather, or fetish man) on the left, and the rest anywhere. After greetings and compliments ensued a ceremony never afterwards neglected, the "King's wife" was whispered by the chief, and frequently she returned with a large calabash, covered by a drinking cup of the same material, full of pure water. (Water, it should be remarked, is extremely bad and dear on this road.) De-Adan-de (the "valiant," in Dahomé) explained to the interpreter who reported to us, that this luxury was sent to wash our mouths and to cool our hearts after our march. The officer first tasted it, and we all followed his example. The scenium, or forest-gift, was next placed before us. It varied with the wealth of the place. In a thriving town it consisted of a huge pot of water, a calabash of poor palm-oil, and a bowl of purer stuff, baskets of oranges and papaws, boiled maize, beans and yams, cooked manioc, "akasan" (a sort of blancmange of maize), wrapped in leaves, "cankey," "agidi" (other preparations of maize), "fufu" (mashed yam), and a very tasty pudding called "woo" (a sort of hasty pudding, which Burton describes as 'by no means unpalatable'). A chicken, a fowl, or a goat, denote a rich man. Where the king has palaces the wives forward dishes of palaver sauce, stews of pork and poultry rich with the Occro (gumbo), and similar savoury dishes. The return was rum or gin. Owing, however, to the carelessness of So-Kun, our boxes were hurried forwards, and we were obliged to borrow liquor on the road. The guides expect a glass every morning and evening when they come to salute, and the hammock men also have a ration of rum. So So-Kun's hours were duly made bitter.

After the offering was given and acknowledged the dance began. As at Whydah, most of the fighting men had gone to the capital for the annual "Custom," and the largest number found in any village on the route was

sixteen. Dressed in war tunics, and armed with muskets, they were aligned by the master of the ceremonies, horse-tail in hand, opposite the band, which consisted of the usual chingufu, or cymbals, horns, rattles and drums. The latter in a full band comprises the "grand caisse," supported between the performer's legs, and beaten with two clubs a foot-and-a-half long; the treble to this bass is a tom-tom, or tabor, suspended to the musician's neck, and tapped with the hand palm. There is also a connecting link between the two, a drum four to five feet long, by one in diameter, open behind, and supported on bamboo trestles. The head is smeared with *awon*, the gum of a tree, and it is operated upon by means of a stick in the right hand, and in the other a dwarf rattan bow with a leathern thong, the part applied. . . . The twelve warriors carried us back to the days of the Curetes. They began with the "agility dance," all advancing in line. Then one would spring to the fore, paddling, stamping, agitating the lower part of his person; above, jerking his elbows as if he wished to make the bones dash together, and pirouetting with legs far apart, one raised, and after the turning brought down to the ground, not on toe-tip, but on the whole length and breadth of the vasty sole, he would call forth the general applause of the lookers-on, who clapped with their palms time for the band, and humoured the whims of the performer. When perspiration made every coat shine like a sea-lion's hide the men stood, and the women sat, to sing the chorus, which was

'The flesh liveth not without the bone.'

'This part was worthy of the Italian Opera. There was the same time-honoured action, the same meaningless head-shaking of the artists when addressing one another about nothing, the identical extending and waving the

right arm to no purpose, and the veritable Shakespeare old stride and stand—as if human being out of Bedlam ever progressed in that way. All was professional as a chorus of peasants in "Sonnambula."'

Then followed a certain amount of speechifying, in the course of which the Caboceer made a variety of remarkably ridiculous professions of his love for, and devotion to, the Akhoso Jono—the king's friends. Then came more dancing, and the festivities would doubtless have continued all day had not Burton pleaded the heat of the sun as an excuse for retiring to breakfast. As afternoon drew on the road was resumed under the escort of the Caboceer and his musketeers, and in the evening, after a weary up-hill tramp, partly through a swamp, they arrived at Toli—the end of their day's journey—where they were received with similar demonstrations, and where they spent the night. The evening dance was the gayest Burton saw during his journey; the girls were numerous, and far from bad-looking, from the African point of view, and the good humour of the people was contagious. 'The crisis was when double flasks of gin were presented to the *danseurs* and the *danseuses*,' and the row became so deafening, as usual in Africa, as to necessitate retirement. The journey recommenced at sunrise, and the caravan had scarcely got fairly started on its way when it was stopped by 'four fetish-men drumming, singing, and capering in the raw clammy air;' the exercise appeared as inappropriate to the hour as that 'dawn wine' of which the Persian poets sing so lovingly. The road became more picturesque, and at the end of the normal stage—six miles—Azohwe, the next halting-place, was reached. There was the usual drumming, dancing, and wasting of powder, and after breakfast and a siesta the journey was continued through a lane of shrubbery gay with flowers of the brightest hues, and swarming with the most lovely butterflies of every hue and form. Of these

insects Burton remarks that 'the animal which typifies the human animula acquires strange bad habits in these lands: no one would sing, "I'd be a butterfly" after disturbing one of its repasts,' from which it may be gathered that these beautiful creatures are in Africa subjects of Baal-zebub, 'Lord of the flies, and of the foul things on which flies feed.'

The night was passed at Allada, one of the towns where the king has a palace, with an assortment of wives and female slaves, and of course closed to the rest of the world. Royal permission is necessary to enable the traveller to visit it, and if any independent traveller were to ask, it would probably be refused. Burton, in his ambassadorial character, had, of course, no difficulty. Here he received the final assurance that the whole of his baggage, including all that was necessary for provision on the way, had, by the cupidity, or worse, of his English guide, been sent on to Agbomé. On the following morning the journey was resumed, a halt being made at Henvi, where the first detachment of the Amazons made their appearance, four women armed with muskets, habited in tunics and white skull caps, with two blue patches meant for crocodiles. They were commanded by 'an old woman in a man's straw hat, a green waistcoat, a white shirt put on like the breeches of the good King Dagobert—*à l'envers*—a blue waist-cloth, and a dash of white calico. The virago directed the dance and song with an ironed ferule, and her head was shaded by way of umbrella, with a peculiar shrub called on the Gold Coast "God's Tree."' The sexes here, as Mr. Winwood Reade has noted in another part of savage Africa, appear to exchange attributes. 'Two of the women dancers were of abnormal size, nearly six feet tall, and of proportional breadth, while generally the men were smooth, full breasted, round-limbed, and effeminate-looking. Such, on the other hand, was the size of the female skeleton, and the muscular

development of the frame, that in many cases feminity could be detected only by the bosom. In the Bonny River,' Burton adds in a footnote, 'the women appear to me larger than the men.' With their physical superiority, however, their qualifications end. 'They are the domestic servants, the ploughboys and the porters and Gallegos, the field hands and market cattle of the nation—why should they not also be soldiers? In other matters they are by no means companions meet for men: the latter show a dawn of the intellectual, while the former is purely animal —bestial.'

At Whe-gbo, the next halting-place, the usual dancing was indulged in, the war-chief, Suzaken, who danced at the head of half-a-dozen of his men, waxing inordinately fierce, but subsiding as soon as the dance was done into the usual servile and timid "nigger," in which state, however, he boasted that he would be in Abeokuta within the next month. A day's march through a dismal forest brought the mission to Wandonun, the half-way house between Whydah and Agbome. It was a dismal place in a hollow of the hills, and surrounded by a kind of marsh, which, however, never floods the town. The usual dancing—surely the greatest infliction a weary traveller ever had to endure—was indulged in: Burton and his companions looked on for half-an-hour, and then took to the road again. Another hour placed them at Aiveji ("on the red ground," so called because of the change in the colour of the soil), where more drinking and more dancing awaited them, from which, however, they contrived to escape; passing on to Agrime, the end of the stage—a place remarkable as the end of the "false coast" of Africa, and the beginning of the "true." The region of dunes and morasses disappears, and a regular and northerly inclination sets in. As night closed in, the reality of the change became evident—the travellers felt that they were ap-

proaching the comparative civilisation of the interior, after the unmitigated savagery of the filthy and depraved sea-board.

On Friday, the 18th, the royal messengers, or escort, arrived, with all the pomp and panoply of war after the Dahoman fashion. Chairs were set for Burton and his friends outside the so-called palace, and a rush of warriors filled the open space, four-score of "war men," headed by a flag-bearer with a calico rag emblazoned with a preposterous blue anchor. The rear was brought up by 'two neat kettle-drums,' and all sang the loudest chants. 'They saluted us by circumambulating the central tree, defiling before us from the left with right shoulders forward, jumping, springing, pretending to fire their weapons and imitating all the action of an attack.' While this was going on food was brought in, and behind the soldiers appeared 'seven married men preceded by a white calico-covered object which, borne conspicuously aloft on a carrier's head, announced itself as an old friend, the venerable liqueur case of former days. Its damaged front and broken legs would disgrace an English pot-house, but it has been the pride and ornament of the Dahoman Court for the last half century.' Other officials followed; the king's canes were produced from their sheaths and were handled by Burton whilst the messengers prostrated. When the liqueur case was opened four bottles were revealed containing respectively water, trade gin, muscadel wine, and bad Portuguese rum. Burton disregarded the Dahoman etiquette, which is to drink thrice of different liquors, and addicted himself to the muscadel as the least dangerous of the compounds. His followers, however, made up for his want of appreciation of liquor and speedily finished the allowance. Then came the king's dole of food—five calabashes of stews and vegetables and a single pot of fair water. The caravan numbered about 100: there was provision for about half that number.

The result was something like a scramble, in which the missionary youths greatly distinguished themselves.

The cavalcade moved on when all was over, through a beautiful country and under a darkening sky, and in the course of the night it arrived at Kana, practically the end of the journey. After crossing a valley the travellers arrived at Logozokpota—the Tortoise rise—a ruined village which the king visits before beginning his campaigns, and which it was necessary to salute with five muskets. Just beyond the roads diverged somewhat. Two of them lead N.N.W. to the town, the south-eastern being in the direction of the king's drinking-water 'called Hanan,' the rivulet which supplies it falling easterly towards the Denham Lake. 'This streamlet,' says Burton, 'is said to supply during the dry season all Kana. It is visited throughout the night by the humbler classes. At earliest dawn the women slaves of the palace (*i.e.* the slaves of the Amazons) who are shut up during the hours of darkness, wend their way in long lines, carrying huge pots on their heads. They claim the road, which is consequently provided with a number of foot made off-sets. At the words "Gan-ja!"—"the bell orders!"—even if it is tinkled by a slave girl-child four years old, the native must throw himself into the bush, that is to say, out of the road and await with averted face till the long train has passed. If a palace water-pot be broken, the nearest male would be accused and would get into trouble. When out shooting in the morning we were often called to by these slaves telling us not to startle them. The Dahoman officials show their loyalty by "clearing out" as far and as fast as possible. If a stranger does only what is strictly necessary, one woman will say, "He is a white, and knows no better!" and the other will reply, "And has he no law in his own land?" The lower, the older and the uglier the slave girls are, the louder and longer they tinkle—which is natural—and almost all of

them seemed to enjoy the ignoble scamper of our interpreters and hammock men, whom the old women order to look the other way. At times men and boy carriers for the palace, known by their switches, arrogate to themselves the same right. This is one of the greatest nuisances in Dahomé: it continues throughout the day; in some parts, as around the palace, half a mile an hour would be full speed, and to make way for these animals of burden, bought perhaps for a few pence, is, to say the least of it, by no means decorous.'

Somewhere or other Burton recalls the old story of the man who expressed a doubt as to whether it would be possible to waltz from Dan to Beersheba, and recommends any one who is ambitious of performing such a feat to go to Dahomé. Dancing and singing seem indeed to be the normal condition of this people, whose lives, passed under a grinding despotism of lust and cruelty, are enlivened chiefly by singing and dancing in quantity sufficient to satiate even the most exigent of the composers of those portentous inanities the modern Opéras Comiques. The entrance to Kana was accompanied by this kind of thing in any quantity, but at the end of the journey a disagreeable surprise awaited the Mission. After all the drumming and dancing which they had endured, Burton and his companions naturally looked forward to a wholesome reception, and an installation in the comfortable hall and superior establishment of the Lieutenant-Governor of Whydah. Instead, they were carried off to the far less comfortable quarters of Buko-no, the so-called English landlord. Remonstrance was met with the usual African "put off," and they were compelled much against their wish to be sacrificed on the altar of "dirty pelf." On this subject Mr. Duncan remarks that the African people are devoid of both sympathy and gratitude, even in their own families, so that even "the poor horse is not held in half so

much esteem as the swine, because they cannot eat it." Burton confirms this view of African nature in many places —never more than on this occasion. 'I have heard and read much of African hospitality,' he says, 'but I have never seen a trace of it in the true Hamite. He will take you into his hut, and will even quarrel with you if you pass him unvisited: he will supply you with food, and will assure you that you are monarch of all you survey. But it is all a sham: he expects a recompense in double and treble, and if he does not obtain it, his rudeness will be that of the savage *gratté*. The self-called "civilised" negro, like the *emancipados* of S'a Leone and Fernando Po, admit you into their houses, and keep you there as at an inn: they would be equally hurt and offended by your calling for the bill, and by your forgetting to pay exorbitantly, but indirectly. The fact is they would combine the praise of hospitality with more solid advantages; and they do so with the transparent cunning of children.' To this it may be added that the "noble savage" never did and never could exist. He was one of the shams of the eighteenth century, invented by Mr. Pope (together with a few other equally genteel and equally mischievous figments), and adopted by the pseudo-philosophical writers of the last three decades of that century to whom the world has been indebted for sundry other literary blessings such as that 'Fool of Quality,' which excited so much of Kingsley's admiration, 'Sandford and Merton,' some of Cowper's worst poems, Mr. R. L. Edgeworth's lucubrations and some other literary treasures now happily swallowed up in oblivion. With them it may be hoped that the "noble savage" will be speedily engulphed for ever. If he is, nobody will have helped in the work more satisfactorily than plain-spoken Richard Burton.

At Kana—otherwise, though less correctly written Cannah, or Canah, there was nothing to see and less to do. It was,

therefore, with something almost approaching satisfaction that the Mission prepared itself for 'the penance of reception.' On Saturday, the 19th of December (an Ember Day, as Burton grimly remarks), the ceremonies began with a visit from the king's medicine-man, Bukosno Uro, who came charged with all manner of civilities, with messages of inquiry as to the health of everybody, from the sovereign down to the humblest member of the Embassy. The real meaning of his visit soon peeped out however. The Minister wanted to know what presents Burton had brought with him, especially whether the carriage and pair above referred to were on their way. Of course he was disappointed, but he let matters rest and, by way of proving his friendship, announced that the reception of the Mission would take place on the next day, and that even before presentation the members of the Mission were at liberty to move about as they pleased, which, as Kana is "country quarters," meant nothing at all, save a piece of official insolence, visitors not being subjected to the kind of state imprisonment to which they have to submit at Agbome. It may be noted here once for all that African officialism, especially in Dahomé, is even more offensive and more intrusive than in so-called civilised regions, and that these black savages take an especial delight in showing their power and authority in sight of the people by such things as hurrying strangers as much as possible, and then keeping them sitting for a few hours in the open air in front of a mud-wall, called by courtesy a "palace." Something of course must be added, as Burton suggests, for African brain-looseness, which is accountable for the incapacity of those people to reckon alike time and numbers. The stranger has thus to do battle from the first, but even if he takes this line he is under the greatest disadvantages. Even if he should succeed in getting a messenger direct from the king, that personage will have

the same inducements as every one else for making visitors miserable.

On the following morning, So-Kun, the guide, began the usual process of African worrying at 10 A.M. The Mission must start at once: the Mission being sufficiently alive to the necessities of the situation did nothing of the kind, and waited until 1 P.M., and even then they were an hour too soon. The time was filled up with song and dance: the Mission forming the focus of stare and gaze, and the smaller rabble being as usual conspicuous. Two jesters came up to amuse the strangers, but their tricks were dull and meaningless, and their tumbling rude and indifferent. Presently came a table—once a card table, but now stripped of its baize and veneer, and with its single leg in a singularly smashed and shaky state. Drinks of the usual kind followed—gin and similar trade spirits, sometimes wine, and generally tolerably pure water—to which the guests did justice, vicariously, if not always in person, greatly to the satisfaction of the king. After refreshments, came the procession. First, two umbrellas,* conveying the king's cane, in the hands of Bosu Sau, the king's half-brother. With him, the Mission "snapped fingers," and drank three toasts, beginning with the king's health. A salute was fired; stools were brought in, upon which Bosu Sau and his chiefs took their places, and then the companions, four in number, passed round, each defiling three times in front of the Mission and the representative of the king. The Viceroy of Whydah, about one of the worst specimens of the negro with whom Burton came in contact, followed at the head of a company of dancing soldiers. This man, notorious for his rapacity and cruelty, was at the time of Burton's visit in a chronic state of quarrel with the foreign

* It will be remembered that when Lord Wolseley so very successfully invaded Ashanti, King Koffee Kalcalli's umbrella, made at Manchester, was the principal article of loot.

visitors to Whydah, and when he came to snap fingers with the Mission after his third round 'he attempted, partly in jest, but very much in earnest, to pull its members from their seats.' Such a man is, of course, to be treated in kind, and so accordingly he was. Then came other companies, singers, drummers, bards, and so forth; then nine fancy flags, followed by what Burton rightly calls a 'truly barbarous display, eight human crania dished up on small wooden bowls like bread-plates at the top of very tall poles—a ninth remaining ominously ungarnished.' What follows is characteristic. 'After passing round in review without umbrellas, the musical warriors, who are *preux chevaliers*, and extra doughty worthies, formed line opposite me, and waving their "charis," or fans—horse tails with a man's jawbone above the handle—sung to a pretty tune certain words in my praise:—

"Burton (pronounced Batunu) he hath seen all the world with its kings and caboceers.

"He cometh now to see Dahomé, and he shall see everything here."

They were dressed in rich silks, and eleven of them wore horns. After dancing solos they sat down on our right, where before stood the common herd of gazers, chiefly boys.'

Then, preceded for some unknown reason, by the Union Jack and four other flags, came the Akho-si—king's wife or eunuch—company, with three chiefs, one of whom presented the royal stick; whereupon Burton arose and drank the king's health, and was then informed that the chief eunuch, the principal palace dignitary, had been commissioned to 'guide his steps.' The rest of the pageant was a rapid march round of the *corps d'élite*, which lasted until 2 P.M., when the Viceroy of Whydah again came up, shook hands, or rather snapped fingers, and preceded by the most numerous of his companies set out palacewards, leaving the

Mission to follow at leisure. Burton's own procession was less imposing. 'All our party,' he says, 'then formed file, led by the youth Bu-Ko carrying the king's cane, which had reached us at Whydah, by So-Kun the English guide, and by the solemn eunuch De-adán-de. Mr. Hilton preceded the hammocks with the flag of St. George, followed by the Reverend Bernasco, supported on both sides by Beccham and Valentine. I went next, with my armed Krumen in bright caps and "Pagnos;" behind me was Mr. Cruickshank, then Governor Mark, and lastly the boy Tom.' The distance to be traversed was a quarter of an hour in hammocks—roughly about 1200 yards, but the different interruptions multiplied it by three. At every 100 yards a 3-pounder ship's swivel gun fired a blank shot, and was carried on the shoulders of a porter to the next station. Presently the palace was reached—a swish (*i.e.* mud) wall of five courses, about 20 feet high, of an irregular square, or broken oblong in shape, and large enough to contain the wives, soldieresses, and female slaves. The "palace" itself Burton found to be a monument of barbarism of the most pronounced kind—a cluster of barn-like houses, with walls four feet high and thatched roofs, lofty enough to form a second story. There are ten gates, outside each of which are two stunted and pollarded trees with often a pole connecting them and forming a gallows from which Fetish calabashes and other matters depend. Each tree has also its bundle of Fetish sticks, truncheons three or four feet long striped or spotted, and in appearance much like an English barber's pole.

A few minutes more brought the mission to the Akoreha, or Eastern market, where were a number of Fetish men and holy men in decent garb, 'petticoated to the ankles,' says Burton, 'and distinguished by flowers in the hair, and long necklaces of cowries.' Amidst great cheering the procession made the circuit of the "palace," and arrived at the

western market, where is another entrance to the palace, where troops were going through certain evolutions, the most remarkable characteristic of which was their extreme noisiness. The Mission once more mounted the hammocks, and were carried thrice round the market-place, each time stopping to salute the palace-gate. At 2.45, after the third perambulation, they retired about a hundred yards, and facing eastward sat down until summoned to the king's presence. The heat and dust were excessive and annoying in the extreme, but both had to be endured for half-an-hour, when a silver bell and pair of horns hurried up with a signal for advance. This person was the chief eunuch—the fourth person in the kingdom under the sovereign—very much like a withered old woman in appearance, and with a peculiarly baboon-like face. Silver-Bell was another personal attendant of the king—chief of the huissiers, and charged with the inspection of the guard at the palace gates, and having round his neck a silver bell with which to proclaim silence when the king speaks. He also precedes the royal steps, and removes any sticks or stones likely to offend.

Under the escort of these two dignitaries Burton and his companions entered the royal gates, first removing their swords and closing their umbrellas, which may not appear before the king. Then hurrying across the nearer half of the palace yard the Mission was halted at a circle of pure white sand, where the ministers prostrated themselves, and Burton and his companions doffed caps and bowed forward several times in the direction of a figure sitting in the shadow of the thatch. After this preliminary salutation the visitors were made to advance very slowly, the ministers bending almost double, and indulging in a long drawn a-a-a-a to warn the Court that others were approaching besides inmates of the palace. A few steps more brought Burton and his companions close to the king—Gelele, otherwise

Dahomé Dadda—the grandfather of Dahomé. He was then (1863) in the prime of life, a king of (negro) men, without tenderness of heart, or weakness of head; tall, athletic, lithe, agile, thin flanked and broad shouldered, with muscular limbs, well-turned wrists, and neat ankles, but with the characteristic "cucumber shin." His nails are allowed to grow to mandarin length. 'The African King,' says Burton, 'must show that he is an eater of meat, not of "monkey's food"'—fruits and vegetables. Moreover, talons are useful amongst ragoûts in lands where no man has yet been called *furcifer*. His dress was simple—a short cylindrical straw-hat, a Bo-fetish against sickness, in the shape of a human incisor, and a single Popo bead was strung round his neck; a small iron ring on his right arm; four or five rings of the same kind on the left arm—worn apparently by way of armour—a body cloth of fine white stuff with a narrow edging of watered green silk, a pair of drawers of purple flowered silk, and scarlet sandals embroidered with gold. He was smoking a long silver-mounted pipe, and sat in the midst of a semi-circle of unarmed native women, his wives; the Amazons were behind and about, and through the open entrance slave girls peeped in. Burton records with regret that amongst all these women he saw not one pretty face. The women atoned for their ugliness, however, by their devotion to their lord and master. 'If perspiration appears upon the royal brow it is instantly removed with the softest cloth by the gentlest hands; if the royal dress be disarranged it is at once adjusted; if the royal lips move a plated spittoon is moved within a convenient distance; if the king sneezes, all present touch the ground with their foreheads; if he drinks, every lip utters an exclamation of blessing.'

Through a lane of squatting Amazons, Burton was marched by his sponsors up to the throne of this potentate, who, after the usual fourfold bowings and hand-wavings,

tucked in his toga with the help of his wives, donned his slippers, and descended from his *estrade* to shake hands *à la* John Bull with his visitors. Then, still holding Burton by the hand, he deluged him with enquiries concerning the Queen, the Ministers, and the people of England; asked after Commodore Wilmot, Captain Luce and Dr. Haran, his last year's guests, complimented Burton especially; offered civilities to Mr. Cruickshank, and greeted the Reverend Bernasco as an old friend. The usual ceremonial drinking followed. Africa, and especially Dahomé, are still in the state in which certain towns in the North of England were until within a very recent period—no business, that is to say, can be completed without a solemn and a ceremonious drink. In dealing with negro potentates, however, there is an essential difference from all other imbibitions. The white man may be looked upon by all, but in Dahomé, after bowing and touching glasses, 'the king suddenly wheeled round, whilst two wives stretched a white calico cloth by way of a screen before him, and another pair opened small and gaudy parasols, so as completely to conceal his figure from our gaze. There was a prodigious outburst of noise. Guns were fired, "Amazons" tinkled bells, and sprang Kra-Kra or watchmen's rattles, ministers bent to the ground, clapping their palms, and commoners bawled "Po-o-o" (*i.e.* "Bleo!"—Take it easy!), cowering to avoid the dread sight, turning their backs if sitting, and if standing they danced like bears, or they paddled their hands like the four-feet of a swimming dog. We were not expected to move.' The explanation of all this ceremonial is partly the dignity of the sovereign, and partly a belief that people are most accessible to the attacks of witchcraft when drinking. After the toasts, salutes were fired—for royalty, for the commodore, and for Burton. To him, however, they gave only nine guns—a slight to which he at once objected, peremptorily insisting upon the same number

as his predecessors. When the interpreter could at last be persuaded to interpret, the king at once apologized, and ordered the additional two guns to be fired. When that had been done, another deputation came forward to have audience, and the Englishmen retired to the back of the Court, where 'comfortably established,' says Burton, 'under the gorgeous tent canopy, called in Ashanti and Dahomé an umbrella, I produced my adversaria and sketch books. The king is always pleased to see this . . . without the aid of writing, it would be impossible to remember half the complications which occur during these receptions. More than once in after times, the king sent out to me his compliments and thanks, telling me that no white man had ever before taken so much trouble, and that everything should be shown to me.'

After the reception of Burton, the Moslem envoys from Porto Novo were introduced. They resembled Bambarra men, one, however, being as fair as an Arab, and in their white turbans, over tall red caps, large broad trousers, and the "Guinea fowl" embroidered robe of Yoruba, they seem to have presented a very dignified and imposing contrast to the vulgar savages, as one cannot but think them, to whom they were accredited. One of the Alŭfá, then standing in the "prayer position," with uplifted hands, recited long and fluent orisons, concluding, as is usual, with stroking the face. The "introducer" repeated everything gravely to the king, imitating even the Moslem gestures, and 'although the Moslem countenance expressed some awe at the apparatus in the palace, it well maintained before this heathenry the dignity of the Safe Faith.' That dignity seems to have impressed even Gelele. One of the Dakro women brought in due form a welcome from the king to his brother's envoys. There was a good deal of ceremony —that of the drink not being omitted—but the Moslems were allowed to escape the penalty of drinking trade rum

and gin, and were let off with fair water. Two bottles of rum were, however, served out to the Kafirs, their porters, and five baskets of food to the whole party. After the usual dancing and flourishing—there are pages innumerable of Burton's writing, which read almost like a description of the rehearsal of a comic opera—Gelele sent a message to the Gau or male commander-in-chief, declaring that this year Abeokuta must be taken. The Gau—a tall old man—stood up, and swore that his master's will should be obeyed. The oath was repeated by his subordinate, and Burton was appealed to. He wisely temporised, replying that Understone (Abeokuta) 'had long ceased friendship with the white-man.' Then followed a long argument—or rather palaver—and a sort of review of the Amazons, all being designed to prove the determination of the king to attack Abeokuta at the first opportunity.

All things have an appointed end—even a Dahoman Court reception. At sunset, Burton and his followers were dismissed. 'A Dakro brought us direction to advance, and bid adieu to the king, whilst sundry flasks and decanters of 'tafia and other liquors were distributed in token of dismissal. Approaching the throne we made the usual "compliments." Gelele, wrapping his robe around him, descended from the *estrade*, donned his sandals, and, attended by his umbrella and a large crowd of Kau-ghode's huissiers, bearing lights and links, stalked forth towards the palace-yard gate, with a right kingly stride. Every inequality of ground was smoothed, every stick or stone was pointed out, with finger snappings, lest it might offend the royal toe, and a running accompaniment of "Dadda! Dadda!" (Grandfather), and of "Dedde! Dedde!" (softly) was kept up. Passing out of the gate we found a swarming of negroes, whose hum during the whole audience had been heard inside the palace. They buzzed about like excited hornets. I know not if the manœuvre was done purposely

to exaggerate the semblance of a multitude, but I can answer that it was a success.' The king went with the Mission for some distance outside the palace, and one of the ministers, in accordance with ancient custom, placed in Burton's hand a number of pieces of potchard, to indicate the return salute which he expected at Whydah. The English house was reached at last, and the "tail" were "liquored up," Burton and his companions being only too thankful to find themselves in comparative solitude. His reflections on the events of the day deserve quotation:—

'On such occasions the pageantry of African Courts is to be compared with that of Europe, proportionately with the national state of progress. But it is evidently the result of long studious practice. Everything goes by clockwork; the most intricate etiquette proceeds without halt or mistake; and it ever superadds the element Terror, whose absence in civilised countries often converts ceremonial to a something silly. As, however, the reader has been warned, he has seen the best. The outside displays are wretched. Misery mixes with magnificence, ragged beggars, and naked boys jostle Jewish chiefs, and velvet-clad Amazons; whilst the real negro grotesqueness like bad perspective injures the whole picture.'

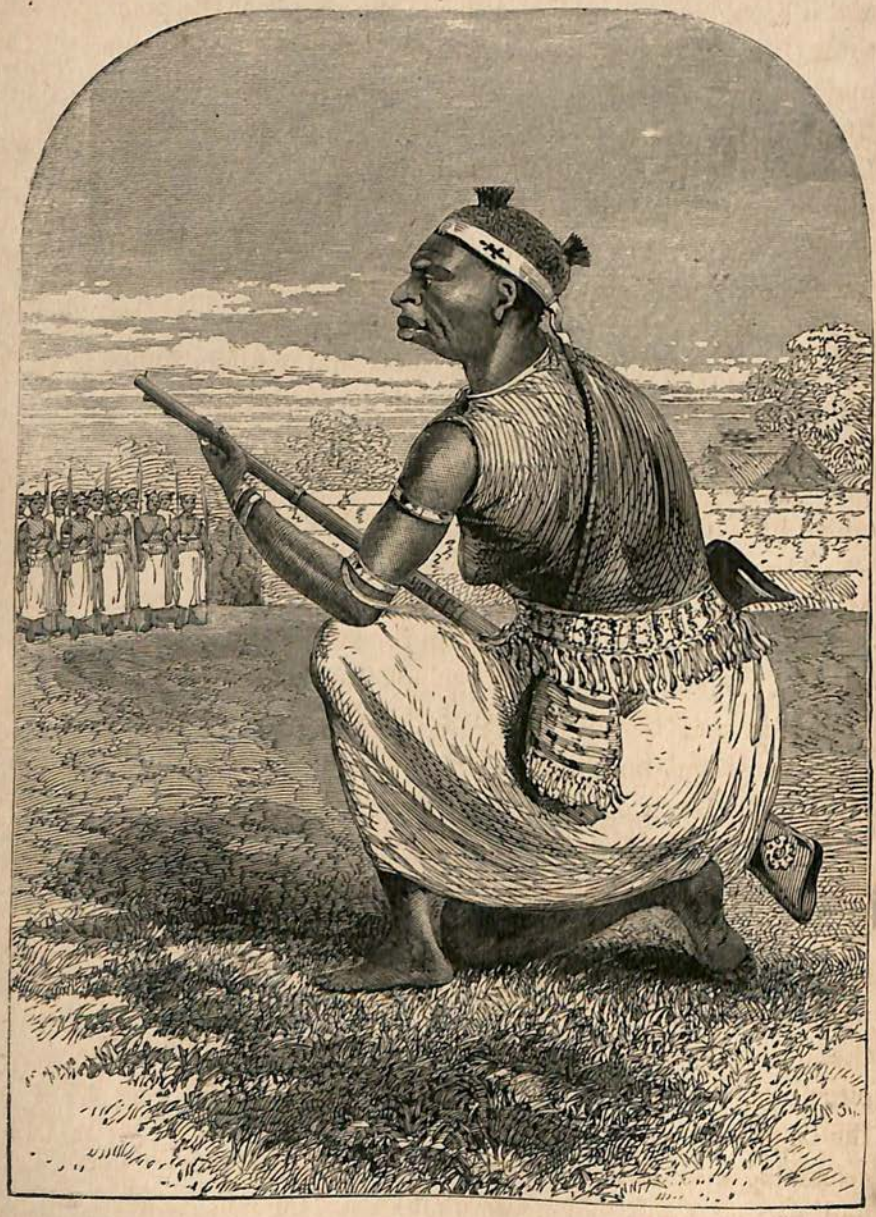
In the afternoon of the following day, Sunday, 20th of December, a start from the English house was effected. Sundry boxes were perforce left behind, owing to the desertion of the carriers, and the journey was not made without difficulty, the constant tinkling of the bells warning the bearers to disappear into the bush every five minutes to make way for some of the slaves of the Court. The procession was hardly imposing, and, indeed, it would be hard to make anything very impressive out of a group of hammocks, and a number of more or less elderly negroes bestriding ponies, almost hidden from sight by barbarous housings, and held on by attendants walking by their side.

The road was, however, pleasant; and as it was a royal route, it was kept carefully clear of grass. It is curious to remark that the Africans, habituated to marching in Indian file, have worn in this road "single paths like sheep tracks." Native habits, customs and prejudices will evidently have to be changed very materially before Mr. Stanley's Congo Valley railway emerges from the condition of a dream. At present 'it is a study of the national character to see each following his neighbour in goose line down a road upon which four coaches could be driven abreast.' An hour of slow marching along this road, during which time many interesting Fetish places were passed, brought the travellers to the Adan-we-Palace, where the king usually sleeps on his way from Kana to the capital, and after a further march they arrived at Agbome—a metropolis surrounded by a wall, pierced with two gates, one for the king, the other for the *profanum vulgus*. On entering at the latter, Burton and his companions had to leave their hammocks, and furl their umbrellas, while their attendants bared their shoulders and removed their hats, as if the town were part of the king's palace.

Within was the palace itself—a rude, ragged, enormous *enceinte* of mud walls, broken windows and thatched sheds, shored up at both ends. The Bukono wanted Burton to descend here, but, having learned his ceremonial by heart, he simply refused, having afterwards the satisfaction of finding that the order that he should do so, was a piece of pure impertinence on the part of his guide. At last the Bukono's establishment was reached—a filthy den like a huge cowhouse, where privacy was absolutely impossible, and from which nothing could be seen but tall red walls and a dreary monotony of thatch. 'Our lodging,' says Burton, 'was a barn 45 feet long, by 27 feet deep. A thick thatch, like the East Indian chappar, descended within 450 feet of the ground, and rested on a double line of strong posts

buried in the earth. The north-eastern angle of the roof formed a kind of false gable, a single pavilion wing like the Kobbi of Abeokuta, here called "Kho-zwe," or house corner. The verandah had an earth step, some eight inches high, to keep out the rain, with a descent to the floor of tamped earth. The low ceiling was of rough sticks, plastered like the walls with native whitewash. After the verandah we entered the "hall," an apartment 20 feet by 10. On the left was an *estrade* about 30 inches high, a sleeping platform for domestic servants.' In front was a small room without a window, and insufferably hot until Burton knocked a hole through the two feet of clay which formed the wall, and so turned it into a very tolerable study. The remainder of the house calls for no special description. It must suffice in this place to say that it swarmed with Fetish, all of which Burton promptly turned out—not altogether to the discontent of the "English landlord."

On Monday, December 21st, the king arrived, and the Mission were made for the first and last time the victims of a trick so very African, as to deserve record. Early in the day there was a sound of shouting, firing and so forth, and the Bukono hurried Burton and his companions by every means in his power to prepare for the royal arrival. Their uniforms had not arrived, so that they were compelled to go in evening dress, and during the whole noontide of a hot African day they had to sit with nothing to do but consume drink, which they did not really want, whilst waiting for the arrival of the king. At 3.45 there were signs of life. A long line of flags and umbrellas debouching from the open road marched into the open space in front of the palace, and went on to circle the square for the customary three times. Party after party came on, and at last, preceded by his ministers, and surrounded by a party of some 500 men, the king arrived in a carriage of bygone fashion,



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ONE OF GELELE'S AMAZONS.

an 'antiquated red lined vehicle, a mongrel between a cab and a brougham,' in which he made the circuit of the place three times, the slaves on the last occasion hoisting his majesty and his carriage into the air and carrying both on their shoulders for the fourth circuit. The fourth and fifth were made in a bath chair, the somewhat eccentric gift of some English admirer, and the sixth in the same vehicle carried, not like that in which Mrs. Hore made her famous journey to Lake Tanganyika, slung to a huge bamboo, but on the heads of the porters. When the circuits were completed, the male chiefs and soldiery joined the line of umbrellas on the S.E. of the square, while the king ranged himself and his most gorgeous canopies on the Eastern side to witness the parade of the Amazons, which immediately followed. The first brigade, that of the She-Mingan (the female double of the Mingan or first Minister), with four white umbrellas and two flags, passed partly in parade uniform, partly in brown travelling tunics, with its band in the rear. Then followed the twenty-one umbrellas and the five flags of the She-Nens troop, and lastly the royal body guard, the Fanti, whose skirmishers, powerful young women in high condition, performed with vast agility. Last came the king in a silken hammock borne by twelve women, defended from the sun by three umbrellas, red, yellow and blue, and fanned by three parasols. The rear was brought up by the royal band with two white umbrellas, and by the commissariat with the flags of the after-guard. Four times more did the king make the circuit of this place, and then at last there were signs of the beginning of the end. The old To-nu-nun was seen crouching near Burton's table in a blue cap, blanket jacket and cotton tights, looking more like a "guenon" than a human being. The usual decanters of rum, and small bottles of trade liquors were produced, and, after a salute of blunderbusses, the king retired with his Fantis into the

palace. Burton and his followers also left as soon as the square was clear of women, with the usual regular accompaniment of a Dahoman fête, a splitting headache.

On the day following, the presents were offered, giving as has been already mentioned exceedingly little satisfaction—so little indeed that his majesty did not deign to say "thank you" for any or all of them. On the 28th of the month the annual customs, a combination of carnival, general muster and *lits de justice*, began. The first day was signalized by a discharge of musketry in the early morning and an invitation (equivalent to a command) to the Mission to repair to the palace. The visit was put off as late as was decently possible, and when at last Burton and his companions made their appearance at noon they found the "victim shed," a building in outward aspect not unlike an English village church, stocked with twenty victims, all seated on cage stools bound closely to posts, by ankles, shins and wrists, and each provided with an attendant to keep off the flies. Their confinement was not particularly cruel; they were loosened at night to sleep, and their spirits were kept up by the hope of pardon. Burton especially remarks that the 'dress of these victims was that of state criminals. They wore long white nightcaps, with spirals of blue ribbon sewn on, and calico shirts, of quasi-European cut, decorated round the neck and down the sleeves with red bindings and with a crimson patch on the left breast. The remaining garment was a loin-cloth almost hidden by the *camise*. It was an ominous sight, but at times the king exposes without slaying his victims.' It is perhaps a little singular that he does not notice the curious likeness which exists between the treatment of these unfortunate wretches by Gelele and the dealings of the Portuguese inquisition with their victims in the sixteenth and seventeeth centuries. The sun drove Burton and his companions to take shelter under a shed, while a procession

went by, and then the king came forth once more. After paying respects to his fetish in the middle of the square and shaking hands and snapping fingers with Burton and the rest of the Mission, he returned to his station at the palace gate, and the Amazons after sallying and parading amongst the prostrate men joined him there. Close by his throne was a two-poled tent, containing relics of the late king, and certain persons, including a small black child in red, two women with white caps and vests, and others wholly undistinguishable. The ghost of the late king was supposed to be present, and all paid their respects to him before noticing the living sovereign.

After a while the king came out and stood in the front of his tent with three of his wives holding umbrellas over his head. Having regarded the people for a few moments, Gelele hitched up his body-cloth, and the attendants having procured silence by dint of loud and long cries of "Ago!" and by clashing cymbals, he addressed them in a speech remarkable chiefly for its wealth of words and poverty of meaning. 'His ancestors had built rough and simple So-Sin sheds. His father Gezo had improved them when making customs for the ghost of Agon whoro (Whee noo-hoo). It is good to beget children who can perform such pious rites. Therefore he, Gelele, would do for his sire what he hoped that his son would do for him.' The women placed certain black drums fantastically decorated before him, and handed him four hooked sticks upon which he spat before beating the drums, which he did in the intervals of speaking. When tired with speaking he retired behind a curtain and indulged in copious drinks while his subjects outside went through the usual ceremony. After a rest he came out again with a singer's staff in hand—a stick some two feet long with silver head and ferrule—and proceeded to delight his subjects by singing to them. He was supported by two of the fairest of his harem, and when he

had done, his loyal subjects pointed at him, and declared him "Sweet! sweet! sweet as a white man!" while the crowd below shouted Ububu! (not the Irish "Hubbaboo," of course), a noise expressive of wonder and delight, and made by patting the mouth with the hands.

After a ceremony of peculiar nastiness which need not be particularly described, he was "rubbed down" by his wives and then proceeded to dance in six different measures, six of his wives dancing with him. Certain decorations were then given away, and certain promotions made; processions of the widows of his deceased subjects, their children and their slaves, carrying their chattels and portable property, all, nominally at least, the property of the king. The ceremonies ended with sunset, when the king approached, saluted and showed the rum for the hammock men, and the provisions for Burton and his companions, winding up by informing them that they would be expected to dance, sing, and drum with the king.* Burton and Dr. Cruickshank consented, knowing it to be the custom, but they had to beg Mr. Bernasco off the two former displays as unbecoming his Wesleyan cloth. After this they were allowed to leave, but the rum and the provisions sent to them kept the house in a tumult during the greater part of the night. In the course of the evening Burton sent a second message to Prince Chyundaton, officially objecting to be present at

* I must note that the most absurd *tapage* was made about this dancing by the Innocents at Home. The late Sir Francis Baring actually spoke of it in the House of Commons. In the first place, Commodore Wilmot had set the example of dancing with the king, and for Burton to have refused would have appeared as incomprehensible as uncourteous; but Burton went upon a higher principle. He was formally accredited to the King of Dahomé, and on public occasions he was resolved to act as he should if he were sent to a European potentate; and when he frankly described the scene in his 'Mission to Dahomé,' he simply acted upon his usual principle—he knew that he was right, and he left the world to think and say what it pleased.

any human sacrifice. The answer was satisfactory. His presence would not be expected; many of the victims would be released, and those put to death would be only the worst of criminals and malignant war captives. The 29th was a *dies non.* The bad water had affected the Mission, and all its members were more or less ill. In the afternoon of the following day, however, there was a grand display of the king's treasures, after which the king himself made a state entry, differing in many matters of detail from that of the preceding, and after sundry ceremonies once more danced before his admiring subjects. After drinking rum from a brass cup fixed in the skull of one of his enemies—one of three with which he played a variety of foolish antics—he renewed his dancing, and did not tire until he had performed thirty-two times. Having then done enough for the day, he sent down decanters of rum to his visitors, and having changed his dress and shaken hands with the English Mission retired with his wives and Amazons.

It is unnecessary to recall the various incidents of those successive days of festivity. One day was very much like another, and the poverty of invention and general childishness of the African mind are conspicuous throughout. Another feature is also unpleasantly visible—the essential bestiality of the savage mind, concerning which Burton is laudably reticent, though he says enough to indicate to those who can read between the lines something of the true state of affairs—and this was made painfully visible on the third day of the king's customs. The only other incidents to distinguish this day from others were, first, the distribution of cowries to be scrambled for by the king's subjects; secondly, the pardon of about half the men in the victim-shed at Burton's intercession; and lastly, an address from the Min-gan, whose 'beard and hair were brick-red with dust,' and who 'uttered a long, dreary, drowsy speech.' On

the day following came the ceremony of "loosing horses," which was accompanied by a lot of speechifying, chiefly devoted to the informal declaration of further war against Abeokuta, ending with a great procession of women. The night of that day was the "evil night," when the execution took place. Concerning the subject of man-killing (Men-huwu), usually called human sacrifice, there is, according to Burton, a great deal of misrepresentation and misunderstanding. 'It is,' he says, 'by no means done to "keep up the good old customs of the country"'—as the *Saturday Review* rather incautiously phrased it in an article already adverted to in these pages—nor is the object to 'offer a valuable and acceptable present to Heaven.' Still less is it 'penance or self-deprivation, done because the thing parted with is precious or coveted.' Nor does the king sanction the killing out of any special cruelty or thirst for blood. The whole matter has been absurdly exaggerated. 'The 2000 killed in one day, the canoe paddled in a pool of gore, and other grisly nursery tales, must be derived from Whydah, where the slave-traders invented them, probably to deter Englishmen from visiting the king.' Human sacrifice in Dahomé is, in short, a matter of religion, and is designed to provide in Deadland for the needs of the departed sovereigns of the country. So far, all is in accord with savage nature, and so perfectly intelligible. Burton will probably find, however, very few who will accept his defence of the Dahoman massacres on the ground that England hanged the five murderous pirates of the "Flowery Land" in one day at Newgate, or strung up four murderers at once in Liverpool.

Although, however, the Dahoman Customs have been greatly exaggerated, and admit some little palliation, Burton asserts that the annual destruction of life is terribly great. Whatever incident may happen in the course of the king's existence—the invention of a new drum, the visit of a

white stranger, the birth of a child—must be reported to the king's father in Kutomen or Deadland by a slave who is killed for the purpose. Bad though things are in Dahomé, however, they are said to have been even worse in Ashanti, and even in Mr. Kingsley's 'Christian Abeokuta.' And in Dahomé there is some hope that things may mend—though not a very sanguine one. The only improvement when Burton went was that the executions were conducted in private, and that the king respected his instructions to refrain from being present at them. Early in the morning of the next day—January 2—he was visited by the king's confidant, Prince Chyundaton, who assured him that the persons who had been put to death in the night were, without exception, criminals and prisoners of war. Thus assured, Burton set out for the palace, the approach to which, he says, 'was not pleasant. The north-eastern or market-shed was empty; out of its tenants nine had perished. Four corpses, attired in the criminal's shirts and nightcaps, were sitting in pairs upon Gold Coast stools, supported by a double-storied scaffold, about forty feet high, of rough beams, two perpendiculars, and as many connecting horizontals. At a little distance on a similar erection, but made for half the number, were two victims, one above the other. Between these substantial affairs was a gallows of thin posts some thirty feet tall, with a single victim hanging by his heels head downwards. Lastly, planted close to the path, was a *patibulum* for two, dangling side by side. Fine cords passed in several coils round the ankles and above the knees, attached them to the cross-bar of the gallows, and the limpness of their limbs showed that the "dear breath" had lately been beaten out of them. There were no signs of violence upon the bodies, which were wholly nude; they had been mutilated after death in respect to the royal wives; and very little blood appeared upon the ground below.' In a footnote Burton adds an expression of his belief that

the men had been done to death by clubbing, as in the old Roman "Ammazzatore." At the south-eastern gate of the Komasi House, where he found twelve recently decapitated heads, each surrounded by a ring of white ashes, the bodies had been removed, so as not to offend the susceptibilities of the king. Within the palace gates were two more, so that Gelele's "evil night" implies the sacrifice of the lives of twenty-three human beings. Elsewhere he gives his readers to understand that for every male life taken outside the *enceinte* of the palace a woman is sacrificed within, so that the tale on this occasion would be forty-six.

The day was one of rejoicing. The time of mourning was past, and festivity was to be the rule. After much preparation a curtain of matting was raised, and the king, escorted by his "leopard wives" and Amazons, made his appearance. 'He was more dressed than usual, in a scull-cap of puce-coloured satin, and a toga of violet silk; a rapier, the gift of Captain Wilmot, was slung to his shoulder by a crimson silk sash, and an ignoble necklace of imitation jewelry lay upon his broad breast; he walked under a red parasol with the usual plated spittoon by his side. To the music of a full band he crossed the court, waiting to return our salutes as we advanced towards him, and entered the tokpon, when its white curtain was removed.' The proceedings of the day were monotonous in the extreme—procession after procession paced round the enclosure with the usual shouting, singing and pantomime. The king's ministers dined in his presence, their food being brought by their wives and slaves in calabashes. The Bukono, who had married a daughter of the Royal House, was served by her in the usual slavish fashion. She was a comely girl of about eighteen, with round arms, well-made hands, and a row of brass and silver circlets like new sixpences about her head. Burton was, however, less

impressed by her than by the meanness and poverty of the whole display. The element of picturesqueness was wholly wanting, except for the presence of the Porto Novo Moslems, whose dresses of snowy white relieved with scarlet made them appear really superior beings. Nor was the impression of poverty removed by the display of the royal treasures later in the day. Of this exhibition Burton says, that 'almost any pawnbroker's shop could boast a collection more costly and less heterogeneous.' Nor does his detailed description contradict his first impression. Three brass, four copper and six iron pots were one item of the show. Eight images, of which three were apparently ships' figure-heads whitewashed, and the rest very hideous efforts of native art, followed. Then came girls carrying cylinders of red and white beads, fetish-pots, jars, a silver-plated urn, half-a-dozen pieces of plate, a silver-mounted ebony box, a big stool, a large calabash, and women without number escorted the Zan-ku-ku, or "place" of the old king, a sort of portable screen covered with work, and carried by armed women. Inside was a large crimson umbrella, but no one is supposed to be aware of the fact. After this part of the procession came 703 women carrying drink—beer made from rice or maize, and trade rum and gin—for distribution in the evening; then more women with horse-tails; girls with platters full of cowries on their heads, and a host of trumpery articles *quæ nunc perscribere longum est.* The royal carriages followed, dragged by men harnessed with ropes; old barouches, landaus, a cab brougham, two American trotting wagons, a sedan chair—in short a list of useless rubbish which fills many closely printed pages. The ceremonial lasted a prodigious time, but everything comes to the man who knows how to wait, and the end at last arrived. A stunning salute of blunderbusses announced the conclusion of the day's rejoicings, and by kind permission of the

king, the Mission were allowed to rest over the next day (Sunday).

On Monday "pleasure" (?) began again—a repetition in the main of the delights of the past week—drumming, singing, shouting, and processionising. On the Tuesday, however, the entertainments were varied, and Burton must here tell his own story:—'The king had repeatedly fixed a day for me to dance before him, and had deferred the operation, probably with the delicate motive of allowing me time to prepare myself for so great an event. Now, however, the hour had come. I collected my party in front of the semicircle of caboceers, gave time to the band, and performed a Hindustani *pas seul*, which elicited violent applause, especially from the king. My companion (Dr. Cruickshank) then danced a Dahoman dance, with Governor Mark as fugleman, and his *disinvoltura* charmed the people. It was then the Reverend's (Bernasco's) turn to perform. He posted himself opposite the throne, placed upon another stool his instrument, a large flutina or concertina, and having preliminarily explained, the "God palaver" bravely intoned his favourite hymns. . . . The people stared and chuckled a little, but—

> "Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
> Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati,
> Injussi nunquam desistant."

The Reverend being in his pulpit, so to speak, gave his listeners a good half hour of edification. When the instrument was mute, the king proposed a modification. The Reverend was to play and sing, whilst Dr. Cruickshank and I must dance as before on both sides. It was almost too ridiculous, but we complied for a short time. My second *pas seul*, which ended the affair, was greeted with firing guns and a presenting arms by all my company, men and women, especially the latter, to whom the salutation had been more particularly directed.' Fastidious Englishmen

might perhaps be disposed to object to the spectacle of an ambassador and a naval surgeon capering to the music evoked from an accordion by a Methodist nigger, but Burton knew the people he had to deal with, and put the top stone on his popularity by showing that he could dance as well as their king, besides doing a host of things, such as writing, drawing and using a sword.

The night was another "Nox iræ." On returning to his quarters in the evening Burton noted the vultures hovering round the gibbets, and in the morning, on his way to the palace entrance, he found that the nine corpses—or rather what was left of them—had been removed and that eight more had taken their places; two of the offenders being, as Burton was told, "laid out" in salt-bags for stealing the king's salt. On the ground, near the palace-entrance, were the heads of four men, thus bringing the total of slain during the So-Kun customs of Agboma to thirty-nine men, not counting the women, slaughtered in the interior of the palace. The performances of the day were a repetition of those of the 2nd of January on a somewhat smaller scale. The day was unutterably wearisome, and the members of the Mission were only too thankful when the approach of night released them. The "pleasure" was renewed on the following day, the time being chiefly spent in listening to the king's vocal exercises, in which he indulged for some hours. A ballet of women followed, and Mr. Bernasco was again called upon to make music for royalty. That was the end. During the night the ghostly tent of the old king and both the victim sheds were removed, the corpses were taken down from the gibbets, and Nature resumed her wonted aspect of loveliness, never and nowhere more conspicuous than in Dahomé.

Before five o'clock on the following morning, Burton and his companions were seated in front of the palace,

where only one minister was waiting to receive them. As each caboceer came up he was received with the tolling of a large bell, brought from Agbomé by Mr. Bernasco, and solemnly presented with a glass of gin. At dawn, the night-guard—two hundred men, who are relieved in the day by the Amazons—issued from the palace, and as each company passed the Mission it halted and discharged guns and blunderbusses, which were responded to from within. At six A.M. Burton and his companions were taken to the palace-gate, and placed in front of all the ministers whom they had outranked by their early rising. When the king arrived at seven o'clock with a knot of Amazons, he paid great compliments to the Englishmen for their punctuality, and though merciful at Burton's intercession to the too tardy caboceers, punished them by ordering them to sleep abroad and by inflicting a fine in rum. After a variety of preliminaries, Burton was called up to the king and 'invested with a handsome cloth of palace manufacture, green, red, and yellow cotton; by formula it is called a counterpane, and the king tells the presentee that it is meant for his bed.' The other members of the Mission were similarly honoured, and after standing bare-headed in the burning sun for half-an-hour, they were permitted to retire. After a while there were other gifts. 'We were presented with twenty heads and as many plates of cowries, with ten bottles of rum from Gelele, to which the mysterious Addo-Kpon added an equal quantity.' I was then paid five heads for dancing—my first fee of the kind—and my companions' salary was similar. Finally, two decanters of rum announced the happy moment of dismissal. But they were not allowed to hurry to their quarters. So-Kun, the English guide, insisted on their marching at a funeral pace by the longest route from the palace to their quarters, in order that the costly gifts of the king might be properly seen and appreciated. It thus came about that noon

arrived before the hungry and wearied envoys were able to break their fast.

Even then but little time of rest was allowed them. At three P.M. came a summons to conclude the festivities of the day. This celebration took the form of a review of the entire available force of Dahomé in heavy marching order. The men came first; then the king; and then his Amazons, the last making a far more soldierly appearance than their brethren in arms. The scene would appear to have been one of unmitigated savagery, and the king something between a mountebank and a madman. The worst was that he compelled his visitors to share in his lunatic performances. Thus, when the Amazons had marched past, the king, who had been mounted on horseback, surrounded by his wives and smoking the inevitable pipe, dismounted and danced to the music of an Amazon band; then mounting again, rode thrice round the market-place, his escort singing and firing. After dancing once more before a circle of armed women, he took a crooked club from his head fetish man, caught Burton by the wrist, and insisted on his treading a measure with him. The Reverend was, as a "God-man," excused, and Mr. Cruickshank was detained at home by a slight fever, so that the burden of the day fell upon the Commissioner. The rest of the proceedings were singularly uninteresting. A hot wind was blowing, raising clouds of dust, and the odours arising from the crowd were not of the most savoury description.

The later proceedings may be briefly summarized. On the 20th of January the Mission was hastily summoned to the palace at two in the afternoon, to witness the reception of the prisoners taken in the expedition of Dahomé's against a neighbouring tribe guilty of communicating with Abeokuta. Four skulls and fourteen prisoners, nine women and four small children were led in and disposed of, the women and children being

sent to the royal harem. Five soldiers, who had failed in their duty, were then brought up and despatched to gaol; certain other ceremonies were gone through, including the sale of the captives, and then followed the usual dancing, and, it being Burton's turn to give bakhshish, he wrote promissory notes for 100 dollars and 50 dollars respectively for the women and the men—the latter having other means of subsistence. A similar scene was enacted on the following day, with the addition of a speech to the king's guards from Burton. On Monday there was a peculiar ceremony. All strangers were summoned to the palace and made to drink with the king, after which guns were fired off, the sound being taken up by men who had been posted along the road, and in this way it was made to reach Whydah in half an hour. On the day following war was finally declared against Abeokuta, by the king sending out a small knapsack-shaped leather case to the Mingan. The climax arrived when a report came from Whydah that the agent for the new company of African merchants (limited) had arrived. The king forthwith proposed to send the Rev. Bernasco down to Whydah to superintend the landing of the goods the king had ordered, leaving Burton and Dr. Cruickshank for a more ceremonious dismissal. It was necessary, therefore, to make a stand, and this Burton did, protesting that if Bernasco went he would go also, even if he had to walk to Whydah. He made also formal complaint of the want of respect with which his instructions had been treated, and that he had been kept for six weeks in Agbome without being able formally to deliver the message from the Queen. Until this was done he refused again to enter the palace. An invitation came a few days later, which he refused. Dr. Cruickshank, however, went with Bernasco, and was told that on the following Saturday Burton would be received, and having delivered his

message would be "passed"—set free, that is to say, to go down to Whydah.

On Friday, an official letter arrived from Commodore Wilmot announcing that a cruiser was waiting for the conveyance of the Mission to the Oil Rivers of the Bight of Biafra. Strong measures thus became necessary, and Burton accordingly had his boxes and bags ostentatiously packed in the compound, while the Reverend Bernasco went to the palace with a message that, unless faith was kept with him he would depart on the following day. The king sent for his ministers, who kept him waiting longer than he approved. When at last they arrived, he scolded them right royally, and ordered his Amazons to drive them from his presence with blows and curses. They cowered at the gate, and the king sent a message of apology to Burton. On the 11th, Mr. Dawson was "passed," and on the same day the "Customs" concluded with a general smash up of everything, crockery, glass and even tables.

Burton naturally expected to be able to conclude matters with the king forthwith, and to return to the coast without further waste of time. Delays of every kind were, however, interposed, until, after waiting for another week, Burton had all but determined to put his threat into execution, and to march down to the coast, using the hammock-men as porters. Suddenly the Buko-no's messenger hurried him and his companions to the palace, where with true negro insolence they were kept waiting in the broiling sunshine from three to six P.M. when at last he was admitted, and, to use a colloquialism, "had it out" with his sable Majesty, who it then appeared was really unaware of the insults and indignities to which the Mission had been subjected during the previous two months. The message was then discussed. The reasons why Commodore Wilmot could not return were explained, and the king was informed that England had determined

to prevent the over-sea slave traffic, and that the United States would not allow their flag to protect live cargo. On this subject, and on the question of human sacrifice, Burton felt his case hopeless; 'it was like talking to the winds.' The offer to allow an English garrison to occupy the fort at Whydah was declined with the polite assurance that the royal protection was all-sufficient. English merchants, too, the king was told, would not settle in Whydah without the inducements of useful commerce, in which case an agent would be appointed to reside at Whydah to act as an organ of communication with the king, and as an aid in carrying out all the views of lawful trade. In a note, Burton expresses his sense of the hopelessness of his task. 'I need hardly add,' he says, 'that the commerce never will become licit, except by force, and that until that time an agent is simply impossible.' It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the palaver. All that need be recorded now is that Burton told the king more plain truth, especially on the subject of his revolting and barbarous customs, than he ever heard in his life before. On the whole, however, the Mission was a failure. 'I was,' says Burton, 'disenchanted by this message scene. The personal courtesies of the king compared badly with his stubborn resolve to ignore, even in the smallest matters, the wishes of her Majesty's Government. Nothing appeared uppermost in his mind but an ignoble greed of presents. Of course his hands were tied in the case of abolishing slave-export and human sacrifice, but he might have offered his minimum. . . . I did not at all join with the Commodore in thinking Gelele's observations, "thoroughly just and honest;" they are mere parrot-like repetitions of a lesson learned from the pro-slavery party nearly a century ago. It presently became apparent that even in the smallest matters, he had as scant a regard for truth as his subjects have. After a long and uninteresting dialogue, in which I told him that my

departure ought to have taken place that night, he swore on the word of a king that I should leave Agbome the next morning, and directed me to "drop that," when a little doubt was expressed touching the "morning." I need hardly say that at the time appointed nothing was ready.' In spite of all, Burton and the king parted on friendly terms, drinking gin and liqueur together, and the king accompanying the Mission some two hundred yards from the palace on the road to their quarters.

It was not until the evening of the second day that the ministers made their appearance with the pass and sundry valueless presents. Those for our Queen, of which Burton was enjoined to be especially careful, were 'a poor counterpane, green and white, woven by the fat hands of the Adanejan; a huge leathern pouch for the Royal tobacco; and a leathern bag to contain a change of loin-cloth, when travelling. Besides, two miserable boys, hideous and half-starved, were sent as table attendants to the palace of St. James's.' The rest of the gifts were of the same class. Burton received a counterpane, a tobacco-bag, and a sharp-looking boy, who was, he was warned, likely to run away, and who did so, by no means to his owner's regret. The intrinsic value of the whole must have been covered several times over by the handsome presents of cloth which the Mission had to send.

The journey back to the coast was comfortless in the extreme. No bearers had been provided, in spite of the express orders of the king, and when the time for departure came the men were drinking the king's rum or quarrelling over his cowries all over the town. At last they got away under endless difficulties, and by 10 A.M. had covered ten miles. Servants had been sent on, East India fashion, to prepare breakfast, which, of course, they had not done, and it was with the greatest difficulty that food was procured. In the afternoon the stragglers came in, and at

seven next morning a fresh start was made. The discomforts of the journey rapidly increased. On the Wednesday, the envoys 'had now returned to the climate of the plains. The thermometer showed in the shade 75° F., and the aneroid 778 feet below Agbome. At Henvi the water was, as usual, vile, and two shillings were refused for the leanest chickens. The road was crowded with soldiers hurrying up to the war, and there were many chain gangs of unwilling men. Some of the passing caboceers attempted, but in vain, to seize our carriers, and even our hammock-bearers. The latter became every day more troublesome, and whenever they mutinied the Reverend begged a dollar and some rum to smooth their tempers. The huts, built at every hundred or two hundred yards, had almost all been burned down, and the villages were foul with fetish; dead dogs sacrificed for good luck and poultry slain by order of Afa.' The evening saw us at Azohwe, where not a chicken was to be bought, and where only one old man was left to guard the women and children.' Whydah was reached on Thursday, and was found to have been rather more than half destroyed by fire. The English fort was still standing, thanks to the direction of the wind, but of the French factory nothing was left but the slated and limewashed frontage.

Burton remained for a few quiet days in Whydah, where he soon received news that Gelele had set out on his campaign against Abeokuta, the result of which was a tremendous defeat for the Dahomean sovereign. "He lost," it was said, "two heads, twenty strings, and twenty cowries'—in other words, 6821 men. The figures may be exaggerated, but there can be no question that the loss was a most serious, if not an altogether overwhelming, one. 'Many years,' wrote Burton in 1864, 'must elapse before Dahomé can recover from the blow, and before that time I hope to see her level with the ground.' Practically, that

aspiration has been realised. Dahomé, as a country, still exists, of course, but the despotism is broken down, and the "customs" which Burton saw at Agbome were the last observances of their kind.

On leaving Whydah, three days after the arrival of this news, Burton shipped on board H.M.S. *Jaseur* for a tour of the Oil Rivers—a tedious, weary and dangerous part of Consular duty, but one unmarked by any incidents of special interest. Burton's journey to Gelele had been a most difficult and perilous business—how difficult and how dangerous only those who have travelled in savage countries can estimate. I have said that in the course of his two pilgrimages to El Medinah and Meccah and to the Sacred City of Eastern Africa, Harar, he carried his life in his hand for months. Even more literally did he do the same thing when he visited the dominions of the more than savage monarch of Dahomé. That wretched potentate could hardly make even the faintest pretence to civilisation. His intellect was that of a child of eight years old: he had all an infant's temper and petulance; he was surrounded by a multitude of slaves, who would have liked nothing better than an order to cut the white man's throat; he had come on a notoriously unpopular errand, and he had been fitted out for his visit with an equipment of presents ingeniously arranged to provide the king with everything which he did not want and with nothing that he did. For two weary months Burton was kept waiting this creature's pleasure, and when at last, by dint of mingled force and shrewdness, he managed to get an audience, the result was unsatisfactory in the extreme, and Burton, in the course of his Consular duties, had to depart for a tour in perhaps the most pestilential climate in the world—the Oil Rivers which fall into the Gulf of Guinea. It may be noted in this place that no consul who ever reigned at Fernando Po was ever more successful than he in dealing with the "lambs" of

the Gold Coast—perhaps the most irrepressible and undisciplined set of ruffians who ever served as the pioneers of commerce in a savage region. Of his journeyings amongst these rivers he has preserved no record, save in private letters and in communications with the Royal Geographical Society. The former are, of course, unavailable at present; the latter, though of the greatest interest to men of science, are hardly likely to be appreciated by the general reader. Thus the account of his ascent of the Elephant Mountain in 1862, which appears in the Transactions of that Society for April, 1863, occupies but a single page, with all that is interesting and picturesque cut out.

NOTE.—It is interesting to compare Burton's strictly moderate and dispassionate account of the "Grand Customs" of Dahomé with the extraordinary and sensational tales told by Mr. J. W. Watson in the *North American Review* as these sheets are passing through the press. Burton heard of, but did not see, seventy-eight executions of criminals and captives taken in war. Mr. Watson saw, by his own account, 200 people butchered by a mob of 50,000 in three hours, several of whom, we are given to understand, were incidentally slain in the *melée*. Considering the size of Dahomé, it is evident that Mr. Watson's tales must be taken *cum grano*.

CHAPTER XII.

A BRAZILIAN CONSULATE.

Promotion—A matter of family history—The Brazil—North American emigration—Minas Geráes—Rio de Janeiro—The Mauà Railway—A Brazilian Simplon—Entre Rios—A day's rest—Barbacena—Barrozo—Englishmen in the wilds—The Dom Pedro Segundo Railway—The Carrapato—A churlish landlord—Nocturnal threats—The São Joan del Rey mine—Morro Velho—A modern Noah's Ark—Down the river—A monster farm—A crew of Calibans—Diamantina—The "Half-way House"—A day on the river—To Paulo Affonso—O Quebrada—Statistics—The Giant Waterfall—"The Vampire's Grot"—O Limpo do Imperador—The journey ended—Back to São Paulo—The battle fields of Paraguay—Promotion again—Home and out.

BURTON'S mission to Gelele was followed by "promotion." Promotion in the English consular service, is, it should be understood, a somewhat peculiar matter: Mr. Grenville Murray found it to lead to outlawry, and an enforced residence in a foreign capital. Burton found it meant exile to Brazil. He was sent to Santos—perhaps the most outlandish and God-forsaken of the English consulates in South America. Earl Russell wrote a private note to Mrs. Burton about the Dahoman business, saying, "Your husband has performed this delicate and dangerous mission to my entire satisfaction," but he never got any official thanks, praise, or acknowledgment. Mrs. Burton urged the impossibility of being able to continue to live on the West Coast of Africa, and Lord Russell kindly transferred him to Brazil. Santos was, however, a low-lying enclosed place, nine miles up an

arm of the sea, exactly like the West Coast of Africa, with swamps, rank vegetation, miasma, and a plague of insects —in fact, it was out of the frying-pan into the fire. Fortunately for them, there was a little town on the Serra, São Paulo, the capital of the province of the same name, so that they were able to ply up and down; and as the railway was just at that time being made between Santos and São Paulo, the Consul was required as much at one end as the other, there being more English, in fact, at São Paulo, so that he alternated between that and the shipping below at Santos with the aid of his Vice-Consul Glennie. Mr. Glennie was very much liked by the Burtons. He had come to Santos on a visit some thirty or forty years ago, and had been too lazy to go away—eventually married a native and settled in Santos, and in spite of all its horrors, he became so attached to it, that he would have thought life wasted had he spent a day out of it. He was a gentleman and a Scotchman, and was never so happy as showing his kilt and dirk and cairngorm, with which he used sometimes to honour the little "hops" amongst friends, to the wonder and admiration of the natives. His one ambition in life was to be English Consul at Santos; and I believe he got it, or was to have got it, but died two months afterwards.

Burton's chief qualifications for the place were his knowledge of the Portuguese language, and his known determination to have nothing to do with that "log rolling" in the matter of railway and other concessions, on which so many English and other public officers have made shipwreck. For the rest there is nothing in a consulate such as that of Santos to entice any one. Lady Augusta, in Lever's capital novel, "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly"—quoted in Lady Burton's "Inner Life of Syria"—says: 'Isn't a Consul a horrid creature that lives in a seaport, and worries merchant seamen, and imprisons people who have no pass-

ports? Papa always wrote to the Consul about getting our heavy baggage through the Custom House, and when our servants quarrelled with the porters or hotel people, it was the Consul sent some of them to jail; but you are aware, darling, he isn't a creature we know. They are simply impossible, dear, impossible! Let a man be what he may, once he derogates there is an end of him. It sounds beautifully, I know, to say, that he will remain a gentleman and man of station, through all the accidents of life; so he might as long as he did nothing—absolutely nothing. The moment, however, he touches an *emploi* it's all over; from that hour he becomes the Custom's creature, or the Consul, or the Factor, or whatever it may be, irrevocably.'

This Burton most distinctly did not, on going to South America. Probably no man ever went out to a foreign *emploi*—to use Lady Augusta's pretty word—with a firmer determination to be useful to humanity and civilization, and contribute his knowledge to the world. He was splendidly seconded by his wife. During the years of their married life in Africa, their relations had become ever more and more, those of affectionate *camaraderie*, as distinct as can well be imagined from the somewhat *fade* and insipid relations of the average middle-class *ménage*. Nothing can more strikingly exhibit the character of these unique relations, than the curious preface which Lady Burton added to the two volumes which her husband devoted to Brazilian subjects. After explaining that she had returned to London "on leave of absence" to see the book through the press, and that she pledges herself in no way to make use of her discretionary powers, by altering a word of her husband's text, she 'protests vehemently against the expression of his religious and moral sentiments which belie a good and chivalrous life. I point the finger of indignation particularly at what misrepresents our Holy Roman Catholic Church, and at what upholds that

unnatural and repulsive law of polygamy which the author is careful not to practise himself, but from a high moral pedestal he preaches to the ignorant as a means of population in young countries.' The book itself explains this outburst. Burton had found himself translated by his promotion from a continent rejoicing in but the merest fringe of civilisation to a remote city in a vast and anomalous Empire. With many queer things before his eyes, it was not to be expected that a man whose outspokenness has effectually destroyed his chances of what the vulgar call success in life, would refrain from the plainest speech on a matter concerning which all Germany, and seven-eighths of England will be in the fullest accord with him. On the other hand, as regards polygamy, it is probable that the proportions would be reversed, and that the peculiar institution of Mormondom and the unchanging East would be found to have little popularity, despite Burton's eloquent defence of it: a defence which is the more singular, since, as all his friends and acquaintance know right well, there is no more rigid monogamist in existence than the traveller who in theory is an inveterate polygamist.

When Burton went to Santos in 1865, the Brazil was beginning to awaken from her long lethargy, and to take some steps towards assuming that place in the ranks of the nations of the world to which her natural advantages entitle her. The government was progressive and liberal in the best sense, and was expending money with great generosity and effect in developing the resources of the country. Railways and steam navigation were encouraged, and every effort was being made to supply the labour market, weakened as it was by the approaching abolition of slavery, by means of European emigration, and by attracting to the country as many as possible of the population of the Southern States of the American Union, then smarting under defeat and practically ruined for several

years to come.* This process had been going on with increasing rapidity during the four years which Burton and his wife spent in the Wapping of the West, Santos, São Paulo. Lord Stanley gave him leave of absence; the Emperor of Brazil supplied him with a Portaria, and the

* It should be remarked in this place that Burton was by no means of opinion that the advent of these Anglo-American strangers was an unmixed benefit to Brazil. Writing some months later of his return to Morro Velho, far in the interior, he says:—'At the door of the pigmy hostelry we caught sight of an elderly citizen in a hammer-claw or swallow-tail black coat, and we found a party of Southerner immigrants wandering about in search of land. The leader was a Mississippi man, accompanied by his two daughters and one son-in-law, two companions from the same state, and a Georgian, who was hailing back for the River Plate, despite Indians, Gauchos, and other little difficulties. Mostly these strangers had been accustomed to the flats of Florida and the plains on the banks of the Zazoo River. None of them came from the Midland States where men raise cereals and cotton—at present perhaps the most important, and certainly the safest industry in the Brazil. I had already met several parties of these refugees, and they were not my last experience. The first impression made by our Transatlantic cousins—speaking only of the farmer and little educated class—is peculiar and unpleasant. In them the bristly individuality of the Briton appears to have grown rank. Their ideas of persons and things are rigid as if cast in iron; they are untaught, but ready to teach everything. Each one thinks purely and solely of self, from the smallest acts and offices of life, such as entering a room or sitting down at meals, to the important matter of buying land or finding a home. All have eyes steadily fixed upon the main chance; every dodge to get on is allowable, provided that it succeeds; and there is no tie, except of blood, to prevent at any moment the party falling to pieces. Amongst themselves there is no geniality; of strangers they are suspicious in the extreme, and they defraud themselves rather than run the risk of being defrauded. Nothing appears to satisfy them; whatever is done for them might have been done "a heap deal better." As the phrase goes, they expect roast pig to run before them, and even then they would grumble because the "crittur" was not properly fixed for them.' When men of this stamp formed the staple of that portion of the "Southern chivalry" which emigrated to the Brazil after the downfall of the Confederate States, few can be astonished at the utter collapse of the Brazilian emigration scheme, of which so much was heard some twenty years ago.

leading statesmen of the Empire wished him God-speed. The object of the journey was, first to explore the vast and wealthy province of Minas Geráes, then to float down the mighty river São Francisco, as far as the rapids of Paulo Affonso, in the course of which journey, which, as Burton reminds us, is not a holiday excursion, he was to visit the diamond mines. In pursuance of this rather extensive programme, he started, accompanied by Lady (then Mrs.) Burton, from Rio de Janeiro on Wednesday, June 12, 1867. The lower town of that "very loyal and heroic city" was as offensive to the senses as such places usually are, only perhaps a little more so, but the disagreeables were soon forgotten in the lovely scenery of the Bay. In a little more than an hour the first part of the journey had been accomplished, and the travellers took their places in the carriages of the Mauà Railway, along which they journeyed, first through a valley of the lower ranges, then across the Brazilian Pontine Marshes to Imhorim, where a change was made to a carriage drawn by four stout mules, which tugged them up the Estrella Road. 'Up we go, blessing the projectors of this smooth, gutter lined and parquetted macadam. It is a Simplon with prodigious windings; the gradient is 1·16. In places a man may address his friend in the third zigzag above or below him, and a pedestrian who takes the old mule track will reach the mountain crest before the coach which gallops over nearly the whole new way. Up we go under giants of the virgin forest, tall and slender as the race of man in these regions, all struggling with fierce energy like the victims of the Black Hole for life, which is sun and air, each bearing the "strange device Excelsior" (not Excelsius), and each forming when old a conservatory, a hortus, but not siccus, a botanical garden of air-plants and parasites, along perpendicular cuttings of hard, red clay, based on blue gneiss and mossed over, with delicate

vegetation (the Germans here grumble that weeds will grow everywhere when grass will rot), below dank hanging boulders, and past Troglodytic abodes, whose dripping approaches are curtained and fringed with a lovely pendant vegetation of ribbon-like fern, the maidenhair or feather leaf contrasting with the gaunt brake five feet tall.'

The summit of the Pass is some 2900 feet above the sea level, and, as might be anticipated, Burton found the view one of unspeakable loveliness and grandeur; but splendid though it was, there was little time to stay, and the wind was cold; the thermometer had fallen ten degrees—from 72° to 62°—which is shivering point in the Tropics, and the pangs of hunger had begun to assail the travellers, who were by no means sorry to arrive at an excellent Hotel Ingles, some two miles on. The following Saturday, the next stage of the journey, from Petropolis to Juiz de Fora, a distance of 91¼ miles, was accomplished. But a few years before this journey had been wont to occupy half a week of mule-back travelling: it was accomplished in 1867 by a well-appointed four-mule coach in nine hours, exclusive of halts. The coach was, however, the only thing suggestive of England to be seen upon the road. Everything was new, strange and picturesque, and the signs of luxuriant fertility and great natural wealth were abundant. The halfway house, where breakfast was waiting, was reached at 11.30, after four hours of actual travelling. Entre Rios, as this place is called, Burton found to be by no means a pleasant place, only about 610 feet above the sea, hot, and terribly damp, a haunt of fever and ill supplied with water. It is now a great railway station, and is, it may be hoped, much improved. Burton saw the country, it should be remembered, just as it was beginning to emerge from the condition of neglect and backwardness into which all slave-owning states are certain sooner or later to fall.

From Entre Rios the road rose steadily, and early in the

evening the coach deposited the travellers at their journey's end—the Cidade de Santo Antonio de Parahybuna. It is now called Juiz de Fora, which might be translated 'Police Magistrate,' or if we wish to be very Latin, 'Judge of First Instance,' a now obsolete official, who had his seat in the town with the cumbrous name. Here Burton passed his first evening within the province of Minas Geraes, in good air, and the equally good company of a couple of those English engineers, who are doing more for the improvement and the civilisation of this mighty, if infant, empire, than all the 'politicians' with whom she has ever been afflicted. The Sunday was a day of 'absolute rest,' in the course of which Burton contrived to visit the showplace of Juiz de Fora, to attend the service of the Roman Catholic church, to see the waterfall, and to pay a visit to the city, where Santo Antonio, patron saint thereof and of the swinish race generally, was being duly honoured with festivity. Early the next morning the party broke up, Burton and his party going North, to Barbacena, and his friends 'tending' to the South. In the Brazil, he says 'men move slowly,' but the journey on which he set forth on this day was hardly one of which reasonable complaint could be made—63 miles in 9 hours and 5 minutes, the greater part of the journey being over extremely bad roads, is not altogether bad travelling. They harness from four to six wild mules, on to each of which hang two or three men till the passengers are in, the coachman whip and reins in hand. When he shouts "Larga" the men spring aside, the mules stand up on their hind legs, pawing and screaming, and then spring madly forward like wild cats. When they cease to do this, they are sold for carriages, and the coach takes a freshly lasso'd set. The tame ones would not be equal to the work on such holes and ridges of mud and clay. The coach lurched like a boat in a heavy sea, and the Burtons were on the top of it. How vile the road

really may have been, Burton emphasizes rather angrily. 'The road, tolerably good for the Brazil, is execrable compared with the first day's line. In many places it is double or treble. These "deviations" denote muds more than those of a Cheshire lane. The surface is now hard and caky; about December it will be cut up by the regular tramping of the "boiadas," or droves of market cattle, into a "corduroy," a gridiron of ruts, and ridges, locally called "caldeiras" or "caldeirões." These "chauldrons," horrible to Brazilian travellers, consist of raised lines, narrow, hard, and slippery, divided by parallel holes of soppy, treacly clay; in the latter mules sink to the knee or to the shoulder, their tall heeled shoes are often lost, and at times a hoof remains behind. Old and wary beasts tread in the mud, not on the ridges which cause dangerous falls. . . . The annual cost of repair is $300 per league. The zelador, or cantonnier, however, expects everywhere in the Brazil to draw pay, and do nothing, save, perchance, to vote. He is equal to any amount of drawing, but *do* he will not.' Over ungodly roads of this kind, Burton and his wife travelled the livelong day, arriving shortly before dark at the beginning of the last stage, where a fine team of white mules was awaiting the coach, to give it the "straight run in," over four miles of good macadamized road to the Barbacense Inn—a wretched place, kept by an elderly person, who had seen better days, and who gave not a good dinner, but a volley of excuses, for which the tired travellers cared but little. 'But food came at last,' says Burton, 'and we found even the odious Spanish wine good. The sleeping rooms were small, the beds were *grabats*, the air was nipping, and the street dogs barked perniciously. Yet we slept the sleep of the just. It was a weight off one's shoulders that day of stage coaching, which had been uncommonly heavy upon the nervous collar.'

Barbacena would seem to be an eminently desirable

place of residence, situated as it is at the culminating point of the plateau of the Brazil, about 3800 feet above the level of the sea, and enjoying an essentially temperate climate, the heat seldom rising above 80° (F.) in the shade. Here Burton found out, by a happy inspiration, the Vice-Consul of France, Dr. P. V. Renault, an accomplished gentleman, of "most excellent differences," who had lived in the country for thirty-four years, who knew by heart every detail of the province of Minas Geraës, who had married a Brazilian wife, and who was the 'gossip' of every notable in the place. Under his most excellent guidance Burton made the tour of the city, but he did not delay there for any length of time. He was, above all things, anxious to get on to the inspection of the mines, which are being worked with English capital, and it was with no small satisfaction that he found himself provided with ten good mules by the courtesy of the Superintendent of the mine at Morro Velho. The journey was interesting, if not very exciting. On the first day, a transit of some five leagues, or twenty miles, over mountain and valley, in the course of which vegetation of every kind, from that of England to that of India, was encountered, brought the travellers to the little village of Barroso — a pretty little settlement of whitewashed houses, surrounded by gardens gay and bright with colour, and rejoicing in a church dedicated to 'Nosso Senhor do Bom Jesus de Matosinhos do Barroso'—which is, being interpeted, 'Our Lord the Good Jesus of Thickets of the Mud'—and in a chapel to 'Nossa Senhora do Rosario'—Our Lady of the Rosary.* Barroso also rejoices in an inn, to the landlord of which Burton had a letter of introduction. The precaution of sending forward to order

* The remark is often made that Rosario is the commonest name for a church in Brazil. Burton explains it somewhere by the African passion for beads. To the slaves of the Brazil beads represent everything that makes life desirable.

dinner having been neglected, that meal became converted into supper—pork, which no traveller in the Brazil will touch after seeing the food of the animal; a tough stewed fowl with rice; eggs *sur le plat* (fried eggs swimming in liquid grease); red and yellow pepper from the garden, stewed in broth and lime-juice by way of sauce, and, instead of bread, *tutú de feijão*—a compound of haricot beans, farinha (*alias* manioc-flour), flavoured with lard. The dessert was a tureen full of boiled maize with sweetmeats—coarse brown sugar, from which the molasses has not been drained; quince conserve, or guava cheese. The wine is detestable. It calls itself Lisbon, and is a compound of a little of the worst Barcelona stuff, with molasses, rum, water, and logwood, or else Bordeaux, hardly to be distinguished from vinegar. The meal concludes with a cup of coffee, sweetened with Rapadura—the coarse brown sugar just mentioned. This is the usual Jantar or dinner in the "bush" of the Brazil: breakfast is like unto it, with the addition of tea, or *café au lait.* Having mentioned the subject, it will be unnecessary to return to it. The same gross feeding is universal throughout the empire, and it is hardly surprising to hear that dyspepsia is unpleasantly common.

The night was cold; there was a disagreeable scarcity of bedding, and dawn was therefore welcome. At 4.30 A.M. the party set out once more, their mules somewhat distressed by the attentions of the vampire bats during the night. By a little after noon the next station, São João, was reached, where the cavalcade was pulled up by the procession of Corpus Christi, and where, in the course of the day, Burton was fortunate enough to find a couple of Englishmen—Dr. Lee, a man of Kent, and Mr. C. C. Copsy, of Cambridge, well known to some of his friends. This latter gentleman, who, to use Burton's phrase, 'had passed through the Church,' was a lieutenant-colonel of Bra-

zilian volunteers, and Professor of English, geography and mathematics, at the Lyceum. The evening was passed very pleasantly, and Mr. Copsy, taking advantage of the summer vacation, joined Burton's party. The way was continued the next day, and in due course São José was reached. The beds were the reverse of downy; sleep was impossible; and it became necessary to rise at 1 A.M. A start was effected at 4.30, but it was not until sunset that the day's journey was completed, and the weary travellers were able to alight at an inn—foul and filthy to a degree uncommon even in the Brazil, so bad that they slept in the stable with the horses. The night was the Vigil of St. John, celebrated here at the Alagoa Dourada, as at innumerable places throughout the world, with bonfires, fireworks and other relics of the worship of Baal. On the Festival Day a halt was made. The great line of rail between the Valleys of Parayba and the São Francisco was to be formally begun, under the care of the late Mr. John Whittaker, C.E., and Lady Burton was invited to take part in the ceremony. 'At noon,' says Burton, 'we proceeded to the brook, heading a little crowd of spectators, whose wives and children eyed the outlandish proceeding, as usual, from their windows. The peg was duly planted, my wife giving the first blow, and breaking the bottle. A chain was laid down, and sights were taken to N. 74° W., and S. 73° E. The inauguration passed off well, the band played its loudest, we drank with many vivas—pam! pam! pam! pams! and hip! hip! hip! hurrahs! to the healths of Brazil, of England, and especially to the prolongation of the Dom Pedro Segundo Railway; many complimentary speeches were exchanged, and the music escorted us back to our "ranch." The rest of the day was given to festivity. Mr. Whittaker gave a grand dinner, at which seventeen Brazilians and eight strangers were present. The (R. C.) Vicar of the parish was present; there was a great deal of

speech-making and singing; then coffee in the street. The air becoming cold—frost being common in these hollows of the Brazilian Highlands—an adjournment within was voted, and there Mr. Copsy prepared a "Crámbámbali"—a delectable compound of white rum, port wine, sugar, cinnamon, and lime-juice.' Sorrow came in the morning. The festive party broke up; Mr. Copsy turned back under stress of professional engagements; Mr. Whittaker and his *aides* accompanied the Burtons for five miles on their road, breakfasted, and then parted with cordial *aux revoirs.*

The day's journey was marred by the presence of the carrapato—a tick of the most peculiarly irritating kind, whose habit is to bite his way into the skin. When he is plucked off it is more than probable that the head will remain, with the effect of producing an ulcerous sore, which may last for weeks and even for months. Country rum and water appears to be the best, if not the only, remedy, but the people have a score of others which they apply with a certain amount of success. Next in power of annoyance to the carrapato was the decrepit greybeard, who kept the miserable apology for an inn at which the Burtons were compelled to pass the night. The old ruffian—a solitary exception to the rule of civility which was found in this journey—lived with a couple of negresses, with whom he kept up a whispering throughout the greater part of the night. Lady Burton, who had been kept awake by it, heard the ominous sentence in bad Portuguese, "Easy to kill the whole lot," and rose from the hammock which she had with difficulty been allowed to swing, to arm herself. A big bull-dog, which had been given to the travellers on the way, growled in sympathy, and Burton was roused from the wrappers in which he was passing the night, by the appearance of a bowie-knife, and a repeating pistol on the table. He adds, perhaps a little curiously, in his account of the adventure, that 'of course nothing occurred:' the slaughter alluded to was

of the host's chickens, whose murder he feared at our hands. Whatever may be the *desagrémens* of Brazilian travelling in those by-paths, the traveller is as a rule perfectly safe. Amid small adventures of this kind, including an encounter with a mad dog, who happily did not attempt to bite, the journey was continued. The fact of this animal's appearance may, by the way, be commended to the amiable theorists who, writing during the late "hydrophobia scare" in London, repeatedly and very positively asserted, that rabies is a disease peculiar to the northern hemisphere, and that countries south of the Equator know nothing of it.

Early in the morning of Saturday, June 19, 1867, the travellers were summoned for their last march. It was the sixteenth day out from Rio, and the ninth from Barbacena. Four hours of up and down-hill travelling landed them at the great gold mine which they had travelled so far and undergone so much to see. The reader of 1887 would probably care but little, if at all, for the particulars relating to Brazilian mining in 1867. During twenty years all the conditions of life, even in so unprogressive a country as the Brazil, must of necessity change completely. In this place it must suffice to record that, at a very early date after arriving at the mines, Burton, accompanied by his wife, made a thorough inspection. They went to the bottom of the principal gold mine in a basket and saw all over it; the chain had broken the day before; it broke again on the following day. The descent occupied three-quarters of an hour of total darkness. Lady Burton is the only woman who has ever accomplished this feat. She was dressed in mining-dress, like her husband. At a later hour they were introduced to the whole process of "reduction," from the raising of the ore to the final dispatch of the results of the complicated business in small ingots of argentiferous gold to England. Nor need more be said

of the minute and elaborate studies of the condition of the white, the brown and the black miner respectively, which Burton prepared during this journey. Valuable in themselves, the changed conditions of the time have rendered them useful at the present time only to the expert and to the historian of the gold industry of the New World. Even his accounts of the excursions to Itacolumi Peak, where, by boiling a thermometer, he found himself to be at an altitude of 5860 feet, seem out of date to-day, though he certainly did establish the fact—valuable in a high degree from the geographical point of view—that 'the culminating range in this section of the Brazil is as in Eastern Africa, the maritime chain.' Returning to Morro Velho, Burton made other excursions, as to Sabará and Cuihaba —mining centres of great interest and no inconsiderable importance. At the former place 'we concluded over 509 miles of land journey, through the richest and most popular part of Minas Geráes. There, however, ends the excursionist portion, much of which will soon form a section of the Nineteenth Century Grand Tour. But what now comes is not exactly a pleasure trip down the Thames or up the Rhine; there are hot suns, drenching rains, and angry winds to be endured; there is before us a certain amount of hardship, privation, and fatigue, with just enough of risk to enliven the passage; and, finally, there are nearly 1500 miles to be covered by the craziest of crafts caulked with Sabará clay.' When Burton saw the vessel he was astonished, as well he might be. 'I never saw,' he says, 'such an old Noah's Ark, with its standing awning, floating gipsy pál some seven feet high and twenty-two long, and pitched like a tent upon two hollowed logs.'

On this remarkable ship he started on a journey of 1300 miles (it turned out to be 1500 before he had done with it, by the way), down a river known perhaps in sections to some of the villagers and townsfolk on its banks, but practically

untraversed by Europeans, and certainly never before visited by a scientific explorer. The opening of the Expedition was hardly encouraging. A party of friends, some fifteen in number, came to see the traveller off, and their weight was sufficient to sink the affair three palms and to deluge the port platform, causing the pilot to prophecy all manner of dolorous things. Two miles lower down the stream the animals were waiting to convey the escort back. Lady Burton, who had intended to share her husband's perils in this trip, was incapacitated by a bad fall and a serious sprain, which kept her five weeks in bed, after which she rode the whole way back, at the rate of thirty miles a day, accompanied by a single negro, sleeping out at nights when no shelter could be found. 'I confess,' says Burton, 'to having felt an unusual sense of loneliness, as the kindly faces faded in the distance, and by way of distraction I applied my brain to the careful consideration of my conveyance.' The survey was scarcely reassuring. The raft—cousin to the old flat-bottomed boat of the Mississippi—should have been built on three canoes, this had but two. The material of the canoes should have been a strong and light wood about one inch thick: his were of stuff about as hard as teak, two inches thick, and consequently far too heavy. The canoes should be lashed together with hide ropes with intervals of six or eight inches; his were connected by iron stanchions at stem and stern, and consequently devoid of all elasticity. On this somewhat risky foundation a plank floor was laid, on which was erected a tent of rough Minas cloth, protected, as regarded the forepart, where Burton was to sleep, by waxed cloth from Morro Velho. A small galley was astern, and in the bows were a stout boat-hook, an anchor and strong English ropes for "cordelling." The crew numbered three—the old head man or pilot and his sons, two of them mere land-lubbers, nervous at every

obstacle, hungry as Abyssinians, utterly bad as oarsmen, wholly devoid of resource, and energetic only in their performance upon the cow-horn, with which they made a terrific noise when announcing arrival to those on the banks. One other servant was on board—a Morro Velho boy, 'who acted as personal attendant, and who, knowing something of cookery, gold-washing, diamond-digging, and rough cookery, proved exceedingly useful, despite an unfortunate disposition to exceed occasionally in the matter of drink.' There were besides two passengers, to whom Burton had charitably given passage. One was by trade a 'fogueteiro,' a rocket-maker, who began the journey by asking for brandy at once ; the other, a southerner emigrant, who had brought with him a party of twenty souls, all of whom had deserted him at Sabará, and for whom he mourned as did Rachel for her children.

The first part of the journey was dull enough, consisting as it did of floating down a not very rapid stream which runs in short reaches between two lines of hills, all but perpendicular, and having little, if any, bank. Whenever the river broadens out, shallows form on which the raft grounds, rendering it necessary for the crew to tumble out. There are plenty of 'snags' and trees standing upright with projecting branches. All things come to an end in time, however, and so before nightfall the raft found itself moored at Santa Lusia, where there is an hotel, or rather the ghost of one, where for a trifle the traveller might enjoy the pleasure of clapping his hands and saying 'Pst!' as often as he pleased. Whether he obtained anything in exchange for his exertions was another question.

Day after day went by much after this fashion. The night following this at Santa Lusia, was spent at moorings off the Macahubas das Freiras, a settlement consisting of an ancient priest, a small religious house of women, who maintain a school of the usual convent kind, and are

supported by the revenues of their estates. There was nothing particular to notice in the place, save that the priest, who was kindly and hospitable, had never heard of either the "Bull Unigenitus" or of Professor Agassiz, whose journey in the Brazil had been in every newspaper in the Empire for months. At Jaguára, where Burton arrived on August 10th, he found a sufficient relic of one of those ancient fortunes, which remind one of the glorious days of Brazil, when the place occupied in the English currency by the old double guinea was filled by the golden ingot, an oblong lump of gold stamped by the Imperial assayers, and worth £15 sterling. This estate will remind the reader of to-day, of some of those almost fabulous estates in California and Manitoba, where cornfields are reckoned by the square mile, and live stock by the thousand head. This property covered 36 square leagues (427,504 acres). When Burton saw it, he found it cut up into comparatively small portions, and partially under ecclesiastical control. Its possibilities, agricultural and mineral, he found, however, to be practically inexhaustible, and to require only the application of knowledge and capital to become the sources of unlimited wealth. Burton stayed here for five days, riding over this enormous estate in company with Dr. Quintiliano José da Silva, an official of the Courts, who appears to have occupied at this time a position in some degree analogous to that of a receiver in the English Chancery Courts. His host, whose notions of hospitality were of the largest, was most anxious to detain him for a longer visit, but it was imperative that he should push on. New men were therefore engaged, a pilot, described as *medroso* (fearful—equal to prudent), a second hand who turned out practically useless, and a freedman, who was capable of any amount of work, but who was as fierce and as full of fight as a thoroughbred mastiff. With this crew, and with a care for preliminary exploration of the rapids--now beginning to

be equally numerous and dangerous, Burton resumed his journey. It was perhaps rather monotonous, this paddling, poling and cabling, day after day down a somewhat perilous stream, through a half settled country, in the company of men for whom Burton can find only the nickname of Calibans. The reader will consequently be quite ready to believe that it was with no small satisfaction that he saw his raft moored at the Fazenda (Spanish:—Hacienda, country-house) do Bom Successo, a patriarchal establishment, from which he proposed to make his way to the city of Diamantina—the capital of the Diamond Region of the Brazil.

The "Calibans" were duly sent on in advance, to remove them from the temptations offered by the over-generosity of the host of the Fazenda, and on the 27th of August, Burton started once more in search of the solitude which he loved. Three days of cross-country travelling brought him within a stage of Diamantina—to a place where he had the first specimen of the remarkable hospitality of the province. After a sunny ride and a high wind over the mountains, he arrived at Gouvéa, a curious out-of-the-world village of these Highlands. There was no sign of an inn, but presently the guide remembered a certain Dona Chiquinha, wife of a merchant then in Rio de Janeiro. On applying to her, Burton was at once admitted; her married daughter brought oranges; her grand-daughter, orange flowers, and her slaves coffee. The house was placed at his disposal, and though provisions are exceedingly dear, he was fed of the best, and when on his departure in the early morning he asked for his bill, the Dona refused everything, even a gift—"her sons also were wandering over the world abroad." The next day saw him in Diamantina, where he spent three days, which 'left upon me,' he says, 'the most agreeable impressions of its society. The men are the frankest, the women are the

prettiest and the most amiable, that it has yet been my fortune to meet in the Brazil.' Some of the customs of society are peculiar. Thus:—'My last appearance in society, was at a ball given by a wealthy widow, the Senhora Dona Maria de Nazareth Netto Leme, in honour of the baptism of a grandson, the second child of a very charming young person, wife of Senhor Joaquim Manoel de Vasconcellos Lessa. When this pretty lady was married she was attended by twenty-four bridesmaids in dresses from Paris; the merrymaking was kept up for a fortnight, and it is said that 750 bottles of Bass disappeared every night. The rain of meat and drink at the City of Diamonds, is a great contrast to the ascetic "tea and turn out" of Southern Europe.' Less desirable perhaps is the habit which prevails amongst the same society, of paying visits of condolence to the sick and wounded—a queer story of which practice is related by Burton, of a gentleman who having become involved in a "difficulty" had been shot in the thumb, in such a way as to render amputation necessary. While he was lying in great pain, restless, feverish and fearing tetanus, five pensive, silent ladies sat watching him, making the already oppressive air of his closed-up room tenfold more oppressive, while half-a-dozen of his male friends gathered about the door and muttered in sympathy. This it seems is the usual custom in the Brazil, when a patient is sick unto death, and anything better calculated to help him on his way could hardly be devised.

Shortly after arriving at Diamantina, Burton received an invitation to visit a diamond mine, the property of a certain Senhor Francisco Leite Vidigal, and situated in a position which necessitated a very long ride, over very bad roads, on which two miles an hour seems to have been the highest rate of speed possible. The mine he found on arrival to be the ancient bed of a river, in the sandy soil of which the

precious stones are found. It had long been considered exhausted, when Senhor Vidigal took it in hand, and after expending some £6000 entered upon the high road to fortune. When Burton saw him he was netting a profit of somewhere about $75,000,000 = £15,000, and confidently expected more. He employed during the season 300 slaves, for whose hire he paid about £750 a month, and by whom he believed himself to be plundered of one half of his profits at the least. 'Some mine owners go so far as to declare that almost all the finest stones disappear. A receiver of stolen goods settles near every new digging, as surely as a public-house follows the Hydropathic Establishment, and here, as elsewhere, the broker is generally richer than the diamond proprietor.' In addition to this mine, Burton visited several of greater or less pretensions, but, apart from that fact he had little of adventure to record. The method of mining has changed but little, if at all, since John Mawe described it, at the beginning of the present century.

Returning to Bom Successo after these excursions, Burton found it necessary to strengthen his crew by the addition of a third hand better acquainted with the lower part of the stream than those already in his service could profess to be. On the 7th of September, he bade adieu to his host, pushed out of the creek of the Bom Successo, and resumed his journey down the river. Eight days passed without incident worthy of record: then came a rest of three at the Porto da Manga—a very remarkable place, undoubtedly destined when Brazil takes her proper place amongst the nations, to become the centre of an enormous and most lucrative commerce. 'It is,' says Burton, 'the half-way house on the mighty riverine Valley: it has, or rather it can have, water-traffic with Sabará, Diamantina, Curvello, Pitangui, Para (or Patafugio), Dôres de Indaia, Campo Grande, Paracatú, São Romão,

and the other settlements on the São Francisco River. It links together the provinces of Goyaz, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Minas, and before many years the steamer and railway will connect it with the capital of the empire.' That the prophecy will eventually be fulfilled there can be no manner of doubt, but some courage was needed to venture upon it in 1867. Guaicuhy was then a wretched, decaying village, apparently doomed to destruction. It is perched upon an almost upright bank of whitish-yellow clay, twenty-nine feet six inches high, but the river in flood rises even higher, and two years before Burton's arrival it had swept away more than half the town. A new thoroughfare to the South had consequently been laid out, which at this time had 'thirty-three tenements, which look upon a road ankle deep in sand. These lodgings,' adds Burton, 'contrast badly in point of comfort with Dahomé or Abeokuta in Egba Land; they are unwhitewashed cages of wattle and dab, roofed with half-baked tiles. All have ground floors of tamped earth, except the Sobradinho—a one-storied house, with a single room above it—belonging to Senhor João Pereira do Carmo, merchant and Juiz de Paz.' The place is obviously not a healthy one, but it is made worse by the laziness and the bad habits of the people. Drainage is absolutely unknown; the pig lives in the parlour; the dead are buried under the floor of the houses; the diet of fish and manioc —the staple food in a region of exceptional fertility—is wretchedly unwholesome; drunkenness is absolutely universal, and the libertinism of the people extreme. Their manners are those of savages—like their morals.

After a visit to Pirapara—the upper rapids of the São Francisco—and the engagement of a new crew, Burton started on the 18th of September on his journey down the great river. It was noon before the raft could be poled off, and at sunset—5.30 P.M.—made fast to a sandy "praia," or beach. The part of the river traversed during the day had

varied in width from 1200 feet to 1600 yards, and it is throughout its length so infested with snags that night travelling is impossible. As, however, the boatmen are hired for the journey and not by the week, they are always willing to rise early, and to continue at work as long as possible. The chief characteristic of the journey was its abnormal tediousness. Day after day went by with nothing to break the monotony. Sometimes, indeed, the raft grounded on a sand-bank, and was got off with more or less difficulty; sometimes a landing was effected at a town where the people affected the traveller more or less unpleasantly, and where the aspect of the place was of decay rather than of prosperity or progress. The people, nominally Christian, and in some places, more than sufficiently devout, seem to be drunken, dishonest, and immoral; devoid of all energy, and requiring more than anything the stimulus of new blood. The climate has possibly something to do with this state of things, but the diet is probably answerable for more of the evil. When rum is but two or three pence a bottle, and when sufficient food to maintain life can be had for the veriest trifle, when there are no industries, when communication between place and place is a matter of the greatest difficulty and expense, when salt is a luxury, and when the people live in an atmosphere of alternately cold damp and hot damp, it is hardly a matter for wonder if people of a highly mixed race, with a large infusion of the negro element, should degenerate in the scale of humanity both mentally and physically.

Burton bore up against the tedium of the journey, as might be anticipated from a veteran explorer, but four months of such a life would probably be sufficient travel of the kind for a lifetime with most men. His description of a single day answers for almost all. 'We rise before dawn, and, after a "merenda" of coffee and biscuits or rusks, apply ourselves to writing up journals and to arranging

collections. The crew eat bacon and beans from 7 to 8 A.M.: I reserve the process till 11 A.M., when the neck of the day's work has been broken. The bow of one of the canoes is a good place for a cold bath, and there is no better preparation for the hotter hours. After noon the labour becomes lighter, and the little industries learned by African travel now come into play. For instance, the manufacture of rough cigars, with the "fumo de tres cordas," the "three twist," brought from Januaria. "Reading up" is decidedly more pleasant than writing in a rickety raft upon the mattrass stuffed with corn glumes, which acts table, and the scene shifting of the river and of the mountains, combined with the subtle delights of mere motion, is an antidote to *ennui.* When the breeze becomes a gale, we explore the valley for shells and metals, or climb the hills to enjoy the scenery; or should the demon of Idleness get the upper hand in his own home, we stretch ourselves beneath the trees, enjoying the perfumed shade, and a life soft as moss, an approach to the "silent land." About sunset we feed, in the humblest way, upon rice, when there is any, and upon meat or fish, under similar restricted conditions. When the night-birds begin to awake from their day-sleep, we choose some well-exposed place where immundicities will not trouble us, and "turn in." It is a life of perfect ease, the only fear or trouble is lest the dark hours should be too cold, or the sun too hot, or the wind troublesome; the *spes finis* is, and should be, the last thing dwelt upon.'

In spite of the sage aphorism with which this passage concludes, it is tolerably evident that Burton, during this journey, and especially during the latter part of it, was somewhat weary—a fact which becomes very evident as he neared the Great Rapids of Paulo Affonso. The journey in the raft ended at Varzéa Redonda—a wretched little village, containing perhaps a score of houses. There the crew were paid off, and indulged in the usual boat-

man's spree, as well as in another weakness of the lower class Brazilian—pilfering everything within reach. The raft was dismantled, the planks given to Senhor Manuel da Souza, with whom also the anchor was left.* The canoes were sold, and, after three days of tiresome negotiation, an arrangement was made for the journey to the Great Rapids by land. The equipage was a disappointment. The horses were as bad as they could be, and the men and equipments of the same quality. The journey thus became a misery, and ended in disaster. Some of Burton's collections were lost, hardly a bottle remained unbroken, and the best waterproofs were pierced by the villanous pack-saddles. This was pretty well for a journey of twenty-nine miles; but there was another matter which was even more annoying. One of these men, on the morning of the second day, 'loaded his two beasts to return, demanding, when he knew me to be at his mercy, an additional sum before he would continue the journey. His beard was in my hand after we had reached our destination, but I contented myself with making him yellow with fright for the benefit of those to come, and *not* paying the money unjustly claimed.' Burton had done precisely the same thing under similar circumstances after his return to Zanzibar from Central Africa, and his reward was an official snub, which long rankled in his mind.

After examining the rapids of the Itaparica in the early morning, the journey was continued throughout the day. The moon had already risen when they descended the bank of the Moxoto, which falls into the São Francisco at a point where is the last ferry before reaching Paulo Affonso. They camped out in the bush that night, and looking forward with but little hope to the morrow. At Varzéa

* He promised to remit the value to Bahia but did not, and he did his best to prevent Burton from dealing with any but his relatives—much to the traveller's pecuniary detriment.

Redonda people had compared Paulo Affonso with Itaparica, and if the comparison were just, they had certainly come 1500 miles to see very little. 'Apparently,' says Burton, 'I was doomed to a bitter disappointment.' He was more agreeably disappointed on the following day. Though it was the dry season, the falls were he found even then stupendous; what they must be in the rains it is impossible to imagine. His guide led him to a table of jutting rock on the west side, whence he peered into the 'hell of waters' boiling below. 'The Quebrada, or gorge, is here 260 feet deep, and in the narrowest part it is choked to a minimum breadth of fifty-one feet. It is filled with what seems not water, but the froth of milk, a dashing and dazzling, a whirling and churning, surfaceless mass, which gives a wondrous study of fluid in motion. And the marvellous disorder is a well-directed anarchy; the course and sway, the wrestling and writhing, all tend to set free the prisoner from the prison walls. *Ces eaux! mais ce sont des âmes;* it is the spectacle of a host rushing down in "liquid vastness" to victory, the triumph of motion, of momentum over the immoveable. Here the luminous whiteness of the chaotic foam-crests, hurled in billows and breakers against the blackness of the rock, is burst into flakes and spray, that leap half-way up the immuring trough. There the surface-reflections dull the dazzling crystal to a thick opaque yellow, and there the shelter of some spur causes a momentary start and recoil to the column, which, at once gathering strength, bounds and springs onwards with a new crash and another roar. The heaped-up centre shows fugitive ovals and progressive circles of a yet more sparkling, glittering, dazzling light, divided by points of comparative repose, like the nodal lines of waves. They struggle and jostle, start asunder, and interlace as they dash with stedfast purpose adown the inclined plane. Now a fierce blast hunts away the thin

spray-drift, and puffs it to leeward in rounded clouds, thus enhancing the brilliancy of the gorge-sole. Then the steam boils over and canopies the tremendous scene. Then, in the stilly air of dull warm grey, the mists surge up, deepening still more, by their veil of ever-ascending vapour, the dizzy fall that yawns under our feet.

'The general effect of the picture—and the same may be said of all great cataracts—is the "realized idea" of power, of power tremendous, inexorable, irresistible. The eye is spell-bound by the contrast of this impetuous motion, this wrathful, maddened haste to escape, with the frail stedfastness of the bits of rainbow, hovering above; with the "Table Rock" so solid to the tread, and with the placid, settled stillness of the plain and the hillocks, whose eternal homes seem to be here. The fancy is electrified by the aspect of this Durga of Nature, this evil working good, this life-in-death, this creation and construction by destruction. Even so the wasting storm and hurricane purify the air for life; thus the earthquake and the volcano, while surrounding themselves with ruins, rear up earth, and make it a habitation for higher beings.

'The narrowness of the chasm is narrowed to the glance by the tall abruptness, yet a well-cast stone goes but a short way across before it is neatly stopped by the wind. The guide declared, that no one could throw further than three fathoms, and attributed the fact to enchantment. Magic, I may observe, is in the atmosphere of Paulo Affonso; it is the natural expression of the glory and majesty, the splendour and the glamour of the scene, which Greece would have peopled with shapes of beauty, and in which Germany would be haunted by choirs of flying sylphs and dancing undines. The hollow sound of the weight of whirling water makes it easier to see the lips move than to hear the voice. We looked in vain for the cause: of cataract we saw nothing but a small branch, the Cachoeira do Anji-

quinho—of the little Angico Acacia—so called from one of the rock islets. It is backed on the right bank by comparatively large trees, and by a patch of vividly green grass and shrubbery, the gift of the spray drifting before the eastern sea-breeze. This pretty gush of water certainly may not account for the muffled thunder which dulls our ears: presently we shall discover whence it comes.'

After a long stay at the Quebrada, Burton went away, dazed and confused, to spend the rest of the day and the night at the Carahyba Camp. On his next visit he began at the beginning, and thence followed down the left bank, stepping from slippery stone to stone, and approaching the channel when possible.*

Here the São Francisco, running swift and smooth out of the north-west, escapes from the labyrinth of islands and islets, rocks and sands, blocks and walls which squeeze it, and receives on the left a smaller branch separated from the main by a dark ridge. The two, leaping and coursing down a moderate incline of broken bed, burst into ragged, tossing sheets of foam-crested wave, and tumble down the first or upper break, which is about thirty-two feet high. This kind of "Rideau Fall" is known as the "Vai-Vem de Cima"—"the upper go and come." The waters are compressed in the central channel by the stone courses rising

* The arithmetic may be briefly taken from M. Halfeld. The left bank of the gorge, called Mãi da Cachoeira, is 365 palms (261 feet 7 inches) high, and the depth of the "kieve," or hollow dug by the falls, is 120 palms (86 feet). The narrowest part of the chasm is 72 palms. The first or Upper Rapid (Vai-Vem de Cima) is 792 palms, 1 inch (=567 feet 8 inches) above sea level; and the lowest Rapid (Vai-Vem de Buixo), opposite the Vampire's Cave, is 426 palms 6 inches (=305 feet 9 inches). The united height of Rapids and Fall is 365 palms 7 inches (=261 feet 11 inches).

The Horseshoe Fall of Niagara is 158 (some say 149) feet high, with a width of 1900 feet, and a discharge of 20,000,000 cubic feet per minute. The American Fall is 162–164 feet high, with a breadth of 908 feet. The total breadth of the bed is 3225 feet, and of the water 2808 feet.

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THE FALLS OF PAULO AFFONSO, KING OF THE RAPIDS,
THE NIAGARA OF BRAZIL.

thirty to fifty feet above them, and are driven into a little cove on the left bank. The mouth of a branch during the floods, now it is a baylet of the softest sand, hemmed in by high japanned walls, and here the little waves curl and flow and ebb again, with all the movement of a tide in miniature. I timed and felt the pulse of the flux and reflux, but I could detect no regularity in the circulation. The place tempts to a bath, but strangers must bear in mind that it is treacherous, and that cattle drinking here have been entangled in the waters, from which not even Jupiter himself could save them.

'The waters then dashing against the left or south-eastern boulder pier, are deflected to the south-west in a vast serpentine of tossing foam, and form, a few paces lower down, a similar feature, called by our guide "Half go and come." Here insulated rocks and islands, large and small, disposed in long ridges and in rounded towers, black, toothed, and channeled, and wilder far than the Three Sisters, or the Bath and Lunar islands of Niagara, split the hurrying tossing course into five distinct channels of white surge, toppling the yellow turbid flood. The four to the right topple over at once into the great cauldron. The fifth runs along the left bank in a colossal flume or launders, high raised above the rest; meeting a projection of rock at the south, it is flung round to the west almost at a right angle. Here the parted waters spring over the ledge and converge in the *chaudière* which collects them for the great fall. When the sun and moon are at the favourable angle of 35°, they produce admirable arcs and semicircles of rainbows in all their prismatic tintage, from white to red. These attract the eye by standing in a thin arch of light over the mighty highway of the rushing "burning" waters; guides to cataracts, however, always make too much of the pretty sight.

'The third station is reached by a rough stony descent,

which might easily be improved, and leads to the water's edge, where charred wood shows that travellers have lately nighted in the place. Turning to the north-east, we see a furious brown rapid, plunging with strange forms, down an incline of forty-nine feet in half-a-dozen distinct steps: the flood seems as though it would sweep us away. At the bottom, close to where we stand, it bends westward, pauses for a moment upon the billow-fringed lower lip of the *chaudière* that rises snow-white from the straw-coloured ground and "sui generis," as the rumbling of the earthquake and the hoarse sumph of the volcano reveal the position of the Great Cataract. The trend is southerly, and the height is calculated to be 192 feet. The waters hurl themselves full upon the right-hand precipice of the trough-ravine, surge high up, fall backwards, fling a permanent mist-cloud in the air, and like squadrons of white horses, rush off roaring and with infinite struggle and confusion, down the Mãida Cachoeira to the south-east. The latter is the grandest point of view which we prospected from the table-rock overhanging the fracture.

'Paulo Affonso is always sketched from our third station, where we "realize" an unpleasant peculiarity of his conformation; he has here permitted the eye of man to see the main cataract. A little farther down, there is a partial view from above; but the normal central mist-cloud curling high, and always ascending above the lower lip of the cauldron, veils the depth, and we are not satisfied till we have sighted a Fall from its foot. Now much is left to the imagination, and the mystery is so great as to be highly unsatisfactory. In the depth of the dries it is, they say, possible to climb down a portion of the left wall, and to overlook the cataract. I carefully inquired whether it was visible from the right, or Bahia bank; all assured me that a branch stream allowed no approach to the trough-ravine, and all were agreed that from that side nothing is visible.

A movable suspension bridge, not, I hope, like that of Montmorenci, could be made to open the chasm ; wire-ropes fit to bear cradles could be passed across ; or ladders might be let down and act as the winding staircase, which leads to the Horseshoe Fall. At present Paulo Affonso is what Niagara was in the days of Père François Piquet ; and we can hardly look forward with pleasure to the time when it will have wooden temples and obelisks, vested interests, 25 cents. to pay, and monster-hotels.'

No great cataract would be complete without its cave, and Paulo Affonso is no exception to the rule. It has its Vampire's Grot (Furna do Morcego)—a cave about ninety feet high, the chosen haunt of the bats, who congregate there in thousands. From thence the travellers went to the '"Paredão," lower down than the Vampire's Cave, at the place called "Limpo do Imperador"—the bush having been cleared away for the Imperial visit. There is no shade, and water is far off. A tent and barrels, however, would make all things easy, and a traveller encamped upon this Bellevue would have beneath his eyes by night as well as by day the most beautiful if not the grandest scenery of Paulo Affonso. Here he stands on a level with the stream above the Upper Rapids, and on 300 feet of perpendicular height over the water, which dashes curdling and creaming below. To the westward the vision strikes full upon the small but graceful Angiquinho branch, which is the American Falls compared with the Horseshoe, and which reminds the traveller of the tall, narrow Montmorenci. This offset is the furthest line on the right side of the river, in which, about the Tapéra of Paulo Affonso, a mass of long islands precedes the narrows and the rapids. It encloses an "Iris Island," a crag which may easily be confounded with the mainland. It is, however, capped with tree and grass, kept green as emerald by the ceaseless drift, and made remarkable by the brown plain forming the distance. Here again

the still and silent picture around heightens the effect of the foaming, rushing water. The flood rolls headlong over its own shelf of brown based on jet black rock, seen in the walls which here jut out and then retire. Dashed to pieces by the drop, it shows about the centre, with the assistance of a projecting rock, at this season clearly visible, a fall within a fall. Puffs of water-douche, looking as if endless mines were being sprung, rise to half its height, and the infinite globules, "spireing up" in shafts, repeat the prismatic glories of solar and lunar rainbow. At its foot, from the spectator's right hand, or from north to south, a section of an arch represents the terminal part of the mysterious cataract, whose upper two-thirds are hidden by a curtain of rock. This, the main stream, impinges almost perpendicularly upon the right-hand wall of the trough-ravine, and the impetus hurls it in rolls and billows high up the face to be thrown back shattered, and to add a confusion more confused to the succeeding torrents. But, subject to the eternal law of gravitation, a sinuous line perforce undulates down the crevasse, which gradually widens, and which puts out buttresses from right and left. Calmed by the diminished slope, it meets the tall cliffs upon which we stand, and wheeling from north-west to south-west, it eddies down the windings of the ravine, which soon conceals it from the sight. The effect is charming when the moon, rising behind the spectator, pours upon the flashing of cascade and rapid full in front, a flood of soft and silvery light, while semi-opaque shadows, here purple, there brown, clothe the middle height, and black glooms hang about the ribs, spines, and buttresses of the chasm-foot.

'Not the least interesting part of Paulo Affonso is this terminal ravine, which reminded me of the gorge of Zambezian Mosiwatunya, as painted by Mr. Baines. It has given rise to a multitude of wild fables, especially to the legend of the under-ground river, an Alpheus, a Niger, a Nile, that

favourite theme with the "old men." The black sides, footed by boulders which the force of the flood has hurled in heaps, and in places cut by small white streams, preserve their uniformity, and wall in the stream as far as the Porto das Piranhas, forty-two geographical miles below the cataract. Moreover, the elevation profile shows below the actual cataract, a kieve or deep hollow, and a long succession of similar abysses, prolonged to the same point, and gradually diminishing in depth, the effect of a secular falling in. Niagara undermining the soft shales that support a hard structure of limestone some ninety feet thick, has eaten back seven miles from the escarpment known as Queenstown Heights. It is supposed to have expended 4000 years in reaching its present position, and to be receding at the rate of a foot per annum. Here we find a similar retreat of the waters. According to the guides, a huge mass of stone above the *chaudière* formed an arch under which the birds built their nests. This disappeared like the old original "Fall Rock" about ten years ago, and since that time they say the Zoadão, or roar of Paulo Affonso, has not been so loud. Applying therefore, the rule of the Northern Cataract, we cannot assign to the King of Rapids an age under 2400 years.'

At this point Burton's journey practically ended. At all events his interest in it faded away. In two days of tedious riding, he reached the Porto das Piramhas just in time to find the steamer in which he had hoped to travel had departed. He descended the Lower São Francisco more leisurely, and having paid a brief visit to Senhor de Barros, President of Alagoas, at his capital, Maceio, he made his way to Aracajú and Bahia, where his wife came to meet him. They took steamer to Rio de Janeiro, and changed for a native boat down to Santos to resume the duties of his consulate. Brazil and the Republic of Paraguay being at war, Lord Stanley, then Foreign Secretary, thought

that it might be desirable to obtain trustworthy information as to the nature and causes of that conflict, and accordingly directed Burton to make two visits to the scene of it. His first extended from August 15th to September 5th, 1868, and his second from the 4th to the 18th of April, 1869. The earlier journey led him to the mouth of the Tebicuary River, when the Paraguayan batteries of San Fernando were being stormed, while the latter showed the curtain rising upon what was then believed to be the last act of the campaign—the Guerilla phase preceding its conclusion. There is little of permanent interest in the records of these journeys, but his essay on the condition and position of the South American Republics contains an enormous mass of information which the historian of the future will find invaluable. There are, as he tells the reader in the preface to his 'Letters from the Battle-fields of Paraguay,' endless details 'concerning places and persons whose names are more or less familiar to the public ear: Asuncion, the capital of this "inland China;" Humaita, the "Sebastopol of the south," that gigantic "hum" whose "grim ramparts" (wretched earthworks) appeared even in the London *Times*, as "the Gibraltar or more properly the Mantua of South America;" the Amazonian corps raised by Mr. President Lopez; the mysterious Madame Lynch *en personne*; the Marshal Resident, who though separated by half a world from our world, must ever command a sufficiency of interest; the conspiracy that has been so fiercely asserted and denied, the new Reign of Terror, called by some the Reign of Rigour, and the executions, which if they really took place can be explained only by the dementia preceding destruction or by the most fatal of necessities.'

It was whilst he was upon the second of these journeys that Burton received the welcome intelligence of his promotion to the Consulate at Damascus, and he hastened back

to Europe by the first available steamer. When he entered the Service, he proposed to himself to earn Damascus, Tangier, Teheran, and Constantinople. It now seemed as if his good star was about to rise. The voyage was an unpleasant one. To quote his own words:—'A few hurried last hours amongst friends in Buenos Ayres the open-hearted, made one regret that such a distance was to separate us. Once more on board the comfortable *Arno*, Captain Thwaites, I found myself at home. Followed a glance at the old familiar scenes of Rio de Janeiro, which you have been told were somewhat stunted by contrast with the Plate, the Andes and Magellan. And lastly, by way of finale, three weeks on board the *Douro* bound to Southampton, with 365 passengers, of whom 86 were of an age delightful only to their mammas. The passengers were mostly Portuguese, whose main characteristic was expectoration: and the feeding was worse than anything I had ever seen on board a Paraguayan River steamer. The cabins with their berths disposed athwartships were stuffed full: the kitchen, I should say galley, and the store room were not.' A few weeks in England followed, and a much-needed rest at Vichy, and then we see Burton once more on his way to that "mystic East" where, and where only, he seems to be at home.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAMASCUS.

Adieu to Santos — Hans Stade—Appointed to Damascus—Lady Burton on 'Tancred' — Landing in Syria — Paris — A singular prophecy — Consular dignity — Damascus difficulties — Lady Burton's share of them—Summer quarters in the anti-Lebanon—Life in rural Syria—Palmyra—The Inner Life of Syria—Abd-el-Kadir—The Arabs of the Capital of the desert—An English padre —Letter to the *Times*—Heliopolis—Mr. Barker and Raschid Pasha —A threatened massacre—A midnight ride—Strong measures—Pilgrimage to Jerusalem and Bethlehem—Nazareth—A brutal attack—Its first consequences—Amongst the Druzes—Ascent of El Dakwah—A narrow escape—Eastern bad faith—The Jews of Syria—Eastern Christians—Difficulties of the Protectorate—Sufferings of the peasantry—The "official class"—Hebrews in England —The breaking of the storm—Burton recalled—Another midnight gallop—Home again—A Foreign Office "inspector"—Want of humour—Friendliness of friends—Breaking up and going away—Return to London.

VARIED though it had been by these excursions, the life which Burton lived at Santos, was about as inappropriate to him as could have been devised by the wit of man. It was a kind of agricultural existence. It is the English fashion, of course, to "cut blocks with a razor," but surely something better might have been found for a man of such varied accomplishments than the monotonous routine of a Consul's office at the other end of the earth. There was no society, and very little to do; the climate of Santos was most unhealthy, by no means agreeable, and the district around Santos contained little of anything to interest a man of Burton's calibre. As he says in his

preface to Mr. Tootal's translation of the 'Captivity of Hans Stade, of Hesse,'* 'there was little occupation on high days and holidays except to visit the seaboard and kitchen-middens, and as there are no roads upon the shore many of my excursions were made in open boats—trips which gained dignity by the perpetual presence of danger.' It was therefore with an immense sense of relief that Burton and his wife—for the story of their lives is now as much concerned with one as with the other—received the announcement of his appointment to the Consulate at Damascus. He had been at Santos (São Paulo) nearly four years, and he finally left the place with as little regret as could well be imagined. The prospect of being stationed at Damascus afforded Lady Burton the keenest pleasure. Seven years afterwards she wrote: 'Although a staunch Catholic, I am an ardent disciple of Mr. Disraeli—I do not mean Mr. Disraeli only as Prime Minister of England, but the author of "Tancred." I read the book as a young girl in my father's house, and it inspired me with all the ideas, and the yearning for a wild Oriental life, which I have since been able to carry out. I passed two years of my early life, when emerging from the school-room, in my father's garden, and the beautiful woods around us, alone with "Tancred." My family were pained and anxious about me—thought me odd; wished I could play the piano, do worsted work, write notes, read the circulating library—in short, what is generally called improving one's mind, and I was pained because I could not. My uncle† used to pat my head, and "hope for better things." I did not know it then, I do now; I was working out the problem

* Published by the Hakluyt Society in 1874, with a preface and annotations by Burton.

† Lord Gerard of Garswood (ob. March 15th, 1887) whom Lady Burton described in a letter to the present writer as her "second father."

of my future life, my present mission. It has lived in my saddle-pocket throughout my Eastern life. I almost know it by heart, so that when I came to Bethany, to the Lebanon, and to Mukhtárá—when I found myself in a Bedawi camp, or amongst the Maronite and Druze strongholds, or in the society of the Fakredeens—nothing surprised me. I felt as if I had lived that life for years. I felt that I went to the Tomb of my Redeemer in the proper spirit, and I found what I sought. The presence of God was actually felt, though invisible.

'Now that the author, who possesses by descent, a knowledge that we Northerners lack (a high privilege reserved to his Semitic blood), has risen to the highest post in England, I shall incur the suspicion of flattery from the vulgar; but my honest heart and pen can afford it, and I see no reason to omit on that account what was written three years ago, when the Conservative Government was at a discount. Rather will I congratulate my country that, with the Eastern question staring us in the face, we have at the helm one of the few men in England who is competent to deal with it.'*

Burton landed in Syria on the 1st of October, 1869, with his 'eyes still full of the might and majesty of the Chilian Andes and of the grace and grandeur of Magellan's Straits —memories which fashionable Vichy and foul Brindisi had strengthened, not effaced,' and arrived at the scene of his future labours with a good heart and high hopes. Lady Burton left her family on the 16th of December, and after a journey as wearying and tiresome as a winter journey in France usually is, arrived at Marseilles on her outward way on the morning of Sunday, the 19th of December. In this connection Lady Burton tells a very curious and

* This was written in 1872 and printed in 1875. The events of the dozen years which have elapsed since it first appeared are hardly likely to make Englishmen proud.

very interesting story of herself. She has, as her friends know, been all her life more or less under mystical influences. Some people may talk of superstition, others of strong imagination, and still others may ascribe her peculiar faculty to an excess of credulity. Those who are honoured with her acquaintance are, however, absolutely convinced of her perfect good faith, and accept the stories which she tells, remarkable as they are, as being literally and exactly true. This one is certainly remarkable enough. She was in Paris at the time of the Emperor Napoleon's fête in 1869. 'The scene was gorgeous; France appeared in her greatest pomp, luxury, and glory. . . . Though not a sibyl, there are times when words will rush to my mouth, and I must say them. I was walking that night in the Champs Elysées with a friend, who will remember it, when I said suddenly, somewhat excitedly: "In a year hence all this will be shattered, and the hand that created it will be humbled in the dust." My friend answered: "You are like the raven to-night." And I replied: "I love France,* and I fear for her." A girl standing near me said to her companion: "Voilà une dame qui ne se gêne pas." So we moved on; I had spoken too loud. That day year France was fighting Prussia.'

From Marseilles Lady Burton made the usual journey to Alexandria, where she arrived on Christmas Day. Thence to Beyrout, in a Russian steamer, was a matter of three days, and she arrived in Damascus just in time to meet her husband. The position which they had to occupy was not by any means an easy one. A Consul in the East, especially the Consul of a great power, has to keep up a little state—to behave, in fact, more as a minister than as the unimportant personage a Consul usually is. His pay is not large: his expenses are. He

* This expression is natural enough, in view of a part of her early life being spent by Lady Burton in France.

must maintain a considerable establishment of highly-paid servants, dragomans, kawwasses, a good stable, and a good cook. The Consul at Damascus has jurisdiction, or rather exercises a protectorate over British subjects in the whole district bounded by the three cities Baghdad, Náblus, and Aleppo; 'upon him devolves the responsibility of the post for Baghdad through the Desert, as well as the safety of commerce and protection of travellers, and the few English residents, missions, schools, and protected subjects.

BURTON'S HOUSE IN DAMASCUS.
(*From a drawing by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.*)

Consequently he must have a good understanding with the Bedawin tribes of the Desert; and our relations with the Druzes of the Hauran and the Lejá'a, which are in the wilds, have to be well cemented.

'At the same time, the Consul who occupies this post at Damascus, is put in a difficult position. I speak of places and positions, not of persons, and I will show the reason. Damascus is the heart and capital of Syria, the residence of the Wali and all the chief government authorities, the head-quarters of the army and police, the chief majlis, or

tribunals, which represent our courts of law, chambers, and judges, and all business institutions and transactions, besides being the religious head-quarters of Mahommedanism, and is called "The Smile of the Prophet." The reasons for the Consul-General being made to reside at Beyrout are long since obsolete. It is exactly as if the Russian Government were to send, let us say, General Ignatieff, to London, and subject him to some small man at Brighton, who should alone have the right to report to the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg. Now, the Consul of Damascus is immediately subject to the Consul-General at Beyrout, whereas he ought to be responsible to the Ambassador at Constantinople. Damascus and Beyrout are two totally different worlds. Damascus requires prompt and decided action, and no loss of time; moreover, any order which might apply to Beyrout would be totally inapplicable at Damascus. Supposing—of course it is only a supposition—that the immediate superior did not know Arabic, or any Eastern language, or had never visited Damascus, the order might, in nine cases out of ten, proceed from the advice of a Dragoman interested in the case. Therefore, it is a galling and chafing position for the man at Damascus, and one in which he could never be fairly appreciated at home. He must do all the work, but he must never be heard of. His brains must swell and ornament Beyrout reports; and if his superior like him, he may refrain from injuring his career.'

So far Lady Burton. But much more was needed to make a man a successful Consul in Damascus. She has elsewhere put the whole matter into a single line when she says, 'he must have the honour and dignity of England truly at heart, and he should be a gentleman fully to understand what this means.' Put into other words, this

*

is equivalent to saying that no one save one of those who belong to what are rather absurdly called the "privileged" classes, ought to be sent out as the representatives of this country in foreign, and above all in Eastern countries. To listen to the talk of the average professional politician, and to read the so-called "leading articles," which people of this class habitually indite, one might imagine that to have been born a gentleman, and educated with his congeners, is an absolute disqualification for public employment, while the mere fact of a man having had a Board School education, and having passed his youth and early manhood at the loom or the forge, or in the mine, is ample proof of his being fitted for the highest positions the State can offer. This is the notion to-day: the next generation will probably think how foolish their fathers were, and refuse to admit to the service of the Crown any who are not well born, well bred, and highly educated. Birth and breeding surely must tell in the case of men as well as of horses. There have certainly been in the last few years men who, possessed of neither one nor the other, have more than sufficiently degraded public life.

Burton was the man of all others for *this* place. His great animal spirits, to which allusion has been made more than once in these pages, stood him in good stead, and his natural powers of hard and continuous work were still more useful; while in Lady Burton he had something more than a help-mate. Their friends, the late Mr. Deutsch of the British Museum amongst the number, pitied their hard fate in going out to a place where there was "no society," but they managed to be tolerably happy without it. 'I suppose,' says Lady Burton, in that most delightful book, her 'Inner Life of Syria,' from which I shall have to quote many times before this chapter is con-

cluded, 'it never occurs to anybody that a woman who enjoys society can do without it, but indeed we can. Our lives were so wild, romantic and solemn, that I could not even bear to sing; to dance would have seemed a profanation. We rose at dawn—my husband walked every day to the Consulate at twelve, and remained there until four or five. We ate twice, at eleven A.M., and at dusk. At eleven A.M. any body who liked of our friends or acquaintance dropped in and joined us, or sat and talked to us while we ate. Immediately after the latter meal my husband read himself to sleep. My work consisted of looking after my house, servants, stables and animals; of doing a little gardening, of helping my husband, reading, writing and studying; trying to pick up a little Arabic, receiving visits and returning them, seeing and learning Damascus thoroughly, looking after the poor and sick of my village and its environs.'

The last clause in this sentence means much. During the whole time of Lady Burton's residence in Syria she was the Lady Bountiful of the district. There were absolutely no medical men, no apothecaries, no drugs. The usual course of things was for the native who was attacked with a serious ailment to turn his face to the wall, make up his mind to die and die forthwith. When Lady Burton came and established herself and her medicine chest—or rather perhaps her druggist's shop—amongst these children of the desert, a change came over them. She found she was expected to work miracles, and to be at the beck and call of every one who was ill, or who chose to fancy himself so. She has innumerable stories to tell of her quaint experiences in this way, but two must serve as samples of the rest. On one occasion she was alarmed by a message from one of her *protégées* to the effect that she had broken her leg. Lady Burton made all preparations, hired a litter, and engaged men to carry the unfortunate

women down to Beyrout, where abode the English surgeon to whom she was in the habit of consigning her more serious cases. Having done this she went in search of her patient, whom she found calmly attending to her household affairs. The "broken leg" was a scratch on the knee about which an English child would hardly have even whimpered. The other case was perhaps a little more sensational, though in its way not less interesting. An old woman was dying. A French doctor (Nicora) told Lady Burton that the case was poison, and advised the exhibition of nothing more startling than a little effervescent citrate of magnesia. The dose was given in due course: Lady Burton sent at noon to hear how the patient was going on, and was informed that there was no change in her condition. She sent again at four o'clock, and was told that the unfortunate woman was not merely dead but buried. The next day her son came to Lady Bountiful for some of that nice white powder for his grandmother, who had been bedridden for some time past. As she would neither get well nor die, the affectionate nephew obviously thought that the cheapest and kindest thing he could do was to quietly put her out of the way. It is hardly necessary to add that he got none of that "nice effervescing stuff" from the "Sitti," but a sound rating instead—which probably would not prevent him from finding a simple way of expediting the passage of his aged relative from this world to the next.

The Burtons did not stay always in the town of Damascus. The heat in summer (105° in the shade) was more than even the pilgrim to El-Medinah and Meccah could endure without necessity, and so summer quarters were taken up at Blúdán in the anti-Lebanon, some twenty-seven indirect miles across country—"four and a half hours for *us* in case of necessity; eight or nine hours to slow travellers, and twelve for camels. The account of the "flitting" is, in its way,

half humorous, half pathetic, looked at across the mists of a quarter of a century:—'We sauntered along in eleven hours zigzagging and making offsets. We rode along the French road to the first station, El-Hameh, and then we struck to our right across naked barren rocky plains, hills and delts, entering the district Zebedani . . . we rested in an orange-orchard, which was very refreshing. Here our baggage joined us, my English maid on a quiet horse, and all the live-stock. The Persian cat and the pups in paniers; the pianette was on a camel. I thought, perhaps, I should be able to bear the sound of my own voice in the mountains, though not in the hushed solemnity of Damascus. . . . We threaded the alleys of Blúdán, ascending steep places, and soon found ourselves beyond the settlement, opposite a door which opens into a garden cultivated in steps and ridges up the mountain. In the middle stands a large barn-like lime-stone hall with a covered deep verandah, from which there is an unrivalled view . . . . to our right the top of Jebel Sannin, monarch of the Lebanon, and looking to the left Hermon, king of the anti-Lebanon.'

In this happy place the Burtons stayed as long as was possible. I must again quote the "Inner life of Syria":—'Our days here were the perfection of living. We used to wake at dawn, make a cup of tea, and, accompanied by the dogs, take long walks over the mountains with our guns. The larger game were bears (very scarce), gazelles, wolves, wild boars, and the nimir (a small leopard); but for these we had to go far, and watch in silence before dawn. The small game nearer home were partridges, quails, and woodcocks, with hares and wild duck. As regards shooting, I do not like to kill any small, useless, or harmless thing, but only what is needed for eating, or large game, when the beast will kill you if you do not kill it. I cannot bear to see a gazelle hunted; I dislike the Hurlingham pigeon

matches, and the *battue* slaughters in England, the mangled, quivering heaps of half-slain hare and rabbits, upon which I have seen even girls look unmoved. It is all a matter of habit; but this is not my idea of "sport." The hot part of the day was spent in reading, writing and studying Arabic. At twelve we had our first meal, which served as breakfast and luncheon, on the terrace. Sometimes in the afternoon, native Shayks, or English from Beyrout or Damascus, came to visit us, or tourists to look at us *en passant*. We set up a *tir* in the garden, and used to fence, or practice pistol or rifle shooting, or put on a cavesson and lunge the horses if they had no service. At the hour when the sun became cooler, all the poor within fifteen or sixteen miles around would come to be doctored. The hungry, the thirsty, the ragged, the sick and sorry, filled our garden at that time, and I used to make it my duty and pleasure to attend to them. If it was a grievance, I did not "set myself up as a justice," but I used to write out their case for them as they told it to me, and then wrote upon it, "For the kind consideration of such a Consul, or such a Pasha." Without such a paper the man would probably never have gained a hearing beyond a kawwass. This was quite *en régle* in the East, and what was expected of me, or of any lady holding a good position. The Turkish "authorities and the Consuls always liked to oblige each other in these little marks of *entente cordiale*—unofficially, be it understood. I only did this in cases of tyranny and oppression, and I am happy to say that no one, Turkish or European, ever rejected one of my cases, or found them untruthful. The others were dismissed with money or clothing, food or medicine, and all with sympathy. If a favourable and proper opportunity occurred, I used to read them a prayer or a text suited to their case, and have it expounded by an educated native. This, accompanied with bodily relief and kind words, often lies nearer the heart

than a cold sermon upon an empty stomach. I seldom had fewer than fifty a day, half of them eye-diseases. A good reputation is so easily earned in such a kind-hearted country, that people used to come on foot from thirty miles to see me. Before dinner, especially if anybody was staying with us, we used to assemble in the garden to eat a few mouthfuls of leben salad, and to drink a liqueur glass of raki. This gave sufficient appetite for dinner at seven on the terrace, sometimes a difficult matter in that climate. Divans were then spread on the housetop, and we used to watch the moon lighting up Hermon, whilst the after-dinner pipe was smoked. The horses were picketted out all these summer nights, and the Saises slept with them. The pianette from Damascus enabled us to have a little music. Then I used to assemble the servants, read the night prayers to them, and a small bit of Scripture or of Thomas à Kempis. The last thing was to go round the premises to see that everything was right, and to turn out the dogs on guard. And then to bed. The mails came once a fortnight, and my husband was obliged to ride into Damascus every few days to see that all was going on well.'

The cares of the Consulate kept the Burtons at Damascus until the beginning of April; then leisure was found for a holiday excursion to Palmyra. The journey is one which travellers in the East are usually very anxious to take. Many have, indeed, been known to visit Syria, expressly to go to Tadmor. Yet the number of those who have failed to reach the place is far greater than of those who have succeeded. Some are deterred by the enormous charge for an escort of Bedawin (6000 f. and even more), but many more by the difficulties and dangers of the journey, the want of water, the necessity for travelling by night, and hiding by day, and the impossibility of staying more than a couple of days at a place, where as many weeks would be

well spent. The late Lady Ellenborough (who may be said to have succeeded Lady Hester Stanhope in her Eastern *rôle*) was married to a Bedawi—brother to the chief and second in command of the tribe of El-Mezrab, a small branch of the great Anazeh tribe. She aided the Bedawin in concealing the wells, and levying blackmail on Europeans who wished to visit Palmyra, which brought in considerable sums to the tribe, as often as much as 6000 francs per head was exacted. Burton determined to go, and had not 6000 francs to spare. He asked his wife if she would be willing to risk it. She answered, as she always answers, "Wherever you lead, I'll follow." Lady Ellenborough was in a very anxious state when she heard this announcement, as she knew it was the deathblow to a great source of revenue to her tribe. She was living on an intimate footing with the Burtons, and was connected by marriage with Lady Burton's family, and would like to have favoured them, but could not without abolishing the whole system. She did all she could to dissuade them, and even wept over the loss of her friend, saying, "They would never come back." Finally she offered them the escort of one of the Mezrabs, that they might steer clear of Bedawin raids and be conducted quicker to water, *if it existed!*

They accepted the escort, but as they were riding out and were clear of the town and suburbs, Lady Burton applied herself to taking stock of the Bedawin, and thought he had an uncanny and amused look. She rode up to her husband and made a few remarks in English which nobody understood. Burton gave a grim smile, as Ouida would say, "under his moustache," and said, "Yes, I have thought of all that too." "Mohammed Agha, come here!" His faithful Afghan, who had served him in India, whom he had found accidentally in Damascus, and made his "Chief Kawwas," rode up. Burton gave him a few orders in Afghani which no one else understood. He saluted

and retired. When they got about three hours away from Damascus in open desert, the Bedawin had his mare and his spear taken from him and was mounted on a baggage mule. Every kindness was shown to him and he enjoyed every comfort they had, but two mounted guard over him day and night, and he was thus powerless.

Da'as Agha's men found the wells and conducted them straight there and straight back. The Bedawin was stuck up for a show that they had a Bedawin escort whenever Bedawi raids were near, but was not allowed to move. On coming back into Damascus, he was, before entering, remounted on his mare and his spear returned to him. He rode straight home, and complained bitterly to Lady Ellenborough and the Shaykh of the manner in which he had been made a fool of.

"*Why* did you treat our man in this way, when we, out of kindness, lent you this safe guide?"

"Well, Jane," said Lady Burton, "you know you are more Bedawin than the Bedawi, and you are bound to stand by your Shaykh and the tribe, and it is a loss of several thousand francs a year to them, so we thought it as well to be on the safe side; and we have not hurt your man but have been very kind to him."

She flushed very red, and then laughed heartily, and said, "You were quite right, but who would have thought that a quiet, innocent-looking Englishwoman would have thought out the fighting tactics of the Bedawi? and after all, *you two* have done this, but no one else will be able."

The fact is, the Bedawin on his thoroughbred mare would have curvetted off in circles, pretending to look for wells, when in reality he would have fetched the tribe down upon them. They would have been captured—orders to respect and treat them well would have been given—and then they would have had to be ransomed, and this would have proved the impossibility of Europeans

visiting Palmyra without a Bedawi escort, at 6000 francs a head; and the Foreign Office would have smartly reproved their Consul for running such a risk, and most likely declined the ransom. The road was, however, opened up by Burton himself. The following passages from a letter of Lady Burton, dated "Damascus May 7, 1870," will be found of interest:—

'A certain semi-official business compelling Captain Burton to visit Karyatayn, which is within his jurisdiction, I resolved to accompany him, in the hopes of pushing on to Palmyra. In this enterprise, I was warmly seconded by the Vicomte de Perrochel, a French traveller and author, who had visited Damascus with the hope of reaching Tadmor, and M. Jonine, the Russian Consul for Damascus. We were mounted upon horses, and were wrongly persuaded not to take riding-asses—they would have been a pleasant change on long days. We engaged an excellent dragoman, Melhem Wardi of Beyrout, six servants, a cook, twenty-eight muleteers, fourteen mules, and twenty-eight donkeys to carry baggage, tents, provisions, and barley for horses and seventeen camels carrying water. These were escorted by one officer and two privates of irregular cavalry. On the second day, Da'as Agha, a noted sabre, chief of Jayrud, and commanding one hundred and fifty lances, joined us with ten of his men. He still looks forward to military employment; and it will be surprising if they do not utilise such a capable man. The Wali or Governor-general Rashid Pasha, his agent Holo Pasha; the Mushir or Field-marshal commanding in Syria, and other high officers, lent us their aid. On our fifth day, when we arrived at Karyatayn, Omar Bey gave us a cordial welcome, and placed at our disposal eighty bayonets, and twenty-five sabres, commanded by two officers. We arrived at Palmyra only on the eighth day, as we diverged hither and thither to see and examine the country; but we rode back to Damascus at a

hand gallop in four. Nothing can be more simple than the geography of the country traversed. We crossed one small divide between the Marj, or Damascus Plain, and the extensive valley which, under a multitude of names, runs nearly straight up north-eastward to Palmyra. After leaving Karyatayn, however, we went by the Baghdad or eastern road, called Darb el Basir from the Basir well and ruin; and we returned by the Darb el Sultani, the main or direct road, with a slight digression to the Ayn el Wu 'ul (Spring of the Ibexes). At no season is water wanting, but there are only two wells to ninety-six hours' journey without rest. This is always supposing that the traveller rides in two days from Karyatayn to Palmyra, and that he camps for the night at Ayn el Wu 'ul in order to water his animals on arriving, and in the morning before starting, there being no other supply between the two villages. Everything we saw in the shape of Bedawin ran away from the hundred and five men who formed our escort. A ghazu, or war-party, of two thousand, would not have attacked us; and thirty Englishmen mounted on good horses, and armed with breech-loaders and revolvers, could, I believe, sweep the whole desert from end to end. The march from Damascus to Palmyra may be done, as we did on return, in four days, by strong people well mounted, but it is a great "tour de force," and not advisable. The first is from Damascus to Jayrud, or better still, 'Utnah, a village half an hour beyond. The second to Karyatayn is a long day, *i.e.* nine hours of hand gallop, or fourteen of walking. At Karyatayn, an escort is necessary, and would always be granted on receipt of an order from headquarters. Those who have no camels must camp for that night three hours out of the direct road, by Ayn el Wu 'ul, the beforementioned, well in the mountains. Those carrying water can proceed by a more direct road, *via* a ruin in the desert, called Kaâr el Hayr, which looks like a chapel, and near the remains of

an aqueduct. They must choose between three hours' extra ride and the expense and slowness of camels. These two last days from Karyatayn to Palmyra may be done with twenty-four hours of camel walking, thirteen of horse, walking, or with twelve of dromedary or handgallop. However, my experience is, that we usually started at 6.30 or 7 A.M., and encamped after having been out twelve or thirteen hours; but this included breakfast and halts, sometimes to inspect figures, real or imaginary in the distance; sometimes a "spurt" after a gazelle or a wild boar.'

One of the most interesting points connected with Burton's life in Damascus was the insight which he and Lady Burton obtained into the inner life of the Syrian people. Books without end have been written about them; missionaries have sent in their reports; "Missions to the Harím"—surely the most hopeless task upon which human being ever embarked, save and except the midnight meetings of thirty years ago, when "Fiddler Joss" brought his blandishments to bear upon the upper section of the *demi-monde* after a diet of cake and tea—have been started, but no one seems to have taken up the Arab from the standpoint of sympathy or to have dealt with him and his womankind as though they were civilised and rational beings and not heathen and criminals. Here it was that Richard Burton and his wife had such an enormous advantage. Neither of them pretended to an inordinate superiority over the people with whom their lot was cast. They spoke their language—possibly in Burton's case with a purer accent than the Arabs of Syria and the Northern mountain regions—and they did their best to win the affection and regard of the people with whom they lived. During the short time they were permitted to stay in Damascus they had their reward. Not merely was Lady Burton the friend of the poor, the protector of the oppressed, and the helper of the sick, but she became the intimate acquaintance of every one of Arab

blood whose friendship was worth having. The results are somewhat remarkable. From Abd-el-Kadir downwards, every one of Arab blood was their friend, and their influence became practically unbounded. One has only to read the book from which so much in this chapter is taken—Lady Burton's 'Inner Life of Syria'—to see how utterly and entirely this assertion can be justified. Take for example what she says about the education of the ladies of the Harim. Usually they are represented as amongst the most ignorant of their sex; as being in fact only a degree above the beasts of the field. The mistake is not an uncommon one. Macaulay in one of his letters to his sister complains of it as being habitually made with regard to the Hindú ladies of his day, and protests that, whatever the abominations of the Zenana may be, he would allow children to be brought up in the midst of them rather than that they should be educated, no matter how highly, without natural affection. In the Harím of the higher class of Arab the "abominations" of which so much is heard do not exist, and the ladies are not quite the uneducated race of beings Englishwomen have been taught to consider them. Hear Lady Burton. This was written fifteen years ago, and she will probably not desire to alter one word of it:—

'We must qualify that idea that we have in Europe, viz., that there is *no* education in a Harím. Reading and writing are only means, not ends. The object of education is to make us wise, to teach us the right use of life. Our hostesses know everything that is going on around them. The husband, behind the scenes, will often hold a council with his wives. They consult together, and form good and sensible judgments, and advise their husbands even in political difficulties. Can we do more? Of course, you will understand that I am now speaking of the higher classes. When I compare their book-learning with that, for instance, received by girls at home fifteen or twenty

years ago, I can remember that the lessons learnt by heart, and painfully engraved upon my memory, have required a toil of *un*learning and *re*learning since I have mixed with the world. As regards mere accomplishments, some ride, dance, sing and play, as well in *their* way as we do in ours; some read, some write, and almost all can recite poetry and tales by the hour. The manners of some are soft and charming. The best speak purely and grammatically; slang is as unknown to them as dropped "aitches." Finally, in the depth and fervour of their religious belief, many of my friends are quite equal to us—in *their* way.'

All this, of course, relates to the Arabs of the Capital, for, despite Foreign Office traditions and the notions of Mr. —— and his friend at Beyrout, Damascus is as much the capital of Syria to-day as she was twenty centuries ago. Out in the desert the Arab maintains his character and his quality. He is in Syria what Burton had found him when he made his pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet, and one can without much difficulty understand how a man of his temper and sympathies should grow somewhat enthusiastic over such a race. Hear Lady Burton once more:—

'The Bedawin pride themselves on having much more intelligence and refinement, romance and poetry, than the settled Arab races, they have an exceptional contempt for the Fellahin. One day a Bedawi threw this in the face of a Christian Fellah. They had some words about it, upon which the Bedawi said, "Well, thou shalt come to our tents. I will ask my daughter but three questions, we will note her answers. I will accompany thee to thy village, and thou shalt ask thy daughter the same three questions, and we will compare her language with my daughter's. Both are uneducated. My daughter knows naught but nature's language. Thine may have seen something of towns or villages, and passers-by, and have some advantage over mine."'

They first went to the camp.

Bedawi father: "O my daughter!"

Girl: "Here I am, O my father!"

Father: "Take our horses and picket them!"

The ground was stony, and she hammered at the peg.

Girl: "My father, I knocked the iron against the stone, but the ground will not receive her visitor."

"Change it, O my daughter!"

At dinner her father knew he had rice on his beard, and that the girl was ashamed.

"What is it, O my daughter?"

"My father, the gazelles are feeding in a valley full of grass!"

He understood, and wiped his beard.

"Wake us early, O my daughter!"

"Yes, my father."

She called him. "My father, the light is at hand."

"How dost thou know, O my daughter?"

"The anklets are cold to my feet, I smell the flowers on the river bank, and the sun bird is singing."

Thence they went to the Fellah's village. It was now his turn.

Fellah: "My daughter."

Girl: "What do you want, father?"

"Take our horses and picket them."

The ground being hard she hammered uselessly, and losing temper threw down the stone, crying—

"I have knocked it so hard, and it won't go in."

"Change it then, girl."

At dinner he purposely dropped some rice on his beard. She pointed at him, began to laugh, and said, 'Wipe your chin, my father.'

On going to bed, he said, "Wake us early, my daughter."

"Yes, father," she replied.

"Father," she called at dawn, "get up; it is daylight."

"How do you know, my daughter?"

"My stomach is empty; I want to eat."

The Fellah was obliged to acknowledge the superiority of a Bedawi household over his own.

Life in the anti-Lebanon was pleasant enough. Burton had from time to time to go down to Damascus on business, and there were excursions to be made to various points of more or less interest; the sick had to be visited and friends from England entertained. On one occasion Mr. Johnson and a Mr. Wilson, who had been appointed Vice-Consul at Tarsus, arrived, and on the following day Mr. E. H. Palmer, the remarkable man who became Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and who was one of the victims of Egyptian policy, visited them, together with Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt-Drake, who was the life and soul of the Palestine Exploration Fund. On another day came a Reverend Gentleman, who was, like some others of his race, very enthusiastic about the Druzes, and about the races of Palestine generally. Lady Burton tells an odd story about this reverend personage which will bear transcribing. He was, she says, 'of enthusiastic religious and controversial views. He amused us very much by preaching to the Druzes, who burst into roars of applause, and who he was quite convinced would have come over in a body to his faith. But his dragoman, who interpreted for him, was only saying, "The kawájah (mister) is a kassis Inglese (English priest)', and he says English and the Druzes are *sawa-sawa* (one, side by side)" which, of course, produced great enthusiasm. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that his dragoman was coming into "the right way;" and it was a great consolation to him when he preached to see him taking notes in Arabic. I saw the notes, and found that he only knew three letters of the Arabic alphabet, which he kept on writing over and over again. . . . This same reverend gentleman was taken to the slave-market; his honest indig-

nation flew to his head, and made him want to beat the door-keeper, who had nothing to do with it.' Burton's experiences of missionaries were, in truth, not always or altogether fortunate, whether in Asia or in Africa. This sort of thing used to happen about twice a month.

Far happier was Burton's exploration of Heliopolis, thus described by Lady Burton in a letter to the *Times* in July 1871 :—

"For some months past my husband has been making interest with Ráshid Pasha, the Wali or Governor-General of Syria, to take certain precautionary steps for the conservation of old Heliopolis. In the early Saracenic times the temple, or rather temples, had been built up into a fort, whence, as at Palmyra, they are still known to the Arabs as 'El-Kala 'ah' (the Castle). Of late years the moat has been planted with poplars, dry walls have divided it into garden plots; and thus the visitor can neither walk round the building, nor enjoy the admirable proportions, the vast length of line, and the massive grandeur of the exterior. Similarly the small outlying circular temple called Barbárat el Atíkah (la Sainte Barbe) has been choked by wretched hovels. The worst, however, of all the Saracenic additions—are, first, a capping of stone converting into a 'Burj' (tower) the south-eastern anta or wing of the smaller temple, dedicated to the sun, and popularly known as that of Jupiter; second, a large dead wall with a hole for an entrance, through which travellers must creep, thrown up to mask the vestibule and the great portal of the same building. Inside it there has been a vast accumulation of débris and rubbish: a portion was removed for the visit of H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Prussia in 1869, but the whole area wants clearing. Finally, nothing has been done to arrest the fall of the celebrated key-stone in the soffit, which began to slip about 1759, which falls lower with every slight earthquake (we had one at 6.15 P.M., on June 24

1870), and which, if left unsupported, will bring down with it five other monoliths of the lintel and sides, thus destroying one of, if not *the* grandest of ancient entrances the world can show.'

'On July 21, we left Blúdán, accompanied by Messrs. Drake and Palmer, who were finishing a tour through Palestine, their hard work and harder times on the "Tih" and the mountains of Sinai. We were very happy to have the society of these gentlemen as far as the cedars of Lebanon, we only regretted that the journey was so short. Ráshid Pasha sent from Damascus Mr. Barker, chief civil engineer to the government of Syria, whose duty it was to undertake the actual work.

'After examining the Saracenic capping of large stones overlying the south-eastern anta of "Jupiter," and which seems to crush down the cornice, and to exfoliate the columns at the joints, it was judged inadvisable to remove them. The cornice, broken in two places, inclines slightly outwards, whilst the stones are disposed exactly over the centre of gravity, and serve to diminish the thrust; we therefore left with regret this hideous addition, this *bonnet de nuit*, which must now be regarded as a necessary evil. I may here remark for the benefit of your general readers, that no one can give an idea of the size of the stones used for building Heliopolis, unless they have seen them. The three famous ones, measuring 64 ft., 63 ft. 8 in., and 63 ft. long, each 13 ft. in height and breadth, and raised to a height of 20 ft. or more, take away one's breath, and compel one to sit before them, only to be more and more puzzled by thinking how very superior in stone-lifting and transporting the Pagans must have been to us Christians of 1870. The first work was to demolish the ignoble eastern masking wall. At an interview with the local authorities it was agreed that they should supply labour, on condition of being allowed to carry off the building material. During

our stay of five days the upper part of the barbarous screen had been removed, much to the benefit of the temple, and it was a great excitement to the small population of the village of Ba'albak, to see the huge masses of stone coming down with a thud. We intended next to expose, by clearing away the rubbish-heap at the proper entrance, the alt-reliefs extending on both sides of the great portal. Lastly, we had planned to underpin the falling keystone with a porphyry shaft, of which there are several in the Jami el Kabir, or chief mosque. The prop was to be as thin as possible, so as not to hide the grand old eagle, emblem of Ba 'al the Sun-god, which occupies the lower surface of the middle soffit stone. Unhappily, Mr. Barker, immediately on beginning work, was summoned to Damascus by Rashid Pasha, who, after having kindly offered to carry out the improvements, changed his mind suddenly, inexplicably, *à la Turque.* He objected to the worthless building material being given away—the why will not interest our readers. The English nation would have spent hundreds of pounds in such a cause, and we could have done it with peace; but you cannot succeed in making an Oriental brain understand that a few piastres in the pocket are not a greater glory than saving these splendid antiquities. The indolent Eastern will only shrug his shoulders and call you a Majnún—a madman—and if he can put a spoke in your wheel, well, it might give him an emotion, and he will not neglect his opportunity. So Mr. Barker was kept doing nothing at headquarters, hardly ever admitted to the presence, and after short, rare visits uncourteously dismissed. I am always sorry to see an Englishman in native employment. . . . About the end of August he was ordered to lay out a road between Tripoli and Hamah; not a carriage road, but a mere mule path, which half-a-dozen Fellahs and donkey-boys could have done as well as the best of civil engineers. Thus poor Ba'albak has been again abandoned to the

decay and desolation of the last fourteen centuries. We do not despair, however, of carrying out our views, and we can only hope that when his Excellency has finished his goat-track he will lend help to the cause of science. Perhaps he would, if he could understand how much all civilised people will care about this our undertaking, and how abundantly patronizing such a cause would redound to the credit of Constantinople.'

The life of the British Consul at Damascus was not however destined to be one of amusement or even of archæological and antiquarian labour. The varying creeds, tongues and races were for ever "on the simmer," and the hatred between Moslem and Christian was eternally threatening to break out into open war. On the 26th of August, 1870, matters seemed to have reached a climax, and on the night of that day Burton was disturbed in his country retreat by a mounted messenger bringing him two letters, one from the Chief Dragoman of the Consulate, the other from the principal missionary in the city—Mr. William Wright. The substance of these letters was that great alarm prevailed amongst the Christians, that all who could leave either had gone, or were on the point of going, that the Jews had been making crosses about the streets as they did before the massacre of 1860; that there was a common belief that the trouble was due to the Moslem population, who complained bitterly of the way in which the conscription was levied; that the Wali was absent, and the acting Governor-General utterly incompetent, that, in short, everything was wrong, and that the people generally were in a state of great disquiet and uneasiness. In ten minutes all necessary arrangements were made. Burton left half his men under his wife's orders for the protection of Blúdán and Zebedani, and rode down into Damascus at speed; Lady Burton had been ill, but, she says, 'the feeling that I had something to do, took away all my fever, and though

I was before crawling about, I was now upright and strong as a palm tree. In the night I accompanied him down the mountain. When we got into the plain we shook hands like two brothers and parted. Tears or any display of affection would have cost us our reputation.' In Damascus Burton at once took strong measures; found the local authorities; told them that if there was any repetition of the business of 1860, it would cost one or other his life, and would certainly entail the loss of Syria, and promised that, unless steps were taken at once, he would telegraph to Constantinople. They were thoroughly frightened and agreed to all he proposed. The soldiers were warned that on the slightest sign of mutiny they would be sent to jail; the Jews and Christians were forbidden to leave their houses until order was restored, guards were posted in every street, a patrol was sent round, and Burton, as the representative of the principal Christian power, accompanied it.* All this was done before 8 A.M., and the measures of precaution were continued for three days; not a drop of blood was shed, and the frightened Christians who had fled to the mountains began to come back. It was universally felt in Damascus that Burton's promptitude had saved the city from a very unpleasant episode, and he was appropriately thanked by those who were on the spot. Those who were not, and notably his immediate official superior, reported his alarm unfounded and unnecessary.

Whilst these things were happening in Damascus, Lady Burton's position at Blúdán was by no means an enviable one. 'Flying and excited stragglers,' she says, 'dropped in every few hours, and from what they said, you would have supposed at least, that Damascus was deluged in blood, and therefore I expected that eventually crowds of Moslems would surge up to exterminate us.' Forewarned,

* M. Roustan, the since well-known French Consul, afterwards of Tunis, was unfortunately in Jerusalem.

however, she armed her household, turned her bull terriers into the garden to give notice of any approach, extemporized hand grenades out of empty soda-water bottles, and locked up a young Syrian Christian girl whom she had befriended in the safest room in the house. Having made all due preparations, she rode down to the American mission, with an invitation to its members to take shelter under the Union Jack; then into the village of Blúdán to tell the Greek Christians to go to her on the slightest sign of danger, and then to the village of Zebedani, to offer shelter and protection to the handful of Christians there. In the midst of all the Moslem population behaved admirably. The Shaykh and his brothers came up and picketed in the garden, and promised that, rather than harm should befall the English Consulate, they would sacrifice their own lives. For three days the suspense continued, and then at midnight a mounted messenger rode in with a letter from Burton to say that the danger was past, but that he would not be at home for a week.

The misapprehension with regard to Burton's conduct in this business was no new thing. From the very outset his appointment had been unpopular in certain quarters, and there was every disposition on the part of his official superiors to misrepresent and undervalue his work. Nothing exceptionally disagreeable occurred, however, till after his return from his journey to Jerusalem, in the spring of the following year, a journey which was followed by a pilgrimage to Hebron, Nazareth and the Red Sea. His principal companion on this occasion was, of course, his wife; but with them also went Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, whose premature death partially paralysed all attempts at Palestine exploration. In May, he had an opportunity of verifying the well-known Scripture text, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Burton and his company, an American and a German party, were encamped on a

grassy plain outside the town, and near the Greek Orthodox Church. At sunrise on the fifth of May (St. George's day, according to the Greek rite) a Copt endeavoured to enter Lady Burton's tent, which, in the East as elsewhere, is regarded as the grossest possible outrage. Her servant told him to go. He refused, and was very insolent, took up stones, threw them and struck the man. Lady Burton hearing the noise, rose from her bed, and looking over the top of her tent-wall, called to her servants to leave him alone; but by this time they were angry, and began to beat the intruder. The result was a row-royal. As ill-luck would have it, the Greeks coming out of church must needs join in, and, of course, sided with the Copt against the strangers. The Greeks numbered at least a hundred and fifty; the English were but half-a-dozen. Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake ran out of their tent to try and calm the storm. 'They were received with a hailstorm of stones, each the size of a melon, which seemed to darken the air for several minutes. A rich and respectable Greek called out, "Izbahu-hum; ana b'ati Diyatkum" ("kill them all, kill them all; I will pay the blood-money!") He was doubtless accustomed to settle all these sort of things by a bakhshish to the Majlis. Shahadeh the Druze Muleteer called out, "Shame! shame! this is the English Consul of Damascus, and on his own ground." Another Greek replied "Wa in kán! Wa in kán!" meaning, "So much the worse for him, we will give him more." I put on some clothes while the fight was going on, and watched my husband. As an old soldier accustomed to fire, he stood perfectly calm, collected, and self-contained, though the stones hit him right and left. Most men under such pain and provocation would have fired into the crowd, but he simply contented himself, between the blows, with marking out the ring-leaders, to take them afterwards. I ran out to give him

his two six-shot revolvers, but, before I got within a stone's reach, he waved me back, and I understood that I should embarrass his movements; so I kept near enough to carry him off if he were badly wounded, and put his revolvers in my belt, meaning to have twelve lives for his one if he were killed. Seeing that he could not appease them, that three of his servants were badly hurt, and that one lay for dead on the ground, with two Greeks jumping upon him to stamp in his chest, and that there remained but three against 150 infuriated barbarians, he pulled a pistol out of Habib's belt, and fired a shot in the air. I understood the signal, and flew round to the other camps, and called all the Germans and Americans with their guns. When they saw a reinforcement of ten armed Germans and Americans running down towards them, the cowardly crew turned and fled. But for Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake's perfect self-possession, and our friends' timely assistance, we should, none of us, have been left alive. They were as bad as the savages of Somali-land. The whole thing did not last ten minutes, and we were taken completely by surprise.'

The origin of the quarrel appears to have been a protest entered by Burton, in his capacity as Consul, against the confiscation of certain property belonging to British protected subjects for the benefit of the Orthodox Greeks of Nazareth. The Bishop of that communion afterwards got into trouble about another matter, and was recalled. This affair proved, however, disastrous to Burton. He went to the Káim-makám to report what had happened, and to ask for redress. That official was meek, but helpless. He had but twelve policemen to keep a population of 7000 in order, 2500 of them being Greek Orthodox Christians. It was, therefore, necessary for the party to stay at Nazareth for five days, whilst Burton sent to St. Jean d'Acre for soldiers. The matter came before the court, and twelve or thirteen

of the ringleaders in the disturbance were sent to Damascus for trial. Then followed such an intrigue as is possible only in the East, and amongst people whose defective moral sense has caused the name of their nationality to be regarded as synonymous with "rogue" over a large part of Europe. The prisoners were extremely insolent, and boasted openly that the Government would not dare to punish Greeks. They threatened their Bishop, and this worthy signed the report which they had drawn up for transmission to the Wáli (Governor), who, in turn, would send it to Constantinople. This was all done in due course, and the untruthful and scandalous report was sent to Damascus, Beyrout and St. Jean d'Acre, endorsed by the Wáli, and without one word of inquiry as to Burton's version of the matter. According to their statement, the English began the quarrel, and were in no way injured by the Greek Orthodox, who were 'a group of innocent children playing at games,' into whose midst Burton 'had fired several times' —an assertion sufficiently disproved by the facts that not a single Greek was hurt, while four of the six Consular servants were very seriously injured, one—the favourite Afghan Kawwas, Mohammed Agha—being confined to his bed for three months, and barely escaping with his life. Another story was, that Burton 'entered the church armed, to profane it, tore down the pictures, broke the lamps, shot a priest, and that I (Lady Burton) went in also in my night-gown, and, sword in hand, tore everything down, jumped upon the *débris*, and did many other unwomanly things.' This tissue of lies was actually signed and sealed by this Bishop Niffon—who would seem, however, to have acted under a certain amount of coercion—and by the Wali, who was perceptibly afraid of the Greeks.

The whole trouble arises from the half-heartedness with which the authorities in Downing Street support the representatives of England abroad. In Lord Palmerston's day

it is possible that the *Civis Romanus Sum* cry was carried a little too far, and that Englishmen abroad assumed an unbecoming and blustering air, which did not exactly endear them to their neighbours. But, under the beneficent rule of the sentimentalists, we have gone as far in the other direction. Professor Seeley complacently assures us that he and his like "are rather disposed to laugh when poets or orators try to conjure with the name of England," and the sentiment expressed in these disgraceful words is apparently dominant in quarters where better things might have been expected.

On the day of this brutal attack all was, of course, confusion in Burton's camp. Four of the men were entirely disabled and utterly helpless, so that, as has happened more than once in his lifetime, master and servant had to change places. The four wounded men required all the attention of Lady Burton and Dr. Varden; Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake took charge of the tents and horses—a matter not rendered more easy by the fact that the former had received a blow from a stone on the sword-arm so severe that he did not wholly recover from it for two years. As soon as possible, the party moved on to the Lake of Tiberias, where, unfortunately, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake was stricken down with fever—the beginning of that illness which afterwards proved fatal. All, with the exception of Burton, whose constitution well merits the epithet of iron, were, more or less, on the sick list during this journey, suffering from headache or sickness, dysentery or fever, weakness and aching bones, from cold or heat, from swamps or insects. By the 20th of May, however, there was a general convalescence, and on the 24th, having in the meantime returned to Damascus, Burton held his usual Consular levée in honour of the Queen's birthday. Then, having still a fortnight's leave remaining, they set out on the same day with Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake on an expe-

dition to the country of the Druzes, collecting inscriptions, and exploring parts of the country wholly unknown to the average traveller.

On Wednesday, May 31, they reached Shakkah—the old Saccæa, and were received by the Druse chief Kabalán el Kala'ani, who had promised them an escort. This personage had travelled with Dr. Wetzstein, from whom, by his own account, he had received a tremendous price for his safe conduct. In like manner he proposed to mulct Burton and Drake in the sum of forty Napoleons for ten horsemen. They simply refused, whereupon the ruffian demanded that they should sign a paper to show that they had set out in safety and that he was not responsible for them. In other words, he was to be allowed to plunder them, and produce their own testimony that he had stood their friend. They laughed in his face, told him to stop them if he dared, sent for their horses, and went on their way, after sending back to Damascus the men who could not defend themselves in case of need. Two Bedawi were engaged, and a youth, named Habib, was also taken, who followed Burton with dog-like fidelity, and who wept like a child at parting from him when he was recalled. Three volunteers, ashamed of their kinsman's conduct, mounted their best mares, and joined the party, and their number was afterwards augmented by an attendant bringing their rations. There were thus ten combatants—only, unfortunately, if the brigands had appeared in force, there was every probability that these 'bold and hardy mountaineers' would have turned tail and fled incontinently. They were, besides, something of a nuisance. They called for water every half hour, and for food every hour. They clamoured for rest every two hours, and for sleep every four. They complained bitterly of every discomfort of the journey; they were unmanageable on the march, and at the halt they proved themselves the most unhandy of Eastern men.

Happily they did not stay very long. On the afternoon of the 4th of June there was great difficulty in finding water, and the way had been for some time over a "salt and silty" plain. When the time for bivouac came, a palaver was held, at which the Druzes made every attempt to discover the intentions of Burton and Drake—without success, it is needless to say. When morning dawned, all but one of the Druzes had disappeared—to the infinite relief of the Englishmen, who had found their company unspeakably wearisome, and whose horses had become utterly demoralized.*

The last day of their desert travel was occupied by the ascent of El-Dakwah—3370 feet above the level of the sea, and 580 above the plateau from which it rises. By 4.50 P.M. they had covered twenty indirect miles from the mountain, and a day's total of thirty. 'Our arrival,' says Burton, 'was in the very nick of time. The Druze traitors sent from Shakkah by Kabalan el Kala'ání, at the instigation of the Governor-General of Syria, set out on Friday, June 2nd, and reached the Rubbah Valley on the evening of the next day. The Sunday was employed in mustering the Bedawin: the Razzia missed us on Monday at the Umm Nírán, at the Bir Kasam, and upon the direct Lake-road to Dhumayr; they were, in fact, a few hours too late. On Tuesday they plundered, although some 600 Turkish soldiers were in camp within half an hour's ride, three neighbouring villages—Sawaydah, Abbádah, and Harrán el Awámíd; the first-mentioned belonging to M. Hanna Azar, dragoman to Her Majesty's Consulate, Damascus. They also threatened the life of this valuable official; and the inspectors sent by the Governor-General pronounced the damage done to his property to have been the work

* I must explain that the Druzes, as a body, are our allies, but that Rashid Pasha had a small body of paid partisans among them at Shakkah.

of wild pigs! Such was the justice to be obtained by English-protected subjects at Damascus, and such the state into which England in Syria had been allowed to fall. We rode into Damascus before noon on Wednesday, June 7th, escaping, by peculiar good fortune, a plundering party numbering 80 to 100 horsemen, and some 200 Radifs (dromedary-riders), two to each saddle. I duly appreciated the compliment—can any unintentional flattery be more sincere?—of sending 300 men to dispose of three Englishmen. Our zigzag path had saved us from the *royaume des taupes*, for these men were not sent to plunder; besides, *honneur oblige*. The felon act, however, failed; and our fifteen days of wandering ended without accident.'

The "accident" was to come from home. Burton had written all his explanations, and had thought everybody with whom he had had relations was perfectly satisfied and contented, unless, perhaps, it might be the people who had attacked him in the desert, and who, after an unpleasant walk through the streets of Damascus, were expiating their offences in the local prison. He had reckoned, as the event proved, without his host. He had not been aware that the Wali had been carrying on a political intrigue in the Lebanon, of which it was all important that Burton should be kept in ignorance, and he knew still less that his immediate superior, the Consul-General at Beyrout, was sufficiently weak to fall into the snares which Rashid Pasha was laying for him. The whole business was managed with true Eastern cunning and subtlety. Burton called upon the Wali, explained his intentions, and was at once advised to 'go soon, or there would be no water.' Scarcely had he gone, when the Wali wrote a letter to Lady Burton, accusing her husband of having made a political meeting with the Druzes of the Lebanon, and having thereby done much harm to the Turkish Government. She, of course, wrote back, saying that he (the

Wali) had been deceived as about the Nazareth affair, and asked him to wait until the Consul returned. Then came a peculiarly disgraceful business. One day, during Burton's absence, a European called on purpose to ask Lady Burton on what day her husband was to return, and by what route. To her inquiry why he wanted to know, he replied that his child was to be baptized, and he wanted the Consul to be present. The time was mentioned, and the christening was fixed for the day *before* Burton's return. Lady Burton saw at once that there was something wrong; secured a faithful Druze messenger to carry a bottle of medicine with the prescription containing a warning round the cork to her husband, and got him home quickly, and by a different route. She was purposely at the christening party when he arrived, as above related, but—had it not been for her quick wit and womanly instinct—it may be doubted whether Burton, Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake and the faithful servant, Habíb, would ever have reached Damascus alive. When he did, he found that his innocent journey of exploration had been carefully represented to the Consul-General and to the Foreign Office as a political excursion, with objects of the most important kind. What those objects were, nobody has ever distinctly explained—it may, indeed, be doubted whether even he himself knew exactly what Rashid Pasha laid to his charge.

Burton's troubles had, from the first, been grave enough. His position in Damascus had been a singularly difficult one. He had to deal with three classes—the Moslems, the Jews, and the native Christians—all of whom had their special antipathies, and their special quarrels, and he had, at the same time, to contend with enemies of three kinds at home—the permanent officials, who detest originality; the Jews, who, unfortunately, chose to take up a position of decided hostility to him from the first, and the

"unco' guid," at whose hands he has been condemned to suffer much throughout his life. With the people on the spot it would, however, have been comparatively easy to deal, had it not been for the much vaunted facility of communication which made "pressure" from England a part of his everyday life. With the Moslems he had no difficulty. Both he and Lady Burton have the rare and invaluable quality of sympathy. They can see and respect the noble side of Arab life—it is probable, indeed, that there are no living English people who understand the Eastern character so well, or who are so thoroughly at one with the Arab in mind and temper. So, again, with the other Desert races. As Lady Burton puts the matter in her "Inner Life of Syria":—'The Kurds are "roughs," but have a great deal of good in them. The Afghans look so quiet, and slouch about like cats; but when anything does happen, they beat everybody in courage, daring, and endurance. I should not like to have an Afghan enemy. The real Bedawi also have something noble, chivalrous, and romantic. I must say that the Moslem inspires me with the greatest respect. He cares for nothing so much as his faith; he is so humble, so devout, so simple, so self-denying, sincere, and manly.' With these views—and they are shared to the full by Burton himself, as every one who has read his "Pilgrimage" is well aware, it was easy for them to be on the most friendly terms with their Mahommedan neighbours. And they were. Lady Burton learned Arabic—not the easiest task to which an Englishwoman could apply herself—made friends with the wives of the more important of the Moslem inhabitants, and, as has already been mentioned in these pages, constituted herself the unpaid doctor of the poor for a radius of some thirty miles round Damascus. Lady Burton, in her medical dealings with the poor of Damascus and the neighbourhood, had been very successful in her treatment of cholera,

with the help of two prescriptions given to her by two army surgeons in India. Somebody was employed on the *Levant Herald* to attack the treatment and describe it as "wholesale poisoning," and generally to assail her practice amongst the poor.

With the Christians Burton's relations were infinitely more difficult. Damascus is not a very large place, but there are representatives of every conceivable creed, save, perhaps, those vulgar and futile ones, the names of which appear in the Registrar-General's Report, but which are seldom heard of elsewhere. Even amongst those it was, however, no easy matter for the Consul to "keep his dish upright." There are Seven Catholic sects, six of which have a Liturgy different from the Latin rite, and Seven anti-Catholic, but the Maronites of the Lebanon and the Greek Orthodox are the two most powerful Christian sects. And even of these it must be said that their character is the reverse of enticing. To quote Lady Burton, 'If there is a contemptible thing on the face of the earth in point of physical race and moral character, it is the lower class of Nazarene. The Christians of the towns are simply deplorable. We are bound in the cause of humanity and religion to protect them; but when you look at them, you hardly wonder that the Moslem treats them like Pariahs. They are morally, as well as physically, mean and *mesquin*.' And really when the incidents of the massacre of 1860 are recalled, these words are hardly too strong. No one defends, no one is prepared in these days to extenuate the conduct of the Moslem rabble, but as little will any one who knows the facts be prepared to apologise for the cowardice of the wretched curs who called themselves Christians. They never thought of defending themselves. One, and one only, a Greek, took his gun and as much ammunition as he could find into an upper room, and shot down every Moslem who came to attack him. He was

spared: the rest of the so-called Christians fled wherever they could for safety, and left their wives and children to death—or worse. The only person who came out of that most unhappy business with anything approaching to credit was Abd el Kadir—true gentleman and descendant of the prophet, as Lady Burton calls him—who sent down an escort for the English Consul, whose Turkish guards were wavering and treacherous; who employed his Algerines in leading and protecting the trembling 'Christians to his palace; who succoured and protected the helpless Sisters of Charity; and, prince as he was, 'slept across his own threshold for many nights upon a mat, lest some starving, wounded, and terrified wretch should be sent away by his own men.'. And this was the man whom the bourgeois government of the Citizen King and his pharisaical minister treated as little better than a common criminal. If Napoleon III. has no other claim to the respect of Englishmen, let it at least be remembered that he set Abd-el-Kadir at liberty as soon as the empire was established, and gave him a pension adequate to his needs.

Burton's real difficulties were with the Jews, and they arose out of a rather peculiar state of things. It is difficult to say all that should be said on this subject without offence, but fair-minded and honourable Hebrews in this country—the great majority of the race, that is to say—will not object to the truth being told about the deeds of their brethren in Palestine, seventeen years ago, the more so, as there is good reason for asserting that three of the Jews to whom Englishmen are accustomed to look up with the greatest respect allowed themselves unwittingly to be made the instruments of the grossest conceivable injustice to Burton and his wife. When the former was appointed to Damascus the relations of the Jews with the people were already becoming strained, and certain representations were made which had the effect of inducing the late Sir Francis

Goldsmid to write to the Foreign Secretary of the day a letter which distinctly misrepresented Burton and which described Lady Burton as a "bigoted Roman Catholic"—an adjective which every one who has the honour of that lady's acquaintance must laugh at—and as such wholly unfit to share in the representation of Christian and Protestant England in a difficult situation like Damascus. Burton himself was described by other people as being more an Arab than an Englishman; his pilgrimage to El-Medinah and Meccah was raked up, and in one way and another it was made to appear that he could not be trusted to do justice and to temper justice with mercy amongst the heterogeneous tribes under his jurisdiction. It must be remembered that in 1869–70 the bad old practice of "protection" was in fullest swing. Any one having the smallest pretension to be called an Englishman or the servant of an Englishman could go to the Consulate, obtain a certain formal recognition, and thenceforward rank as a British subject amenable only to the authority of the Consular Courts, and potent against the natives of the place, with all the powers of the English Consulate. In Damascus the evil had grown to a frightful extent. The persons protected at her British Majesty's Consulate were forty-eight in number —three of them Jews of the class from which Barabbas was taken and of whom Shylock was the prototype. When Burton arrived at the headquarters of his jurisdiction, he found that he was expected to become the obedient humble servant of this precious triumvirate. The Hebrews in England—Sir Francis Goldsmid, Sir Moses Montefiore, and the Rothschild family—not knowing precisely how the matter stood, backed up the cause of the Jewish usurers, who seem to be in Damascus even more implacable than the clever gentlemen who, in London, "do a little bit of stiff," according to Thackeray, at the rate of 60 per cent., and make the acceptor take half the balance in bad cigars, bad

champagne, and bad French prints, with other such rubbish. When Burton arrived in Damascus in 1869, these gentry at once interviewed him. 'Shylock No. 1 came to him and, patting him patronizingly on the back, told him that he had 300 cases for him relative to collecting 60,000*l.* of debts. Captain Burton replied, "I think, Sir, you had better hire and pay a consul for yourself alone; I was not sent here as a bailiff to tap the peasant on the shoulder in such cases as yours." He then threatened Captain Burton with the British Government. Captain Burton replied, "It is by far the best thing you can do: I have no power to alter a plain line of duty."' There the matter should have rested, but Shylock having tried his fascinations upon Lady Burton in vain, found means to get at Sir Francis Goldsmid, the result being the letter above mentioned.

Du reste the Jewish usurers in Damascus were in 1869–70 doing exactly what their co-religionists have since been accused of doing in Central and Eastern Europe. They put out their money to the exchangers, and their proceedings were the source of universal complaint. In one case a debt of 42,000 piastres had swelled in a very few years to thrice that sum; in another a poor wretch of ninety years of age had been kept in prison throughout an entire winter, because of his utter inability to pay a single Napoleon (16*s.* 8*d.*). There were a host of cases, sometimes similar, often even worse than these. Burton found himself treated as though he were a sort of bailiff for these usurious persons, and, in June 1870, he issued a formal warning to all persons concerned that he would be nothing of the kind. The Jewish money-lenders called themselves on the flimsiest of pretexts "British subjects:" the Consul warned them that he would not assist them to recover debts from the Government, or from the people of Syria, 'unless the debts were such as between British subjects could be recovered through H.M's Consular Courts.' Before the powers of the Consular

Court were put in operation, he required that the whole transaction should be explained, and he altogether refused to allow his court to be made an engine of oppression, while finally he felt himself bound to 'protest strongly against the system adopted by British subjects, and protected persons of Damascus, who habitually induce the Ottoman authorities to imprison peasants and pauper debtors, either for simple debt, or upon charges which have not been previously produced for examination at this Consulate.' What followed was stronger still. 'The prisons will be visited once a week. An official application will be made for the delivery of all such persons.' It would have been difficult to make the consul's intention more clearly evident. What he meant was simply that the British Consulate at Damascus was no longer to be a place for the issue of distress warrants at the instance of Jewish money-lenders, and that the name of England should not be used as a cover for their crimes. What these men were, their co-religionists in England did not know, nor were they aware of the threats and insolences by which they sought to break Burton to their will. Burton, who was on the spot, and who saw and knew the truth, was never consulted at all. The men who told him that they "knew Royal Highnesses in England," who could have Consular officers recalled at their pleasure, and who simply did not understand a strong, honest and upright official, caring neither for bribes nor for threats, were believed by the wealthy and philanthropic Jews in this country. His representations were disregarded. He protested in writing that he was 'ready to defend their (the Jews') lives, liberty and property, but,' said he, 'I will not assist them in ruining villages, and in imprisoning destitute debtors upon trumped up charges. I would willingly deserve the praise of every section of the Jewish community of Damascus, but in certain cases it is incompatible with my sense of justice, and my conscience.'

If Burton had had to deal only with his political chiefs, his troubles would have been comparatively trifling, but unfortunately Syria is a hotbed of intrigue, where whoso has a taste that way can freely work his wicked will, and the English official mind has neither the patience nor the talent to unravel the skein. So the victim must go to the wall. Other and powerful assailants attacked Burton. The official class at home did nothing to support him, and the good people who have so much affection to bestow upon Jew, Turk, Infidel and Heretic, that they have none left for their fellow-countrymen who are fighting the battle of religion and conscience against overwhelming odds, had no word of sympathy for him. Those who were on the spot, however, and who knew what Burton's real character was, and what were his claims to public confidence, entertained of him a very different opinion from that of the "representative Jews" of London, or the oracles of Exeter Hall. There is to my mind nothing more striking than the unsolicited testimonies of the British residents in Damascus to his fearless honesty, unflinching courage, and John Bullish independence, during this exceptionally trying period of his Consulate, nor can I wonder at the honest pride with which Lady Burton points to these testimonials to her husband's integrity. He has never, as the reader will have seen, sought to win the affections of the clerical party yet—to their eternal honour—the clerics are the first to acknowledge his merits. Messrs. Scott and Wright, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, wrote in November, 1870, praising him in the highest terms. He had, according to those gentlemen, dismissed dishonest officials, and replaced them by honest ones; he had restored the *prestige* of the English Consulate; he had maintained for the converts of the mission, the liberty of conscience; he had vindicated their rights in the difficult matters of the school and cemetery, and above all things he had saved the Christians of

the city, when panic had seized them and massacre seemed imminent. Mgr. Eroteos, the Greek Patriarch of Antioch, wrote much to the same effect, expressing his belief that the complaints made against Burton, were made on account of matters which to him were *très honorables.* 'Nous' (*i.e.* the Patriarch) venons vous exprimer notre indignation pour leur conduite inexplicable et méprisable en vous témoignant notre reconnaissance pour le grand zèle et l'activité incessante que vous déployez toujours pour le bien et pour le repos de tous les Chrétiens en générale.' Soon came similar letters signed by Bishop Macarios, Vicar of the Patriarchate of Damascus, Archbishop Jacob of the Syrian Catholic rite, the Vicaire of the Maronite Patriarchate, and the Vicaire of the Armenian Catholics. Even more gratifying was another letter from a correspondent who must perforce remain anonymous, but who most distinctly throws the whole blame of the gathering troubles on the Jewish money-lenders and their somewhat indiscreet sympathisers in England.

The storm which had been brewing so long came soon enough. In the middle of August, 1871, when Burton and his wife fondly hoped that the troubles were over, and that all the affairs of his district were satisfactorily and even admirably arranged, the blow fell. No people could have been happier than they were at that moment. They had a large household; they were, as I have the best reason for knowing, very popular with every class and every rank of their native neighbours; they looked for nothing higher and nothing better than to continue their present life, when suddenly 'a bombshell fell in the midst of our happy life.' They say it takes three hornets to kill a man and seven to kill a horse, and that was precisely the number it took to dismiss Burton from the one place which suited him and was to be the stepping-stone to Morocco, Teheran and Constantinople, which career had been privately promised

him. First was Rashid Pasha, the cruel and unscrupulous Governor-General, or Wali; secondly, the weak Greek Bishop of Niffon; third, fourth, and fifth, the three usurers whose oppression of the poor he opposed. These five would easily have gone to the wall, because the Turkish and Greek, and even all the local Government, except the Wali, recognized the right and wrong. It was reserved to his two English enemies and his own weak Government to play into the hands of the others and make their game for them. The Consul-General at Beyrout had long observed with displeasure Burton's upright dealings and growing influence, and being at heart more than half Russian, he got his chance in the Greek business. The seventh enemy was the most curious of all. There was a certain Mr. Mentor Mott—a man of money, an amateur missionary—who spent most liberally in assisting to establish and keep up the British-Syrian Schools. Shortly after Burton came to Damascus, he paid a visit there, distributed tracts and Bibles, and stood on bales of goods in the bazaar, calling upon the Moslems to forsake Mohammed and be baptized. Burton reproved him respectfully and kindly. "Oh! but," said he, "I should *glory* in martyrdom!" "Thank you," Burton replied, "but *we* shouldn't, no more would the many thousand Christians who inhabit Damascus. *You* can bolt back to Beyrout when you have put the match to the gunpowder, but we can't, nor can they." He, however, continued it until Holo Pasha, Acting-Governor, sent to the Consulate about it, and said the books and tracts were to be collected and publicly burnt in the Market-place. Burton begged of the Pasha to forbear this slight, and wrote to Beyrout and London begging that Mr. Mott might be prevented from coming to Damascus, where he annoyed the *real* missionaries and injured their regular work, more than he did Burton. The Motts went off to London, and represented the case in their own way, bringing

religious influence to bear upon the F. O. against Burton, and may have been generally believed, as people mostly are, when they have leisure to devote to injuring their fellow-creatures. Suffice it to say, the seven hornets united their forces with success, and broke Burton's career. They were staying at Blúdán, and early in August they had been entertaining many guests—amongst others, Professor Palmer, afterwards murdered by the Bedawi, and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake, whose manners, temper and attainments made him a universal favourite. He had begun travelling as a youngster in Morocco, concerning whose ornithology he had published valuable papers; he had learnt Arabic well, and altogether his short life was most remarkable; the Greek Orthodox Bishop of Zahleh, 'a handsome, clever, civilised, very diplomatic, and exceedingly pleasant ecclesiastic,' and Miss Ellen Wilson (now deceased), who did excellent work as the Lady Superintendent of the Zahleh Schools. Lady Burton must tell the rest of the story in her own words:—'The horses were saddled at the door (16th of August, 1871), and we were going for a ride, when a ragged messenger on foot stopped to drink at the spring, and advanced towards me with a note. I saw it was for Captain Burton, and took it into the house for him. It was from the Vice-Consul of Beyrout, informing Captain Burton that by the orders of his Consul-General, he had arrived the previous day (15th of August), and had taken charge of the Damascus Consulate. Captain Burton and Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake were in the saddle in five minutes, and galloped into town without drawing rein. He would not let me accompany him. A mounted messenger returned with these few written words, "Don't be frightened—I am recalled. Pay, pack and follow at convenience." I was not frightened, but I do not like to remember what I thought or what I felt. I went about as usual, and tried to be philosophical. When I went to bed I had one

of my dreams. I thought some one pulled me, and I awoke, sat up in bed, and I could still see it and feel it, and it said in a loud whisper—"Why do you lie there? Your husband wants you—get up and go to him!" I tried to lie down again, but it happened three successive times, and big drops were on my forehead with a sort of awe. My maid, who slept in the next room, said, "Are you walking about and talking, madam?" "No," I said, "but somebody is. Are you?" "No," she replied, "I have not stirred, but you are talking with somebody." After the third time I grew to believe that the presence was real. I jumped up, saddled my horse, and though everybody said that I was mad, and wanted to put me to bed, I rode a journey of five hours across country as if I were riding for a doctor, over rocks and through swamps, making for the diligence half-way house. Three or four of my people were frightened and followed me. At last I came in sight of Shtora, the diligence station. The half hour was expired; the travellers had eaten and taken their places, and it was just about to start; but God was good to me. Just as the coachman was about to raise his whip, he turned his head to the part of the country from whence I was coming, hot, torn and covered with dust and mud from head to foot; but he knew me. I held up both my arms as they do to stop a train. He saw the signal, waited, and took me in, and told the ostler to lead my dead-beat horse to the stables.'

This happy inspiration gave Lady Burton four-and-twenty hours with her husband, but no more. He waited for nothing, but took the first steamer to England, leaving her behind to pack, pay the bills, discharge servants and break up the household. There, accordingly, Lady Burton lived for three months in the midst of a population supposed to be so bitterly hostile to her that her life was not safe from hour to hour. Not a hand was raised against her; not

an insult was offered to her. She went in and out as usual, visited her friends, tended her sick and poor, and fulfilled her religious duties without molestation or hindrance, and the people who were supposed to be anxious only for her death proved to be her real and true friends. Burton suffered from his unmerited disgrace far more than she did. His colleagues in the Consular Service treated him with little kindness or courtesy and allowed him to make his exit from Beyrout without the faintest demonstration of honour or respect. On arriving in London he reported himself, and gave an account of his stewardship. No blame was imputed to him, except that he had been charged by Rashid Pasha with stirring up the Druzes against the Turkish Government. Burton asked the grounds of the charge, and eventually was shown the correspondence. He had written a letter to the Druze chiefs, asking them to meet him in a body, when he had intended to make arrangements with them for the greater safety of English travellers, one of whom had been badly maltreated. On first sight he discovered that this document had been tampered with, that Rashid Pasha had changed the sense of certain passages by the easy alteration of a few words, and had given the document the appearance that he needed for his purpose. Will it be believed that this compromising document was withheld from Burton for months, until all was over and settled, and that the Foreign Office had made up its mind upon the subject without asking a word of explanation from the man whose career it destroyed, and that even his friends amongst the clerks considered the case closed and proved against him? This is the way justice is meted out in Service life nowadays. In fact it would be difficult in the extreme to see where the blame could come in—but the wise men of the Foreign Office thought it advisable to do something by way of *ex post facto* justification for his insulting recall. They, therefore, punished the poor

people of Damascus by reducing the Consulate there to a Vice-Consulate dependent upon Beyrout. This step was taken upon the advice of an official, whose qualifications for his duty in the East may be judged by a little anecdote which Lady Burton has related more than once. It is not necessary to give even the initial of the gentleman in question—every one who knows the Consular Service will recognise him. He paid Burton an official visit at Damascus, and on the night of his arrival found himself unable to sleep, because of the creaking of a gate belonging to an old woman close by. He mentioned the matter early next day, and Lady Burton promptly set things straight. The old woman protested that she could not afford the piastres necessary for the repairs, whereupon Lady Burton had them executed at her own expense. Next night Mr. —— slept well. At breakfast he remarked the circumstance, and inquired what had been done. "If you will look out of the window," answered his hostess, "you will see it in our courtyard. I sent two kawwasses to take it down yesterday at sunset." He put on the official face, and in the severest manner said:—"Oh—but you really must not treat the people like that—suppose they came to know these things at home!" "Suppose they did," was the lady's answer, and nothing more was said, but there is little doubt that the story was diligently carried to the Foreign Office, together with the deprecatory remarks of the Polish Jew who, after a two weeks' residence in Damascus, thought fit to communicate his evil opinion of Consul Burton to this gentleman at a *soirée*, which was given in his honour, and at which everybody of any consequence in the city was present. It was, perhaps, a little unfortunate that Lady Burton did not explain matters rather more fully, but it is not everybody who is of the "permanent official" temper, and who requires everything to be worked out to the n^{th}. Mr. —— may have been weak in this matter. In point of fact there is very

good reason for believing that it was in no small degree owing to his representations, made to oblige the Consul-General (his old friend and colleague), that Burton was recalled as he was, but it is difficult to imagine what excuse can be found for the officials at Beyrout, who treated him as a disgraced man before a single charge had been even formulated against him—much less substantiated: but the jackass always *did* kick the dying lion.

The situation was, however, not altogether without its consolations. While Burton was on his way to England, his wife was fulfilling his injunctions in Damascus and Blúdán. Friends were more friendly than ever. The ridiculous tale that the Consul's life had been in danger was amply disproved by the treatment accorded to her. Her own touching words will best describe what happened:—'I had every right to expect, in a land where official position is everything, where love and respect accompany power and government influence, where women are but of small account, that I should be, morally speaking, trampled under foot. I do not know how to describe with sufficient gratitude, affection, and pleasure, the treatment I met with throughout Syria. The news spread like wildfire. All the surrounding villages poured in. The house and the garden were always full of people—my poor, of course, but others too. Moslems flung themselves on the ground, shedding bitter tears, and tearing their beards, with a passionate grief for the man "whose life" they were reported to wish to take. The incessant demonstrations of sorrow were most harassing, the poor crying out, "Who will take care of us now?" The Moslems: "What have we done that our Diwán (Government) has done this thing to us? They sent us a man who made us happy and prosperous, and protected us, and we were so thankful; and why now have they taken him from us? What have we done? Were we not good and thankful, and quiet? What can we do? Send some

of us to go over to your land, and kneel at the feet of your Queen." This went on for days and days, and I received, from nearly all the country round, little deputations of Shaykhs, bearing letters of affection, or condolence, or grief, or praise. These sad days filled me with one gnawing thought—"How shall I tear the East out of my heart by the roots, and adapt myself to the bustling, struggling, everyday life of Europe."

'I broke up my establishment, packed my husband's books, and sent them to England, settled all our affairs, had all that was to accompany me transferred to Damascus, and parted with the mountain servants.' The leave-taking was a sad one for Lady Burton, and the sadness was intensified by the affectionate demonstrations, which encountered her on all hands, but she went quietly through her work, sold up her household effects, paid the trifling debts of the establishment, arranged all the business affairs, and saw to the comfort of every living being—man or beast—that had been dependent upon them. This sudden change cost them £500, which was never refunded to them. Then on the day of the sale, when nothing more remained to be done, she could bear the misery of parting with the place where she had hoped to live and die, no longer. 'I went up,' she says, 'to the Arbá'in, or Forty Martyrs, above my house on Jebel Kaysún, and I gazed on my dear Salahiyah below, in its sea of green, and my pearl-like Damascus, and the desert-land, and watched the sunset on the mountains for the last time.' The Mogháribahs prophesied all good fortune for her on this day—a prophesy which has been in part fulfilled, since from that day forward neither Burton nor his wife have wanted ardent and enthusiastic friends—and the Moslems had prayers in all the Mosques for her husband, making vows of great gifts to the poor, if Allah would only permit him to return. Had Lady Burton delayed her journey to England, there

would probably have been demonstrations which might have complicated matters very unpleasantly. She therefore took leave of her friends—especially of Abd-el-Kadir and Lady Ellenborough—and leaving word that parting was too painful for her, quitted Damascus at three in the morning of the 13th of September, three months after her husband.

I cannot attempt to describe her arrival in London. It must suffice to say that when she found Burton the 'seriousness' which she had noted in his aspect at Beyrout on the day of his recall was intensified. The injustice and even cruelty with which he had been treated was borne by him with a proud philosophy. The charges which had been made against him were absolutely false, and needed only a clear and rational explanation. Even the Turkish Government showed that they did not believe them, for they recalled in disgrace and threatened with chains his principal accuser, Rashid Pasha, who was soon after shot in Council by the famous Captain Hasan; his infamous secretary, Bahjat Effendi, and his wife, were shortly afterwards murdered at a Russian post (where he was sent as Consul and carried on the same kind of game). The Greeks recalled Bishop Niffon, also in disgrace, and the three usurers all came to grief in their money matters. As a matter of fact, the only persons whose vengeance was satisfied were the Consul-General of Beyrout, the Lady-Superintendent of the B. S.-Schools, and a few of the routineers of the F. O.—just his own countrymen, who might have been expected to support him instead of breaking his career.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HOLIDAY IN ICELAND.

Out of employment—Change of air—Edinburgh, Grantham, the Færoe Isles to Iceland—Air currents—Reykjavik—Icelandic lodgings—"The Christian Sabbath"—A Lutheran Church and congregation—The women of Iceland—The men—"A cockney trip"—Hekla—A disappointment—The ascent completed—A churlish farmer and a hospitable pastor—The Geysirs—Cooling gradually—"Like Hekla gross humbugs"—Back to Reykjavik—Postdampskibit—To the Breidalsheidi—Travelling difficulties—The sulphur beds—A village wedding—Icelandic manners—Back to England.

IN May 1872, Burton found himself in need of change. His tremendous journeys, and the anxieties and worries of Damascus had told upon him. Although the charges made against him had all been absolutely disproved, and though the Foreign Office had approved in writing of his conduct during his Damascus career, instead of making him the *amende honorable* by sending him back at once, as they ought to have done, and as they have since done in Sir J. Pope Hennessey's case, there was no immediate prospect of his again obtaining employment. The burden of the unjust action slackened his interest in his career, but he was too busy-brained to stand still. Opportunity being afforded, he went north to Edinburgh and thence by steamer to ascertain whether the sulphur of Iceland could not replace that of Sicily. The start was effected soon after noon on the 4th of June in the *Queen*, a steamer of the old-fashioned, uncomfortable type, which Burton half

humorously and half pathetically objurgates. She was very small—only 280 tons register—she had wretchedly bad engines; her furnaces did not consume their own smoke or even their own coal, so that the unfortunate travellers lived in a perpetual atmosphere of blacks; the berths were ridiculously small; the washing accommodation primitive, and the feeding simply detestable. The only pleasant memory associated with the journey was that of the captain—a thorough seaman, and, as Burton says, a "regular brick." By way of the Shetland and the Færoe Islands, he reached Iceland with the full conviction that these northern regions are about the most hopeless of the British Empire. The former may, indeed, he thinks, be utilized for peat—'deep, black fuel in which Ireland and the Hebrides, the Shetlands and the Orkneys abound'—but for the rest they are almost valueless, except as emigrant-breeders. 'In such sea-girdled peat-mosses as these agriculture is a farce, and only sheep can pay'—a remark which may be commended to the sentimentalists who are and have been wasting themselves upon the miseries of the crofter and the cruelties of the Scottish landlords. Of the Færoes, Burton's opinion is also worth noting—'we left the Færoes,' he says, 'with a conviction that its capital is one of the the slowest places now in existence.' Happily the stay of the *Queen* was not prolonged in these uninteresting regions, but she made rather bad weather of it between the Færoes and Iceland. 'The sky before clear, was all cirrus and cirro-cumulus, and the slaty green seas made the too lively *Queen* dance and reel with excitement. The cabin table was put into its straightest waistcoat, and men avoided the deck—on shipboard as in maritime Iceland, once wet you cannot get dry again. Our numbers shrank at mess, and the passengers seemed to become like the royal and feminine Legs of Spain. Ghostly sounds issued from the cabin; one "Cale-

donian stern and wild," attached to a black dog, big as a donkey and hairy as a bear, made fierce attempts to violate the toilette-tables and glared hideously at expostulation. Our only consorts were spirting whales and audacious troops of numerous gulls—these escorted us with sundry reliefs of guard as far as Iceland.'

The Stack was sighted on the 5th of June. The travellers had exchanged "an angry Auster" for a "wrothier Boreas" that tore the clouds to tatters. 'We are approaching,' says Burton, 'the region of paradoxes, a practical joke of nature, and the rule of reverse seems generally to apply.' Iceland seems, indeed, to be much in the condition of Australia as it was described something more than half a century ago by Lord Beaconsfield:—'The land where the rivers are salt, where quadrupeds have fins and the fish feet, where everything is confused, discordant, and irregular.' Here in Iceland 'travellers tell us that presently we shall see nine suns which do not give the light and warmth of one; sub-glacial volcanoes; fire issuing from ice-bergs; . . . a summer without thunder, which is confined to winter; stone crumbling soft under the touch; stalactites and stalagmites of lava, not of lime; Pluto doing Neptune's work; rivers now bone-dry, then raging floods; forests sans trees; fuel thrown up by the furious sea; deep swamps clothing the high hill-slopes; lakes supplying ocean cod; and wild ducks swimming the almost boiling springs; a land where the men draw and carry water, and a population which, thriving in the worst weather, sickens and dies of malignant catarrh (the Krujm of the Færoes), when the heavens deign to bestow a rare smile.'

Amidst curious conditions of wind and sky the steamer made her way to the Icelandic capital. Burton remarks, and the fact has been noted both before and since, that in certain latitudes the air-currents are curiously divided and that the farther you depart from the equator the more

marked are these differences in the horizontal strata of air. In his case they added very considerably to the difficulties of navigation—difficulties multiplied by the peculiarity of the coast. The morning of the 8th was clear and cold. Birds were numerous, otherwise the shore was uninteresting, its general character being very much that of the Shetlands. The pilot came on board in due course, and after a while the pilgrims made Reykjavik. They were six in number, and it is worthy of remark that five of them returned to Granton in the *Queen*. Their stay in Iceland was thus reduced to "the inside of a week"—it would be interesting to know how many of them wrote books about the island, and how many set themselves up as authorities upon matters Scandinavian on the strength of this journey. Truth to say the place does not seem to be remarkably interesting. There was but one inn in Reykjavik, and it was too noisy to be tolerated; lodgings were sometimes to be had at the hospital—'whose civil matron was once the handsomest woman in the island'—but there was there the corpse of a man who had died of D. T., and when finally a lodging was discovered, the place was not satisfactory. 'The house,' says Burton, 'deserves description: it is the normal bourgeois dwelling-place of the capital, very different from that of the country. The little box is revetted with rhubarb-coloured boarding, and covered by a black tarred board-roof. Its entrance debouches upon a hall no bigger than a bird cage, with a door to the right and the left; you must duck your head as you enter them, and—never forget this precaution in Iceland. The first *pièce* is a bedroom some 15 feet long by 8 broad and 8 high; the single window has a half blind, but neither curtains nor shutters.' The midnight sun was a further plague; the beds—'apple-pie shaped box-beds,' Burton calls them, three feet long, and provided with the familiar eider-down pillows and *duvet* of Germany were another, and the live-stock of the establishment the

crowning misery. For the rest, the accommodation afforded by a lodging-house in the back settlements of Margate or Southend would seem to be infinitely preferable to the hospitality of the Icelandic capital. The one great recommendation was that the people were fairly honest, and did not eke out a shameful existence by petty overcharges and small robberies. The travellers fed at the hotel (inn) where they learned a variety of strange meats and stranger condiments. They found the places clean enough, but it is possible that Englishmen will still prefer salt and pepper to 'nutmeg, clove, and cinnamon,' will object to sugar as a condiment to cabbage, and will think that dinner may be begun better than with 'a slab compound of sago, dry cherries, raisins and plums coloured with the juice of the imported Tyttebær . . . blackberry, red whortleberry or cowberry.' To make up for this nastiness there was salmon, 'excellent, finer, firmer, curdier, and leaner than with us,' spoiled alas! by the habit of cutting it in slices before cooking it—a habit, by the way, much in vogue in some "swell" London restaurants, as is that of baking instead of roasting, of which Burton also complains.

Sunday he found a rather dull day. In Iceland the "Christian Sabbath" begins at 6 P.M. on Saturday, and ends at the same hour on Sundays—'the evening and the morning were the first day'—a habit so distinctly Oriental that it seems strange to find it under the North Pole. By way of divertissement Burton went to the Domkirkja—the Cathedral—where he found something of Iceland's most distinguished son, Thorwaldsen, and a service not without interest. 'Presently enters the rector Hallgrímr Sweineson, attended by Síra Guttormr, a candidate for ordination. He has walked to church in black robes, with the broad stiffly-crimped white ruff, the Fraise à la Médicis, which is seen from Iceland to Trieste; the poorer clergy in the island, as in Norway and Denmark, do not use it on

account of the expense. His close-cut hair and peaked beard give him the aspect of an old family portrait dating from the days of the Stuarts. Presently, assisted by a bustling clerk in a white surplice, he dons the purple vestment with a yellow cross down the back; it will be remembered that the cope and vestment were long retained by the Reformed Church in England. Síra Hallgrímr thus attired stands up and intones with a rotund mouth and a good voice somewhat like a Russian "papas"; he has been seven years in Denmark, yet he speaks no French and very little English. The congregation, which is certainly not crowded, first joins in a long, a very long hymn; after this come the prayers of the Lutheran rite; and finally a thirty-minutes sermon for the benefit of the nodders and the noddees. The service lasts at least two hours, therefore the people rarely sit through it; the men especially disappear for a few minutes, and return when they please with a faint aroma of tobacco, which no one remarks; whilst many strangers see it through by instalments. The governor, who was visiting, did not attend, nor did the bishop, who was unwell.

'The first aspect of the congregation was a novelty, especially after reading sentimental descriptions of man, whose "œil est pensif; son attitude nonchalante et sa démarche engourdie," and of woman, whose "traits respirent la douceur et la résignation." The latter are certainly far more numerous than the former; firstly, the ceremony is in their line, and secondly, they preponderate in the population. They mostly affect the left aisle, while both sexes are mixed in the right. Few of the men sport broadcloth and chimney-pot hats; and these latter, when worn, are mostly of the category known as "shocking bad." The usual habit is a Wadmal paletot, the creases showing "store-clothes," and a billy-cock or wide-awake; the students carry caps, and the general look is that of the Bursch,

without his swagger and jollity. The distinguishing article is the "Islandsk Skór," Iceland shoon, of which I have deposited a specimen at the rooms of the Anthropological Institute. It is a square piece of leather—sheep, calf, seal, or horse—longer and broader than the foot, the toes and heels are sewn up, the tread is lined with a bit of coloured flannel, and the rim is provided with thongs like our old sandals. It corresponds with the Irish "brogue," as shown in heraldry, the Shetland Rivlin, or Rullian; the Reolens or Revelins of the Scoto-Scandinavian islands; the Red Indian Mocassin; the Pyrenean Spartelle; the Zampette, Sicily; the Roman Cioccie; the Opanke of the Slavs and the Mizz, which Egypt and the nearer East, however, are careful to guard with papooshes. It is one of the very worst *chaussures* known; it has no hold upon snow; it is at once torn by stone; being soleless, it gives a heavy, lumping, tramping, waddling gait; it readily admits water; and being worn over a number of stockings, it makes the feet and ankles look Patagonian, even compared with the heavy figure. There a few specimens of "Lancashire clogs" from Denmark and the Færoes; chumpers or sabots are unknown; and the civilised bottine is not wanting.'

The women of Iceland, did not impress Burton favourably. He found their expression 'hard and uncompromising,' and he could not admire their costume either of Sunday or of Monday. Nor did he like the appearance of the streets of Reykjavik with its spectacle of men and women planted at the windows of the houses, the latter far too much in *en evidence* and the former smoking vile Hamburgh cigars, and with the signs of more intoxication than was at all justifiable. The last evil is not perhaps peculiar to Iceland. It is however tolerably evident from the statistics which Burton has collected, and from the facts which every observer has noted, that drunkenness increases regularly as the northern latitudes are reached. Whether

his belief in the concurrency of tobacco and sobriety is as well founded is perhaps open to question. The Icelander is, however, it would seem from Burton's account of him, by no means an unestimable person. His education is deficient and indifferent; his old habit of learning and speaking

ICELAND WOMAN—SUNDAY WEAR.

Latin as a key to communication with the outer world has died out, and he has acquired certain bad habits of boon companionship at a very early age which tell upon him in later life. On the other hand his morals are good as a rule, and though he may not be profound as a theologian or a

casuist, he is generally an honest and a fairly capable man. To the impartial outsider the Icelander seems like an exaggerated Scot—all the virtues and all the failings of the Scotchman appear to be reproduced in him, sometimes in a rather ludicrous fashion, and his face, as Burton's drawings show, is distinctively Caledonian. It is, however, the fashion to represent him as unsophisticated and simple in his dealings and doings, habits and manners. This Burton found to be the very reverse of the truth. He is quite as "sharp" as the canniest of Scotchmen, and to the full as

ICELAND WOMAN—MONDAY WEAR.

alive to his own interest. On one of his excursions from Reykjavik, he was accompanied by a self-constituted guide who on the way back took him into his house, where he was entertained by the wife with coffee, biscuits and milk. By way of being "delicate" the traveller gave a rix dollar to the child of the household. 'Two months afterwards our cicerone wrote that he had guided (unbidden, be it said) three Englishmen up the mountain and had given them coffee, etc.; that his fee was $3, whereas they had left only $1 with a servant girl from whom he could not take it.' On the whole, however, Burton found a good deal to like in the Icelanders. They are simple-mannered people, however astute, and not unwilling to take trouble to oblige their visitors. The clergy afford the best specimens of the race, and of their friendliness and kindness he has much to say. But the spread of an advanced civilisation has destroyed much of the natural good manners for which the Icelanders were once celebrated. Writing in 1875 Burton tells the world that 'the traveller in Iceland will miss many things of which he has read, as "the kiss of peace," the pulling off boots, etc., by the daughters of the house, and the parting salute by way of good-night. These things may survive on the rarely visited south coast; on the beaten tracks they are of the dead past—at least I never saw a trace.' In another dozen years they will probably have disappeared altogether. Now that the "excursion agents," of whom Mr. Cook is the worthy prototype, have begun to advertise their cheap trips to the Land of the Midnight Sun, it is growing more difficult with every succeeding year to find a trace of unsophisticated nature.

Burton admits that this journey 'was indeed a cockney trip,' but of course he had to do the usual round of cockney sights—with some additions. The additions in question related to the Sulphur-fields, the exploration of which, as I have said, was the main object of his journey. It is hardly

necessary in this place to go into the question of the value of the sulphur deposits of Iceland. That point was established long ago, and the general reader of to-day will probably care but very little for a repetition of Burton's enthusiasm over the extraordinary amount of chemical wealth which he discovered on his way to Hekla. Of his ascent of Hekla itself he speaks in terms which do not create an impression of remarkable gratification. As a mere matter of fact the size of the volcano, and the violence of its eruptions, have been systematically exaggerated. The place became mythical in the middle ages, but the tradition of its being one of the mouths of the infernal regions survived until a very recent date. Nowadays it would seem that Hekla is a very one-horse volcano indeed. Burton rode up on the 13th of June, as far as his pony would carry him, then at 'an impassable divide we left our poor nags to pass the dreary time, without water or forage, while we followed the improvised guide, who caused not a little amusement. His general port was that of a bear that has lost its ragged staff. I took away his alpenstock for one of the girls—and he was plantigrade rather than cremnobatic: he had stripped to his underalls, which were very short, whilst his stockings were very long, and the heraldic gloves converted his hands to paws. The two little snowfonds ("steep glassy slopes of hard snow") were the easiest of walking, we had nerved ourselves to

> "Break neck or limbs, be maimed or boiled alive,"

but we looked in vain for the "concealed abysses," for the "crevasses to be crossed," and for places where "a slip would be to roll to destruction." We did not sight the "lava wall, a capital protection against giddiness." The snow was anything but slippery; the surface was scattered with dust, and it bristled with a forest of dwarf earth-pillars, where blown volcanic sand preserved the ice. After a slow

hour-and-a-half, we reached the crater of '45, which opened at nine A.M. on September 2, and discharged lava till the end of November. It might be passed unobserved by an inexperienced man. The only remnant is the upper lip prolonged to the right; the dimensions may have been 120 by 150 yards, and the cleft shows a projecting ice-ledge ready to fall. The feature is well marked by the new lava-field, of which it is the source: the bristly "stone-river" is already degrading to superficial dust. A little beyond this bowl the ground smokes, discharging snow steam made visible by the cold air. Hence doubtless those sensations old travellers "experienced at one and the same time, a high degree of heat and cold."

'Fifteen minutes more led us to the First, or Southern Crater, whose Ol-boji (elbow or rim) is one of the horns conspicuous from below. It is a regular formation about 100 yards at the bottom each way, with the right (east) side red and cindery, and the left yellow and sulphury; mosses and a few flowerets grow on the lips; in the sole rise jets of steam, and a rock-rib bisects it diagonally from north-east to south-west. We thought the former the highest point of the volcano, but the aneroid corrected our mistake.

'From First Crater we walked over the left or western dorsum, over which one could drive a coach, and we congratulated one another over the exploit. Former travellers, "balancing themselves like rope-dancers, succeeded in passing along the ridge of slopes which was so narrow that there was scarcely room for their feet," the breadth being "not more than two feet, having a precipice on each side several hundred feet in depth." Charity suggests that the feature has altered, but there was no eruption between 1766 and 1845; moreover the lip would have diminished, not increased. And one of the most modern visitors repeats the "very narrow ridge," with the classical but

incorrect adjuncts of "Scylla here, Charybdis there." Scylla (say the crater slope) is disposed at an angle of 30°, and Mr. Chapman coolly walked down this "vast" little hollow. I descended Charybdis (the outer counterscarp) far enough to make sure that it is equally easy.'

At the top of the Hekla, the guides sang a song of triumph; the male mountaineers drank to the health of the ladies who had accompanied them, and all alike set themselves, despite the bitterly cold wind, to examine the very remarkable view. The descent was speedily made. Three hours brought the travellers to the point at which their ponies had been left, and here the party broke up, the impression left upon Burton's mind being evidently one of disappointment. 'After a single day spent upon the volcano,' he says, 'which has so often been ascended, what can man find to explore, except the labour of his predecessors? Nor would it be fair to leave unnoticed this excellent specimen of exaggerated writing upon the subject of Thule which perhaps culminates on Hekla.' He would willingly have spent another day there, but the plague of flies was too potent and the heat (82° F. in the shade at nine A.M.) too great. The travellers set forward therefore on the road to the Geysir, 'one of the most unpleasant in civilized Iceland.' The day (Sunday) was too an unfortunate one. The ferryman was absent from his post; the peasantry who were encountered treated the travellers with scant civility, and there was some trouble in obtaining a guide to a ford even when a bribe was offered. Having crossed the river they made for a large farm, the owner of which refused to do anything until the horses were tethered outside the homestead and then charged half a mark (sixpence) for some skimmed milk. 'The idea,' says Burton, 'of a gentleman farmer, or even humbler Giles, taking two pence for a glass of small beer!' At Hruni, however, there was a pleasant change. The village pastor saw them sitting

disconsolate amongst the graves, came out of his house, greeted them kindly in Latin, and did the honours of his little church. 'Better still he led us to his little home, and enlarging on the *mal paso* before us, he adhibited a most copious feed of Hvita salmon, smoked beef, cheese, biscuits and white bread, with golden sherry and sundry cups of *café au lait.* And as we mounted with many *vales* and *gratias agimus*, he insisted on a final Hestaskál (stirrup cup) of distilled waters.' The good profastr is, it would seem, in the habit of thus ministering to the necessities of travellers in this generously hospitable way, and they need his kindness, for the rest of the road to the Geysir is simply detestable, and the animals were by this time showing signs of severe fatigue.

It was ten o'clock at night when the party fell into a long descent, which led down through villainous bog and splashing streams to their destination. The tents were pitched near to the basin, and there the travellers prepared to pass the remnant of the night. Once or twice there seemed a chance of an outbreak, and they rushed from the tent to see it, only however to be disappointed. On the succeeding day things were no better. 'The Great Geysir was unpropitious to us,' says Burton, 'yet we worked hard to see one of its expiring efforts. An Englishman had set up a pyramid at the edge of the saucer, and we threw in several hundred-weights, hoping that the silex, acted upon by the excessive heat, might take the effect of turf; the only effects were borborygins, which sounded somewhat like B'rr'rr't, and a shiver as if the foul Fiend had stirred the depths. The last eruption was described to us as only a large segment of the tube, not exceeding six feet in diameter. About midnight the veteran suffered slightly from singultus. On Monday the experts mispredicted that he would exhibit between eight and nine A.M., and at one A.M. on Tuesday there was a trace of second-childhood life. After the usual

eructation, a general bubble, half veiled in white vapour rose like a gigantic glass shade from the still surface, and the troubled water trickled down the basin sides in miniature boiling cascades. Thence it flowed eastwards by a single waste channel, which presently forms a delta of two arms, the base being the cold, rapid, and brawling rivulet. The northern fork has a dwarf "force," used as a *douche*, and the southern exceeds it in length, measuring some 350 paces.

'We were more fortunate with the irascible Strokkr, whose name has been generally misinterpreted. Dillon calls it the piston or churning staff; and Barrow the "shaker": it is simply the "hand-churn" whose upright staff is worked up and down—the churn-like column of water suggested the resemblance. . . . The surface is an ugly area of spluttering and even boiling water. A "fulminating dose" of twenty-four turfs and stones, with three by way of "bakhshish," brought on the usual tame display "of bouquets d'eau in sheaves, gerbes, lanceolations, and volutes," the highest rising at most 40 feet: travellers give twelve minutes for the operation, others see it "almost instantaneously;" we had to wait more than an hour. Bryson explains (pp. 44, 45) the action of turf by its organic matter, causing violent ebullition, like the mucus or albumen of eggs, which makes the pot boil over, or like the vesicles in foam or custard, confining atmospheric oxygen. But a second experiment with stones only, and the want of suddenness in the outburst, makes us fall back upon the homely old theory, namely, that stopping the narrow tube enables the water to overcome the pressure of the upper column. The French expedition, after duly "activising it," fired a shotted gun at the surface of the Strokkr, which is said at once to have ceased boiling.

'The most interesting part to us was the forth or southern tract. It is known as Thikku-twerar, thick caldrons (hot springs), perhaps in the sense opposed to thin or clear.

water. Amongst its "eruptiones flatuum," the traveller feels that he is walking

—"per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso."

There are at least fifty items in operation over this big lime-kiln; some without drains, others shedding either by sinter-crusted channels eastward or westward through turf and humus to the swampy stream. It shows an immense variety, from the infantine puff to the cold turf-puddle; from Jack-in-the-box to the cave of blue-green water, surrounded by ledges of silex and opalline sinter (hydrate of silica), more or less broad: the infernal concert of flip-flopping, spluttering, welling, fizzing, grunting, rumbling and growling never ceases. The prevalent tints are green and white, but livelier hues are not wanting. One "Gusherling" discharges red water; and there is a spring which spouts, like an escape-pipe, brown, high and strong. The "Little Geysir," which Mackenzie places 106 yards south of the Strokkr, and which has been very churlish of late years, was once seen to throw up 10 to 12 feet of clean water, like the jet of a fire-plug. The "Little Strokkr" of older travellers, a wonderfully amusing formation, which darts its waters in numerous diagonal columns every quarter of an hour, is a stufa or steam-jet in the centre of the group, but it has long ceased its "fuming."'

Burton's final expression with regard to the Geysirs is to say the least not respectful—he dares to describe them as 'like Hekla—gross humbugs,' and to predict that if they go on declining as they have done of late, they will soon be only a vulgar Solfatara, 440 yards by 110 in extent. After which it is not surprising to find him taking his departure from 'the Devil's mouth' on the following day. Two days afterwards he was 'at home,' *i.e.* at Reykjavik. The midnight sun had set for an hour or so; 'the moon arose with a judicious repression of details: the silver

light, the dark purple brooding at the hill feet and the gleam of the golden west gave more colour than usual to the view. Shortly before midnight we were again at home: in Iceland there are no hours and kind-hearted Frú Jonassen did not keep us waiting either for supper or for bed.' The journey had lasted from the 8th to the 17th of July, both days included, and the total expenses

HALDÓR JOHANNSEN, THE GUIDE.

for two travellers was as nearly as possible £24, in which amount were included payments to guide and boy, hire of pack-saddles and boxes and of twelve horses—the last by far the largest item in the bill of charge.

On July 27 Burton left Reykjavik with his companion on board the Postdampskibet—which portentous word means nothing more terrible than mail steamer—the *Diana*, bound for the little known Eastern portion of the island.

The older travellers seldom visited this region, and indeed there seems but little temptation for any one to do so. The climate is anything but agreeable, and even in the summer the fogs render travelling the reverse of desirable. Burton's motive in going was to explore the unknown Vatnajökull—a land of glacier and frost 115 miles by 60, beneath which are volcanoes, extinct and other. On the way thither he spent some days at the mouth of the Bernfjörd, where he had a good opportunity of studying the whale fishery, concerning which, with his peculiar habit of accumulating information, he got together an enormous quantity of facts and details. More important at the time was perhaps his encountering the Messrs. Lock, concessionaries of the North-East sulphur mines, in company with whom and with certain friendly Danish gentlemen he reached Djupivagr, and prepared for the journey to the sulphur mines. The caravan he describes as being one of the most disorderly he had ever seen. There were nineteen ponies, for the most part utterly unbroken, and disgusted with their loads, especially with the long iron rods which were to be used in boring for sulphur; they kicked and bit, requiring constant attention, and as constant re-loading with the consequences of loss of time, patience and sometimes of valuable baggage. With this caravan a start was effected about an hour before midnight, and after three hours Burton stood upon the summit of the Breidalsheidi. The sun rose, and the march continued to Thingmúli, which was reached at 9.30 A.M. The day was of course a blank, 'whose only event was pancake made by the farmer's wife.' Burton, however, spent his time not unpleasantly in botanizing and in making observations concerning the avalanches which in this part of Iceland are unpleasantly frequent. In the evening people began to gather for the fair, not a few of them exhibiting signs of that devotion to the "rosy god," which is the besetting, if easily explicable,

failing of the Icelander. Next morning, provided with an excellent guide, in the person of a student named Gunnarsson, nephew of a neighbouring archdeacon, the party set out once more.

At the end of the first stage or two hours' march, they were hospitably entertained by the wife of the archdeacon in question. The next part of the journey was anything but pleasant. The road was infamous, and the ponies who had 'apparently made up their minds for a half-holiday,' fought and struggled with more than usual viciousness. In the course of the day, however, the party passed the most beautiful of the Iceland lakes—so-called—and in the evening the Hengifoss, said to be the tallest cataract in Iceland. The night was, perforce, passed in a church, the parsonage—which in Iceland usually serves as an hôtel—being under repair. With few exceptions, this day will serve as a type of all the rest. The incidents of the trip were monotonous, and, to say the truth, slightly uninteresting. Sometimes the number of the ponies was reduced, occasionally it was increased, sometimes a guide was changed, and sometimes they had to sleep in dens into which an English farmer with any sense of self-respect would hardly have put a pig. Mý-Vatn was reached on the 6th of August amidst very changeable weather, and on the 7th the exploration of the place began, which lasted for three days. The object of the journey, as has already been stated, was to seek for sulphur, of which the Messrs. Lock were concessionaires. In a volcanic country such as Iceland it is only natural that sulphur should be abundant, but few will be prepared for the enormous quantity of this article—"the mainstay," says Mr. Crookes, "of our present industrial chemistry"—which is to be found in this hyperborean region. The only thing is that the feasibility of bringing sulphur to England at a profit is somewhat problematical. 'As a wandering son of Israel once said to me, in my green

and salad days, "Gold may be bought too dear." The question is not whether sulphur exists in Iceland; it is simply, "Can we import sulphur from Iceland cheaper than from elsewhere?" Calculations as to profit will evidently hinge upon the cost of melting the ore at the pit's mouth, and of conveying it to a port of shipment: however cheap and abundant it may be in the interior, if fuel be scarce and roads wanting, it cannot be expected to pay. My opinion is that we can, if science and capital be applied to the mines. The digging season would be the hot season; and the quantity is so great that many a summer will come and go before the thousands of tons which compose every separate patch can be exhausted. But this part of the work need not be confined to the fine weather: it is evident even if experience of the past did not teach us, that little snow can rest upon the hot and steaming soil. As one place fails, or rather rests to recover vigour, the road can be pushed forward to another—I am persuaded that the whole range, wherever Palagonite is found, will yield more or less of the mineral.

'The first produce could be sent down in winter to Husarvík by the sledge. When income justifies the outlay, a tram-road on the Haddan system would cheapen transit. The ships which export the sulphur can import coal to supply heat where the boiling springs do not suffice, together with pressed hay and oats for the horses and cattle used in the works. Turf and peat have been burned, and the quantity of this fuel is literally inexhaustible. It will be advisable to buy sundry of the farms, and those about Mý-vatn range in value between £300 and a maximum of £800. The waste lands to the east will carry sheep sufficient for any number of workmen. The hands might be Icelanders, trained to regular work, and superintended by English overseers, or, if judged advisable, all might be British miners. Good stone houses and stores

will enable the foreigner to weather a winter which the native in his wretched shanty of peat and boards regards with apprehension. Of the general salubrity of the climate I have no doubt.

'The sulphur trade will prove the most legitimate that island can afford. Exploitation of these deposits, which become more valuable every year, promises a source of wealth to a poor and struggling country; free from the inconveniences of the pony traffic, and from the danger of exporting the sheep and cattle required for home supply. And the foreigner may expect to enrich not only the native, but himself, as long at least as he works honestly and economically, and he avoids the errors which, in the Brazil and elsewhere, have too often justified the old Spanish proverb, "A silver mine brings wretchedness; a gold mine, ruin."'

The next fortnight was occupied in the return "home" to Reykjavik, the most interesting incidents of the journey being a village wedding. Here the old customs of the island were scrupulously observed, a generous hospitality was exercised, and Burton and his companions were courteously entreated to join the festivities. Those who had dined were lounging about and smoking, but a second dinner was provided, and this they joined. 'After satisfying hyperborean appetites,' says Burton, 'the speeches began, prefaced by long cries of "Silentium!" As many of the orators were priests and students few could plead "unaccustomed to public speaking," and most of them acquitted themselves remarkably well. Having talked themselves "dry," we installed a *magister bibendi*, and fell-to with a will; we were loud in our mirth as the ritur (tarrack-gull) on the rocks, and the bottles of cognac and rye-brandy required repeated replenishing till the small hours sent us to bed. The newly-married couple slept at home, and next morning, after coming to breakfast, they

took horse and went their ways. The morning after the feast was spent in breakfasting, in chess-playing, and at cards, with coffee-beans for counters: on this occasion the men ate first and after them the women, somewhat after the fashion of the Druses: the parson's wife also waited like an "Oriental" upon her younger brothers. The friends mounted their stout nags and disappeared after the normal salutations. The kith and kin waited till 2 P.M. on the next day, and when the heartiest and smackingest of busses had been duly planted upon projecting lips, all rode off escorting the bride and bridegroom, and escorted by the family *honoris causa* far as the next farm.' The remaining incidents of the journey were not of overwhelming interest. Snaefell has been described too often for even Burton's account to bear repetition in this place. Suffice it, therefore, to say that he reached Djipivogr on August 21, after a row of six hours in the dark, found his friend, Captain Tsoda, in bed, roused him out, and administered 'medicinally' sundry glasses of 'red-hot toddy.' The three days of his stay were spent in settling accounts and writing up his journal with the help of the captain. On the evening of the 24th he embarked once more on the Postdampskibet. Reykjavik was reached on the 26th; on the 1st of September he embarked once more on board the *Jon Sigurdsson*, and on the 15th of the same month landed at Granton.

SNAEFELLSJÖKULL (FROM THE SOUTH).

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CHAPTER XV.

INDIA AND MIDIAN.

Back from Iceland—A pleasant retrospect—Sent to Trieste—The climate—Etruscan Bologna—Port Said and the Suez Canal—Jeddah—A collision—Thirteen at table—A pilgrim boat—Old companions at Aden—Bombay—Hyderabad—Change of travelling—Goa—Scinde—Escaping from Europe—The land of Midian—An incident of the pilgrimage—Haji Wali and his secret—Ismail Pasha—Burton's first journey to Midian—Cairo and the Khedive—The Haji found—Expedition starts—At El-muwaylah—Camels—Requisitioning boats—The camel's character—Hindi pilgrims—A proposed reform—Undevout Moslems—Organizing the Caravan—*Le Grand Filou*—Back at Cairo—Back and forth in Midian—A forgotten country—Preparing for the new Expedition—European finance in Egypt—A slow steamer—Ore—A disappointment—Three journeys in Midian—Return to Egypt—A meeting at Suez—Home again.

ON his return from his holiday of hard work in Iceland, Burton discovered that Lord Granville had found out the mistake he made in recalling him from Damascus. This was the reward of merit, and is an excellent example of the way in which England rewards some of her worthiest sons. He had been able to sum up his Damascus life very succinctly and clearly in an address which he delivered at a meeting of the Anthropological Institute, on the 20th November, 1871. 'Without entering into political or official matters, I may in a few words assure you that my post was one of great difficulty and greater danger. I have been shot at by some forty men, who fortunately could not shoot straight. I have been seriously wounded on another occasion, and

lastly, my excellent friend and fellow-traveller, Charles Tyrwhitt-Drake and I were pursued by a party of about 300 Bedawi assassins, placed on our track by a certain Raschid Pasha, late Wali or Governor-General of Syria. On the other hand, my friend and I have been able to explore the highly interesting volcanic region lying immediately to the east of Damascus, and to bring home a plan of the giant cave, which seems to have been mentioned by Strabo. We have also mapped the whole of the Anti-Libanus, a region far less known than the heart of the Andes.' With equal truth he had, however, been able to boast that the precipitateness of the English Foreign Office had made his name historical in the annals of Syria; that prayers for his return had been publicly offered in the Mosque of Damascus—proportionately equivalent to prayers in St. Paul's for the recall of a powerful minister—and that Lady (then Mrs.) Burton had been obliged to leave the city secretly, lest a popular demonstration in her honour should be organized.

His first reward for what he had done was his recall and compulsory idleness for ten months; when the sentence was reversed he was sent to Trieste, in which place he is still Consul. His career was blighted, but he determined to live on in hopes of Morocco. As Consulates go, Trieste is supposed to be a very good thing. 'Whittaker places the emoluments at £600 a year, and £100 office allowance; but more than a third of that sum goes to the Vice-Consul, and for this mighty stipend one of the most distinguished men in literature and science spends the evening of his days in one of the most unhealthy towns in Europe. 'The climate,' says Lady Burton in her 'A. E. I.' is 'peculiar'—Englishmen will be disposed to call it detestable. During the winter a strong wind, the Bora (Boreas), pours down from the Baltic, cold, dry, highly exciting, and electrical, and sometimes so violent that the quays have to be roped to save people from being blown into the sea. In the

course of the last few years cabs and horses have been upset; a train has been blown over, and an English engineer was once hurled into the hold of a ship by this wind. The summer wind is the Sirocco, "straight from Africa, wet, warm, and debilitating," while in the spring and autumn the town is treated with a *contraste*—a combination of all the miseries of the two. To add to the discomfort of the place the Citta Vecchia—the old town which dates from the days of Strabo—is horribly filthy and a perfect focus of infection, while the drainage of the three towns goes into the harbour, and, when the Sirocco blows, its odours are wafted inland, with the result of making Trieste one of the most unwholesome cities in Europe. It is never free from small-pox, and the death rate is 30–70 per 1000.'

Such as Trieste was, however, Burton made the best of it, and whenever he could get away from the duties of his Consulate, he made an effort at exploration. Of the town itself he made a most careful study as well as of the province of Istria, describing in what he modestly calls a 'little guide book,' the ruins of the Roman Temple, Jupiter Capitolinus, the classical Arco di Riccardo (Richard of England, who never was there), the remnants of the Roman Theatre and aqueduct in the old town, and the two Museums (Winckelmann and Civico Ferdinand Maximilian) with their contents. Then going further afield he has explained and described the surrounding *Castellieri*—prehistoric remains supposed to be Keltic and eminently interesting to the scholar and antiquarian. Going further afield he investigated the antiquities of the ancient city of Bologna, the result of his labours in this field being a small volume, partly of criticism, but mainly of original research, in which from the very imperfect material at his command he has presented a complete and exhaustive account of this most ancient of the Etruscan cities of Italy. In work such as this and in the discharge of the

duties of his Consular office, Burton's time was passed until in December 1875, he was able to take six months' leave of absence and to pay that visit to his old haunts in Arabia, Egypt, and India, to which some reference has already been made in an earlier chapter of this book. A detailed account of the journey from a woman's point of view, will be found in Lady Burton's 'A. E. I.'; but a sketch of it can hardly be out of place here.

The journey really began on New Year's Day, 1876, when Burton and his wife left Trieste in an Austrian Lloyd's steamer bound for Port Said. The *Calypso* made Port Said in seven days, where some hours were wasted, but at 6 A.M. on the following morning the Canal was entered, and the journey through it begun—a business which, in consequence of the rule which prohibits travelling at night, occupies about two days, so that it was the 13th of the month—twelve days out from Trieste, and four from Suez, or rather Ismalia, before the *Calypso* made the port of Jeddah. The transit was slow, but a pleasant contrast with Burton's pilgrimage in the *Golden Wire* (*ante*, I. 188), when twelve mortal days were spent between Suez and Yambu, the port of El-Medinah, as Jeddah is of Meccah. Burton asked after Sa'ad, the Shaykh of the Harb Bedawi (*ante*, I. 195), and received from the pious Arab, who was acting as pilot, the characteristic reply that "the dog had long since gone to Jahannam, and that he regretted that his son Hudayful, who was a dog and the son of a dog, still breathed the upper air." 'The harbour of Jeddah—the worst in the Red Sea, surrounded as it is with shoals, low flat reefs, huge slabs of madrepore and coralline, all but invisible until the mariner is close upon them—was not made without accident. Lady Burton's account of it must not be abridged. 'About noon the *Calypso* slackened speed, and seemed to be running straight towards a long line of breakers; and all the crew were piped to the forecastle, ready for dropping anchor or

working the jib sails. When at length we reached the Inner Reef about 3 P.M., we found the open roadstead full of ships, with hardly room to swing, and a strong north-west wind, so that we could not get a place; we ran right into the first at anchor, the *Standard*, a trading ship of Shields, built of iron. Fortunately it was broad daylight. My husband and I were standing on the bridge, and he touched my arm, and said:—

'"By Jove! we are going right into that ship!"

'"Oh, no!" I answered, "with the captain and the pilot on the bridge, and all the crew in the forecastle, it can only be a beautiful bit of steering; we shall just shave her."

'The words were hardly out of my mouth when smash went our bulwarks like brown paper, and our yard-arms crumpled up like umbrellas. I had jokingly threatened them with the 13th the day before, and they had laughed at me.

'"Il tredici!"* shouted the second officer as he flew by us.

'The crews of both behaved splendidly; the fenders were let down, and the cry on board our ship was,

* Lady Burton entertains the belief that thirteen—the number who sat down to the "Last Supper"—is an unlucky number, and half in jest, half in earnest often refers to it. Believing as I do in the Reign of Law, I have no "belief" one way or the other, but the coincidences are sometimes curious enough. Thus:—I was a guest several years ago at a great dinner party. Sixteen guests were invited, but in consequence of a death three failed at the last moment. Looking round his table the host said with a grim smile, "Thirteen of us, eh! I wonder who is the Judas?" One of the guests was supposed to be almost the richest man between the Irwell and the Tees. Nine months afterwards he failed under very disgraceful circumstances, and was held to bail in a very large sum—two sureties in £5000 each, I think—and our host became surety for him, another gentleman who sat at the same table joining. The defendant went straight from the police-court to his house in Kensington, packed a portmanteau, having sent his man out of the way, carried it downstairs himself, and has never been seen since.—ED.

'"Il Capitano! Dov' è il Capitano Inglese? Non lo vedo"—("where is the English captain? I don't see him.")

'"No," we answered, "ma noi lo sentiamo." ("You don't see him, but *we* can hear him.").

'He was all there, and "swearing quite like himself." There is nothing like an Englishman for a good decisive order, and who can blame him if he adds at such times a little powder to drive the shot home?'

The accident made but little difference. The *Calypso* had to remain at Jeddah for eight days to embark pilgrims, during which the damages were easily repaired. Those eight days were spent agreeably enough in the house of the English Vice-Consul, Mr. Wylde, but the time which followed was anything but pleasant. The *Calypso* had eight hundred pilgrims on board "packed like herrings." The weather was bad, and the ship laboured terribly. The wind is, indeed, 'always more or less trying in the Red Sea ever since the Suez Canal was opened, even at the seasons which were in former days supposed to be the best. The pilgrims felt it horribly, and enfeebled as they were with the austerities of their pilgrimage they died off at a fearful rate. Twenty-three found a last home in the sea, where they were probably eaten by sharks, between January 20th and February 2nd. The method of disposing of them was simple enough. The body was washed; a loin cloth was tied on; a bit of money thrust into it; the whole tied up in a sheet, put on a plank, and then launched into the sea with a five-pound bar of iron fastened to the feet. With this sort of thing before her eyes for twenty-three days no wonder that Lady Burton should speak of her pilgrimage in this ship with a certain sense of awe. 'It is an experience,' she says, 'I am glad to have made once, having escaped without injury, but one which (God willing) I will never again

attempt, unless some unforeseen necessity compels me, to take passage in a ship about to carry pilgrims. Imagine eight hundred Moslems, ranging in point of colour, through every shade, from lemon or *café au lait* to black as polished as your stove; races from all parts of the world, covering every square inch of deck and every part of the hold fore and aft; half our quarter-deck and the holds having no cargo; packed like sardines, men, women and babies, unwashed, smelling of cocoa-nut oil; the tedium of the long days, the air stagnant and heavy, tainted with the reek of this oil; unwashed bodies, sea-sick, covered with sores, the dead and the dying; cooking their messes, and save to cook or fetch water, or kneeling up to prayer —never moving out of the small space or position which they assumed at the beginning of the voyage. Gaudy jackets and wraps were on the stronger and richer ones; the poor were barely covered. They were skin and bone, and half naked, with a rag round the loins at most. They die not of disease but of privation, fatigue, hunger, thirst, and opium—die of vermin and misery. No one would believe the scene unless they saw the dirt, and smelt the horrible effluvia that arise from them.'

Aden was reached on the 23rd, and there Burton had the pleasure of hearing news of his companions of the Expedition to Harar recorded in an earlier page of these volumes. The two women, Shahrazade and Dinarzade, were still alive, one in camp, the other in Somali Land; El Hammál had been dead for a year; "End of Time" had died a natural death; not so Yusuf, the "one-eyed,"—he had been murdered by the Isa tribe; the "boy" Hasan Ahmad was Havildar (Serjeant) of the Water Police. And so on. *Hæc olim meminisse juvat* is not always true. These memories of bygone achievements could hardly have been supremely delightful to Burton and his companion, and they were without doubt glad enough too when the few

hours during which they had to wait at the "Coal Hole of the East" had expired, even though after leaving Aden the weather turned out to be something terrible, and the sufferings of and from the pilgrims became even more dreadful. As Lady Burton puts it:—'it is a heavy mass of cocoa-nut oil, rags, filth, and putrid sores and misery. All this the head-wind blows back into our cabins, and it is a wonder that we are not all ill.' At last, on the 30th, Bombay was sighted, and early on the morning of February 2nd—thirty-three days out from Trieste—after endless quarantine difficulties, Burton and his wife watched the returning pilgrims —'a Holy Mob, a stream as of black ants trickling down the ladders and ropes'—scramble out of the ship, and leave them at liberty to land.

Bombay, Burton found to be greatly altered since it had been his head-quarters in years gone by, docks had been built; acres of mud had been reclaimed, so that cholera once seldom absent from amongst the sailors is now rare, "a forest of cotton mills" has arisen, and the advancement of the race in the last half century is altogether something surprising. Here also Burton found friends, amongst others the Persian Mirza Ali Akbar, who had known him in 1848, and who gave them a genuine Persian feast—'fruit; vegetables, every kind of sweets and rice, seasoned in various ways; rice with carraway seeds, pilaffs with saffron, savoury and aromatic; prawn curry with plain rice, sweet rice with rose-water and spices and sweet paste from Maskat'—after all which if the English visitors had not a severe attack of dyspepsia, it can only be said that their digestions were superhuman. ...After a series of excursions so fully described in 'A. E. I.,' as to need no repetition here, the travellers went on to Hyderabad* in the Deccan, where

* Will some Anglo-Indian with a teaspoonful of common sense in his head settle once for all the orthography of these Anglo-Indian names. At present there are at least a dozen systems, and the com-

they made acquaintance with the late Sir Salar Jung, whom Burton — no mean judge of mankind, by the way — considered to be 'a noble, chivalrous, single-hearted Arab gentleman of the very best stamp.' In Hyderabad the explorer and his wife were fêted to their hearts' content. There were breakfasts at Sir Salar's, dinners with Major Nevill (whose wife is the eldest daughter of Charles Lever, by far the wisest and most far-sighted of Irish novelists), evening parties "with a little music" at Lady Meade's, a reception at the palace of the Wikar Shums el Umárá, K.C.S.I., and at that of the Amir el Kebír, his brother, co-Regent and Minister of Justice, all winding up with a magnificent evening fête and dinner by the Prime Minister. Afterwards, having paid visits to Secunderabad and Golconda, Burton returned to Bombay in time to witness the departure of the Prince of Wales and of Lord Napier of Magdala.

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monest words are so transmogrified that the commonplace Englishman finds himself perpetually at a loss to know what is meant. Thus Lady Burton, very sensibly, as I venture to think, spells the name of this place as given above—the old English fashion—but in half a dozen books of travel at my left elbow I find it spelt in as many different ways. Hyderabad is the old English "John Company" way, and it is good enough for most of us; but Professor X., the Orientalist, Dr. G., the great German philologist, Dr. M. M., the ditto ditto, M. L. L., the great French *savant*, and Signor Y. Z., of Turin, each give us a different spelling and pronunciation, while to make matters worse, some Professor Wisehead at home tells us that we should write the word in English letters with a copious derangement of accents, and pronounce it as we have been lately taught to pronounce Latin—"with a strong Italian" (Query, Tuscan or Neapolitan?) accent. The truth is, the whole thing is a farce. No one found fault with the Englishman of Queen Anne's day who called Schleswig, Sleswick, and no one except a pedantic fool complains of the benighted people who talk of "Parriss" and "Callace." Why on earth then should our eyes be offended with such monstrosities as H'áid'árába'd instead of the simple form given above? We must spell Indian names to a certain extent phonetically, and it is hard to imagine any reason why those names—relating as they do to English possessions—should be spelt according to the caprices of French, German or Italian professors.

From Bombay Burton and his wife made brief excursions, first to Tunga and then to Mahalabaleshwar, the new Sanitaria of Western India. But the great event was a second visit to Goa, whither Burton had gone in the years gone by in the highest of spirits "on sick leave." His journey then was made on a pattimar (*ante*, I. 149); now, quoting from Lady Burton's Diary:—'22nd April. We sailed about 6 P.M. (my husband and I) in the British Indian Steam Ship Company's *Rajpootana*, a middle-sized steamer, beautifully clean, with good table, excellent wines, airy cabins, great civility, ship very steady in wind and swell, fares extravagantly dear—one hundred rupees a head (£10) for thirty-six hours' passage; but there is no opposition, so that they can charge what they like, and you can take it or let it alone as you please.' As usual on these "swell boats" there was a practical joker—a negro with a sense of humour which induced him to rouse up Lady Burton at five in the morning after some hours' delay at Vingorla with the assurance that the steamer, which was not to sail until seven, was actually starting, and that unless she got into her boat at once she would be carried off into unknown latitudes. When in extreme *déshabille* she got on deck she found her husband and the captain quietly talking, and the ship still at her moorings. No explanation was given; no apology seems to have been offered. He had done the same to the Bishop, with impunity, on his last voyage. In the wicked and brutal days when sentimentalism had not come into fashion the impudent nigger who had dared to outrage a lady after this fashion would have been tied up at the gangway and had his round dozen or two *pour encourager les autres*. We are too refined nowadays, and so this insolence went unpunished, and has without doubt been made the precedent for hundreds of others of the same kind.

Goa, Burton found to be in absolutely the same con-

dition as that in which he had left it a quarter of a century before. It was then as it was in the past, and as it is now, and will be to all eternity, unless the British Government take it in hand, buy it up and bring it within the beneficent influences of the Indian Empire, one of the most utterly stupid, desolate, God-forsaken habitations of man that human ineptitude has ever conceived. 'There is,' says Lady Burton, 'a total of absence of everything but the *barest* necessaries of life. There is no inn, no traveller's bungalow, no tents, and you must either sleep in your filthy open boat and have fever, or you must take tents and everything with you. It is not healthy enough to sleep *al fresco*.' Fortunately the Burtons found friends in the agents for the steamships, who went considerably out of their way to provide them with accommodation during the brief space which Burton devoted to the renewal of old associations, and his wife to the tomb of S. Francis Xavier, who is buried at Goa—at least all that is left of him, one of his arms having been cut off and sent to Rome as a holy relic!

Mention having already been made of the revisitation of Sind, all that is necessary to be said in this place is that Burton and his wife, who seems to have caught the infection of his good spirits, returned to Trieste in May on one of the Austrian Lloyd's ships. She was too small for India. 'We have no windsails, because there is no sky-light'—in the Indian Ocean!—'nor punkahs nor tatties; no ice or soda water, so our drink is lukewarm, and there is only one awning,' and yet in spite of all this, in spite of sea-sick fellow passengers, and of fellow passengers who, speaking neither German nor Italian, could only swear in Hindustani at the Triestine stewards,' Lady Burton was able to write 'my husband and I are exceeding comfortable.' On the 26th of May they arrived at Suez, and after 'a run through Egypt,' to use her phrase, they returned to

Trieste to resume their old life of literature, study and miscellaneous occupation. A busy life it was certain to be. Always Burton's motto seems to have been *Hoc age*—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The result has not been invariably favourable to himself, but his books are mines of learning, and there is hardly a page which he has written that does not afford matter for the scholar, the antiquarian or the anthropologist. During the intervals of his Consular duties—and a Consul who does his duty works during stated hours, and often at mere routine work—he addicted himself to study, with what success such books as 'Etruscan Bologna,' and his numerous communications to the Anthropological and Royal Geographical Societies' publications, may be left to prove. But always whilst thus at work he must have been longing for the free wild air of the Desert. Indeed he says as much. One of his books begins with an outburst which from any one else might seem forced and insincere, but of the genuineness of which in Burton's case no doubt can be entertained:—'At last!' he exclaims, 'once more it is my fate to escape the prison-life of civilized Europe, and to refresh body and mind by studying Nature in her noblest and most admirable form—the Nude. Again I am to enjoy a glimpse of the "glorious Desert;" to inhale the sweet, pure breath of translucent skies that show the red stars burning upon the very edge and verge of the horizon, and to strengthen myself by a short visit to the Wild Man and his old home.' The occasion of the outburst here quoted was that visit to Midian which, if it have not produced much fruit as yet, will unquestionably become an important factor in the world's history, when politicians and parties condescend to leave poor unhappy Egypt alone, and when the control of our foreign relations ceases to be in the hands of Stock Exchange men, British and Foreign. The evil has increased egregiously during the

lifetime of the present generation, and it threatens to become intolerable now that members of the English "governing classes" have openly taken to "operations," and when a successful gambler with marked cards on the Bourse is received with honours and distinctions denied to the men who have scorned delights and lived laborious days in the service of humanity.

This by the way. Our present business is with Burton's two journeys to the Land of Midian—journeys which he undertook at the instance of the late Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pasha. For this unfortunate prince, Burton always entertained the sincerest regard and respect. In one place he speaks of him as 'a ruler whose love of progress and whose princely hospitality have made the Nile-valley once more the resort of science and the delight of travellers.' There is no doubt of the accuracy of this appreciation of Ismail. His mistake was that he wanted to go too fast. He was in advance of his age; he was conscious of his own backwardness; he was not in a position to understand the true character of the people over whom he bore rule, and he became the prey of the most ruthless set of harpies that ever preyed upon a well-meaning sovereign. To quote Lady Burton once more:—'The Khedive is a most ill-used ruler. I believe the refuse of Europe go to Egypt, fatten upon him, suck his very blood, and retire rich and then go away and abuse him. If he were what they say he is, he would have remained rich, and they would have remained poor, and Egypt would not have been plundered by everybody who had taken out a patent for the smallest invention.' Since these words were written Ismail has been deposed; Tewfik has been put in his place. Alexandria has been bombarded, and Egypt has become practically a British possession, but it may be doubted whether the condition of her people is one whit better or the taxation a shadow lighter than it was under the much-

abused potentate who was dethroned at the instance of the Egyptian bondholders.

At the beginning of her troubles Burton showed her a way out of them—by the exploitation of the gold mines of Midian. Years before when on his way to El Medinah he had made acquaintance with one Haji Wali (*ante*, I. 180), who was then a Persian subject trading in Cairo. This personage, who by the way afterwards changed his nationality and put himself under Russian protection after the shifty manner of the East, had really made a great discovery, which he had communicated in strict confidence, of course, to Burton. The Haji was returning in the cold season of 1849 from his second pilgrimage to Meccah in the Cairo caravan. On the way, at a certain point, he and a companion exchanged their camels for asses and went in advance of the slowly-moving caravan. Presently he dismounted and took his place under a tree in a *fiumara*, and seeing the torrent-bed sparkle he scooped up a double handful of it, and tying it in his handkerchief went his way. Arrived in Alexandria, the Haji showed his treasure to one Zayni Effendi, an assayer by trade, who pounded the sand in a mortar, mixed it with quicksilver, and to the delight of Haji Wali, produced in his presence a bit of gold 'about half the size of a grain of wheat and weighing a Kamh, or the fourth part of a Dirham.' The Haji reported what he had discovered to the higher powers, and the higher powers made light of the matter, but—as Burton had good reason to believe—it is more than probable that the corrupt officials of the Egyptian Government made good use of their secret and made great fortunes out of it. The rest of the tale must be given in Burton's own words:—'In 1853, when Haji Wali and I became fast friends at the Wakálah, he strolled one day into my room, and with much show of mystery showed me a little of the sand, probably that underlying the gravel.

True to Oriental practice he had withheld a part, even from his friend and confidant the greedy Shishnáji. I examined it with a Stanley lens, and distinctly saw minute dots of gold, whilst my complete confidence in the honour and honesty of the man forbade the suspicion that he had "peppered" the stuff by mixing up gold filings with it. He also showed his confidence in the discovery by proposing that we should both dress in rags like pauper pilgrims, travel on foot to the spot, and wash the metal—the show of poverty being necessary to baffle the Bedawin, who go wild when they hear the word "Dahab" (gold). I remember asking him why we should not go as Efendis, he as a merchant and his companion as a doctor, and his answering me that we could not without a regiment of foot. Finally, I observed that his project was no good: that we might collect two or three pounds of metal, but that the affair would probably end in our throats being cut by the Wild Man. The idea, however, had taken root firmly in his mind. I called upon the English Consul at Cairo—his name is not worth mentioning—and asked him to represent the matter to H. H. Abbas Pasha. The "obstructive," a model of his unkindly class, contented himself with declaring that in his sapient opinion "gold was becoming too common." In this he was not singular. Marvellous to relate, the same answer was made to me by a Secretary of State when I offered to open up some most valuable diggings on the West Coast of Africa, if he would appoint me Governor, assist me with half a West India regiment, and not inquire too curiously into local matters. It is impossible to understand such men: they go back to the childhood of our race, when even the wise could utter intolerable bosh like *aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm*. It would be quite as logical to deprecate the plucking of cotton, or the cutting of sugar-cane. Haji Wali, disgusted with this second failure, used, he told me, the sand to

powder a letter; and I set out for Arabia: hence my wanderings extended to East Africa, to the Crimea, to East Africa again, to Central Africa, to South America, to West Africa, to Brazil, and to Syria. For nearly a quarter of a century my secret was kept to myself. During the reign of Abbas Pasha, and under the administration of the retrograde Doctor-Consul Walne, nothing was to be done. The successor, Said Pasha, was wholly occupied with the grand idea of the *Canal des deux mers*, and was too often the prey of dominant will. I had also learned the full meaning of the phrase, *trabalhar para os outros*—"to work for others."'

When Abbas Pasha—le Roi Faineánt—departed this life and Ismail reigned in his stead, the long wished for opportunity presented itself. Mr. Thorburn found out the lost Haji Wali in the person of a very ancient man living in New Bubastis under Russian protection. When Burton returned from the journey in Western India, of which an outline has been given above, he passed through Zagazig, where he soon put Mr. Charles Clarke, now Clarke Bey, C.M.G., the Resident Director of the Telegraphic Service, upon the scent. Haji Wali showed himself, despite his years and his alleged infirmities, more anxious about the matter than could have been expected. He had been trying to sell his secret for years, and as soon as he saw his opportunity he awoke to the value of the property he possessed and began to hold out for a higher price. After the genuine Eastern manner he at once began to enter into negotiations with two strange Turks who were about to set out with the Hajj caravan. There was nothing for it but a *coup de main*, and that Burton accomplished. As he passed through Zagazig on the 20th, he "carried off his old friend, nothing loath." The truth simply is that the venerable pilgrim had been playing off the two competitors for his secret against each other, and in the end had fallen between the twain.

Burton was, however, so thoroughly convinced of the reality of his discovery of gold in that portion of Arabia which dips down into the Red Sea, that he succeeded in getting Ismail Pasha to take the matter up in earnest. If the reader will examine one of Lord Salisbury's famous "large maps," and will look at the northern portion of the Red Sea, he will find that the peninsula of Sinai thrusts itself down into that lake in a somewhat curious way. On the western side is the Gulf of Suez, which as it forms a part of the direct route to India, is tolerably well known to many thousands of Anglo-Indians; on the east lies the Gulf of El Akabah, which as it leads nowhere, and ends at nothing more than a simple Arab fort, is ignored by almost every Englishman who has not opened his geography books since his school days. East of that gulf, however, and trending southwards, is a rocky, mountainous and, now for many hundred years, desert district, from which in the old time men drew gold and precious stones in abundance, and which was in short that mystic land of Ophir, which every Bible reader knows by name, but which to most of us has been about as unreal as that Valley of Diamonds, from which the precious stones were captured by the eagles with the beef-steaks—poetic legends dear to our school-boy days. It was in this district that Burton knew that the precious metals were to be found, and this it was that Ismail Pasha invited him to explore. A month's leave of absence was accorded by the Foreign Office in consideration of a ferocious winter spent at Trieste, between the Bora and the Sirocco, described above, and on the 3rd of March, 1877, Burton found himself on board the Austrian-Lloyd's steamer *Aurora*, bound for Alexandria. Burton himself has but little to say concerning this journey: I will quote but one of his remarks, and leave it to speak for itself. 'Corfu: once the most charming of soldier stations, and ruined since the sad year 1864, in the cause of Indepen-

dence—unwillingly, too, as was shown by the rising in 1873, the object of which was to hoist once more the British flag.' Whether in 1887 any human being would care to "hoist the British flag" anywhere is quite another matter—Burton's testimony to our national decadence is about the only point of interest.

He landed in Alexandria on the 8th of March, where he made another remark, which reads rather oddly, after the events of the last ten years. Speaking of the harbour of Alexandria, he says :—'The forts have sensibly been allowed to fall to pieces. What is the use of attempting to defend one end of a city?' Time has given the answer to this enigma. Perhaps if the defences of Alexandria had been a little more effective, England would not hold quite so ignominious a position as she does with regard to Egypt, and her eastern relations generally. From Alexandria he went on to Cairo, noting as he passed through the country the beneficent results of the rule of Mohamet Ali, the benevolent despot to whom Egypt owes her very existence. His arrival in the Egyptian capital was marked by a singular and affecting incident. 'Visiting it,' he says, 'with the intention of reading a paper before the Societé Khediviale de Geographie, I ordered a carriage, and bade the dragoman drive to the quarters of the Marquis Alphonse Victor de Compiègne, whose last letter lay unanswered in my pockets. "Mais, vous ne savez pas qu'il est mort?" was the reply, followed by an account of his needless untimely death in a duel on the 28th of February.' The mischief had been done, and it was of small moment that both parties to the duel had exhibited the most absolute good faith and loyalty, and that Herr Meyer, who was subsequently condemned to three months' imprisonment in Russia, manfully returned home to expiate his offence. 'The loyalty of the two concerned affords scanty consolation for the unhappy close of that young and promising

life, which began so gloriously with exploration, and which at the age of thirty ended as it were by mistake, the exit being the only act which did not become it.'

Arrived in Cairo, Burton placed all the information at his disposal in the hands of the Khedive. It amounted, as he admits with characteristic phlegm, to very little—to nothing more, indeed, than the statement that gold had been picked up by a pilgrim near the second or third caravan station, on the way from El-Muwaylah, to El-Akabah, and that at Cairo he had washed some sand brought from the eastern shore of the Red Sea, and had found it worth his while. After some hesitation the Khedive invited him to lead an expedition, or rather an excursion, to the place where the sand had actually been found. Refusal was impossible: a Government steamer was promised for Thursday 29, and was actually ready on Saturday 31, when Burton left Cairo for Zagazig, where his friend Haji Wali and Mr. Clarke were awaiting him. The meeting with the former was particularly pleasant. Nearly a quarter of a century had gone by since the twain had parted. Then the Haji was 'a man of about forty-five; of middle stature, with a large round head; closely shaven; a bull neck; limbs sturdy as a Saxon's; a thin red beard; and handsome features beaming with benevolence. The lapse of so many years had affected him. The figure had become stouter and the face more leonine; but the change was not sufficient to prevent my recognizing at once the well remembered features and the cheery smile. We embraced with effusion, and in the few words of conversation which followed it was pleasant to find that his memory, tenacious as of old, had not forgotten the least detail.' With a companion whose memory was so accurate in matters of a personal character, Burton naturally felt that he was safe as to the main point of his expedition. Nor was he disappointed. The Haji at once agreed to go

with him, 'of course with the implied condition of all his expenses being paid, and of leaving a few *bent* (Napoleons) to support the family during his absence; and he began by charging his donkey's hire, which was a hint that his ancient thrifty habits had not abandoned him.'

The journey to Suez occupied 'the normal five hours and a half,' and was interesting chiefly from the fact that in passing through the land of Goschen the travellers had an opportunity of seeing how the place was reviving under the influence of the sweet-water canal. 'A few years ago,' says Burton, 'it was a howling waste; now it is patched with tracts of emerald verdure . . . the well grown trees, mulberries and vines, admirably illustrate the all-might of water in these regions.' The important part of the stay in Suez was, however, the arrival of a letter from the Minister of Finance announcing that three Egyptian Staff-officers, with tents and all the necessary apparatus for mapping the country, were at Burton's orders, and that a mineralogist was also to accompany the Expedition. Guides were to be forthcoming whenever there was need of them; a frigate was placed at his disposal, and the Governor of El-Muwaylah was directed to give him "camels, guides, and whatever he might want," to insure the success of his Expedition. Four-and-twenty hours of incessant work enabled the explorers to complete their arrangements, and at six in the evening of the 31st of March they were able to make a preliminary start.

As has before been remarked in these pages there are at least two starts to every journey in Africa, sometimes three. On this occasion two sufficed, and at ten at night—as soon as the moon was up—the *Sinnar* steamed out of dock and passed the floating light-ship of Suez. The Expedition awoke on Easter Monday with "cliffy Yuba's" islet on the port bow, 'while fronting us, clad in gold, blue and gorgeous purple, towered the kingly Mountains of Midian, a

surprise and a delight to the traveller's eye after the flatness and meanness of the Suez Coast.' Before noon the ship had dropped her anchor in the open and dangerous roadstead of El-Muwaylah *—the first ship of war which had ever been seen in these benighted regions. The ship fired her gun, 'which sent the few idlers flying in terror from the shore, and despatched her gig to bring off the Governor and the civilian Accountant of the port. The former, poor man, was in agonies of terror, frantically inquiring, whilst he returned his salute with a pop-gun, and flew his red flag, What *could* have happened? Presently, when he found that all we wanted was his assistance in procuring camels, the revulsion of joy brought on a short malady. For the rest the arrangements were not quite of the easiest. A couple of boats had been captured, and it was somewhat difficult to convince their masters that their services were not to be "requisitioned." When they understood that they were to be dealt with upon an ordinary trading footing they began by demanding as hire for their boats about fifteen times as much as they would have got in the ordinary way of trade—but in the end they contented themselves with only thrice as much. The two officials, military and civil, came on board, and after reading the letter conveying the viceregal orders, undertook to supply us with fifty camels within three days. This delay, which we could ill afford, was caused by the Bedawi being at this season "Fauk," that is, in the interior. During the short chat after coffee, we heard for the first time of Buyút-

* It is worthy of remark, as showing the extreme uncertainty of Oriental orthographies, that whereas Burton gives in his text the name as I have written it above, El-Muwaylah, his map-maker spells it Mowilah, and in various charts and travels it is spelt Mowilah, Mowillahh (Wellsted), Moilah, Moïlheh, Mohila (Rüppell), Mueileh, Muelih (Zehme), Muwéilh, Moelh, and even al Mowayliha—an obviously impossible name. The word is simply the diminutive of Málih —salt.

el-Nására (Christian's houses) at Aynúnah, and at other places. The good tidings filled me with new hopes. The Arabs, both Bedawi and settled, apply the term Nazarene to all the former inhabitants of all the lands which they now occupy, holding themselves immigrant conquerors from Arabia Proper. I at once ordered a Sambúk for a reconnaissance northwards; and the first craft which came in, coursing gallantly before the stiff south wind, was duly impressed and made fast with a cable to the corvette's stern. But the Juhaynah, like other tribes of the coast, have an utter inbred contempt for discipline. As soon as the head of the sentinel was turned, one of the crew quietly whipped out his whittle, and silently sawed through the rope; whilst the other three as leisurely shook out the broad sail, and hoisted it in the gay breeze. It was amusing to see the contrast of this sedate coolness with the scene of turmoil and wild abuse and outcry on board. At length, after ten minutes, a boat full of armed soldiers started in vain pursuit; and when the chase had lasted over a mile or so, the Arab winning easy, a cartridge was found, and a shot was fired in the air. The last we saw of the Sambúk was a patch of white, hovering like a gull's wing over the horizon, where, rejoining her fellows, she had probably reported, "They are seizing the boats."'

More care was taken in the future; strong guards were placed upon the boats which were taken in tow, and the anchorage for the night was made in Sherm (bight) Yahar, four or five miles to the south. 'These refuges,' says Burton, 'are common upon the Arabian coast of the Red Sea, they are wanting on the African shore where Masawwáh (Massowa) is the nearest harbour to Suez.' Then came preparation for the next day's work. The captain of the *Sinnar* was indented upon for sundry necessaries, and the masters of the captive boats were summoned to the quarter deck and informed that the Khedive far from intending to

exact forced labour from them had desired that their services should be well and even generously paid for. And then came the usual fraud. The Rais began by asking fifty dollars per diem, and presently dropped to three—the latter sum being that usually paid for a journey to Suez, which as a rule takes up a week. Then they were hungry, and had to be fed with ship's biscuit, and by way of climax one of them had to be sent off to his family to inform the friends of the rest that there had been no ill-usage or imprisonment in the matter. The next business was to collect camels, and concerning the "Ship of the Desert" Burton's opinion is not without interest. 'The so-called "generous animal," the "patient camel," whose endurance,' he says, 'has been grandly exaggerated, is a peevish ill-conditioned beast—one of the most cross-grained, vile-tempered, and antipathetic that domestication knows. When very young it is cold, grave, and awkward, when adult, vicious and ungovernable; in some cases even dangerous; when old it is fractious and grumbling, sullen, vindictive, and cold-blooded. It utters its snorting moan and its half-plaintive, half-surly bleat, even when you approach it. It suspects everything unknown; it roars aloud, like a teeth-cutting child, as each pound weight is added to the burden; and it is timid and sensitive to the footfall, to the voice, or even to the presence of a stranger. This unsavoury beast, which eats perfume and breathes fetor, works well upon hard clay. Rock cuts its soles; it labours and suffers when trudging through sand, and mud throws it heavily, at times splitting up the arm-pits. Its vaunted docility is the result of sheer stupidity. It lacks even the intelligence to distinguish poisonous herbs. It lacks the nobility and generous disposition of the horse; the sure-footedness and sagacity of the mule; the ponderous safety of the riding ox; and the frugality, the intelligence, and the docility of the

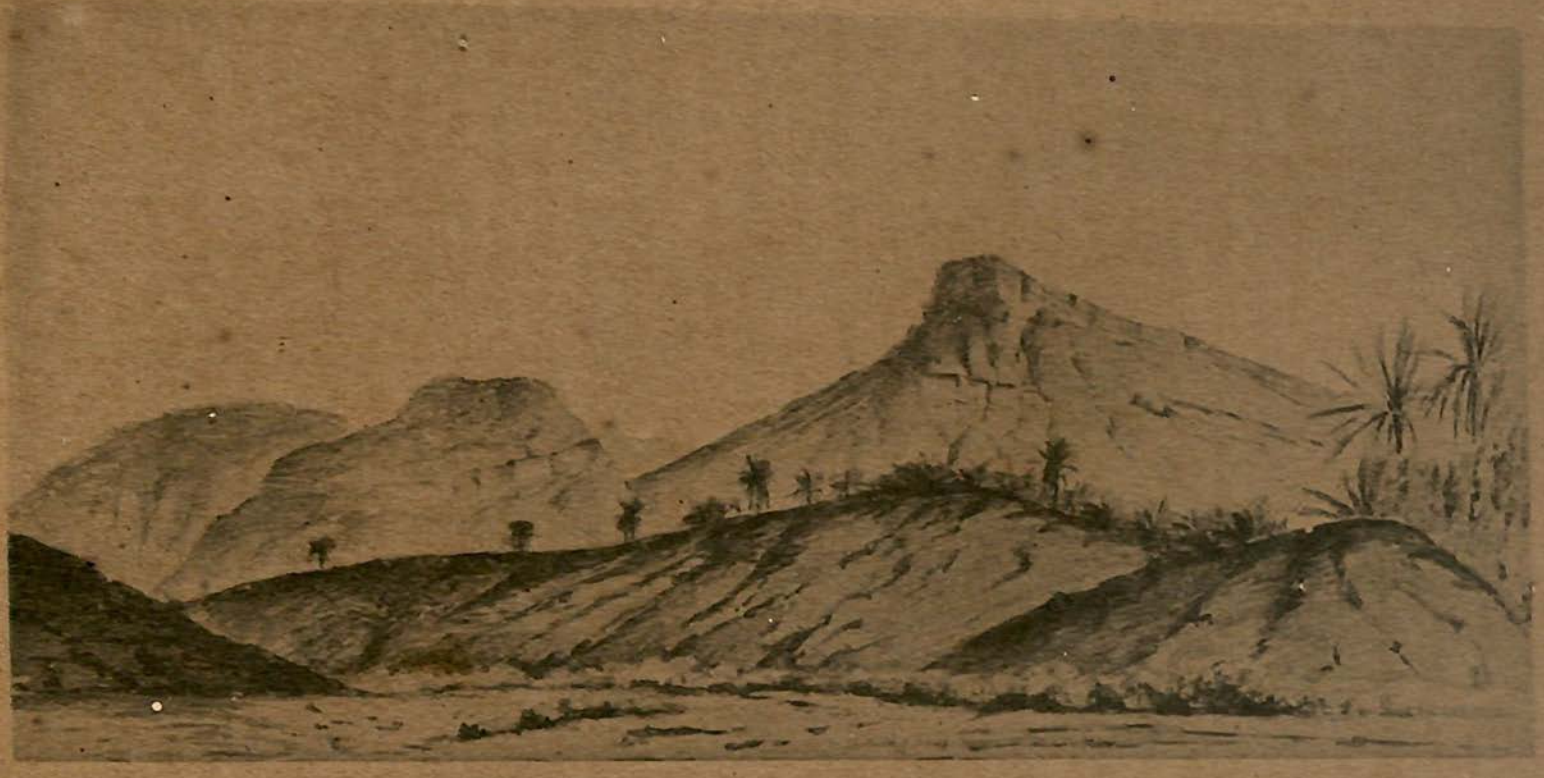
ass, so ably "rehabilitated" by Buffon. Finally, I have mounted the peevish dromedary for years, and, except in one case, a pony-camel from Maskat, I could never conjure a shade of affection for the modern representative of the anoplotherium.

'Let me end this chapter with the Arab explanation of why the horse hates the camel, an antipathy noticed by the Greeks as early as the days of Herodotus. It is well known to all the world that Allah, determining to create this noble animal, called the South Wind and said, "I desire to draw from thee a new being: condense thyself by parting with thy fluidity." The Creator then took a handful of this element, now become gross and tangible, and blew upon it the breath of life: the horse appeared and was addressed, "Thou shalt be for man a source of happiness and wealth: he shall render himself illustrious by mounting thee." But the stiff-necked stranger presently complained that much more might have been done for him: that his throat was too short for browsing on the line of march; that his back had no hump to steady the saddle; and that his small hoofs sank deep into the sand, with many other grievances of a similar nature, somewhat reminding us of a certain King of Castile. Whereupon Allah, like Jupiter who once threatened the dreadful threat of granting the silly prayers of mankind, created the camel. The horse shuddered at the sight of what he wanted to become, and from that hour to this he has ever started when meeting his caricature.'

Early in the morning of the 3rd of April, Burton, accompanied by M. Marie, the French engineer attached to the expedition, set out in the Sambúk, another boat following, and Mr. Clarke and the Haji Wali remaining on board the *Sinnar* to hasten the levy of the promised camels. In the course of the day a party of Hindi pilgrims making their way home from Meccah by way of Jerusalem

and Baghdad were encountered, affording Burton an opportunity of repeating his protest of twenty years before against the cruelty of allowing the poverty-stricken Moslems of India to evade their own humane law, providing that none shall make the pilgrimage who cannot afford to leave money with their families and travel in a style befitting their rank. 'Nothing,' he says, 'would be easier than to enforce the regulation by compelling every would-be pilgrim to show 500 rupees before being allowed to sail. But that fatal Anglo-Indian apathy is the one sufficient obstacle. Meccah, the focus of Moslem intrigue, still points to living examples of what evils Kafir rule can work, and wretches are still allowed to starve in the streets of Arab towns, and to display the poverty and the nakedness of once wealthy Hind.' On the following day the party landed at Aynúnah—one of the oldest settlements on the shores of the Red Sea, and certainly one of the most ancient of the mines of gold and turquoise which Arabia possesses. The turquoise, it may be remarked by the way, is esteemed much more highly in the East than amongst ourselves. The Tartar regards it as a certain charm against mortal wounds, and the Arab, like the ancient Egyptian, looks upon its presence as a certain sign of the neighbourhood of gold. 'The tablet at Sarabit el-Khadim (the Servant's Heights) says, "I (Har-ur-Ra, Superintendent of the mines) ordered the workmen daily working and said unto them: There is still Mafka (turquoise) in the mine, and the vein will be found in time, and it was so; the vein was found at last, and the mine yielded well."' Whatever it may have been in the past, however, Burton saw enough to convince him that Aynúnah is superficially exhausted. 'It was hopeless to expect,' he says, 'in this once civilised region, the wealth of nuggets which the old Greek describes as ranging between the size of an olive-stone and a walnut. Gold, the metal which appears to have been produced last,

and to have been first used by man is easily removed from the upper-strata, and can scarcely be exhausted in sand and stone. The Land of Midian is at present in fact much like California, when the pick and pan-men had done their work; she is still wealthy, but her stage is that when machinery must take the place of the human arm.' This part of Arabia would seem to be the most savage and degenerate of all. According to Burton the people are extremely ignorant of their religion and—strangest of all in a Moslem—they do not say their prayers. 'I never saw one of them at his devotions.' Like all the nomads they act upon the old saying, "We do not fast the Ramazan, because we are half-starved all the year round; we never perform the Ghusl or the Wuzú (ceremonial ablutions), because we want the water to drink, and we never make the Hajj (pilgrimage), because Allah is everywhere." Worst of all they are filthy in their persons and habits to a degree which makes even the tolerant Burton exclaim against them, and they have not the faintest tincture of letters. Nevertheless of one of them he says:—'He knows what he wants to know; he rides and shoots well, and is a judge of dromedaries and camels, sheep and goats. He can tell you the name and nature of every plant that blooms on his native hills. Lastly, he is ever ready to risk his life for his tribe, and no Hidalgo of the bluest blood was even more ticklish on the Pundonor.' Burton's other observations on the Bedawi race are worthy of notice. He found in them all the material of the finest soldiery. They are easy and quiet, courteous and mild mannered, respecting themselves and expecting others to respect them, for which reason the average Turkish official who in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is not a Turk at all, cannot get on with them. They are, moreover, exceedingly honest. Speaking of Abd el-Nabi, a typical specimen of the race, Burton relates:—'I engaged camels from him when



ONE OF THE SHIGDAWAYN,

WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST FOUND.

suspecting that our party was being delayed at El-Muwaylah, and advanced him $15. When it came up he returned the 'Arbún (earnest money), although I should have hesitated to demand it after the trouble he had taken to collect the beasts.'

A caravan was organized which went up what Burton calls a "gash" in the moüntains, passing on the way certain inscribed stones, for a full description of which the reader may be referred to the first instalment of 'The Gold Mines of Midian.' Presently came a discovery:—'After building what in Syria is known as a "Kákúr" (stone-man), I was descending when M. Marie cried out that he had made a discovery. Striking from east to west, measuring from a yard and a half to two yards in breadth, and standing well out of the quartz-mass, was a vein which we at once named *Le Grand Filon.* It passes clear through the hillock, and, forking in the bowels, re-appears double on the eastern side: the depth and the width shot up from the earth, can, of course, be ascertained only by working. It resembled from a distance porphyry, while much of it had a pavonine lustre, like the argentiferous galena of the Silver States in North America. The great weight suggested one mass of metal, and part of it had evidently been worked. On our return to Cairo, specimens of the *Grand Filon* were at once submitted to examination by Gastinel Bey, who worked by the *voie humide*, whilst M. Marie preferred the dry way. The latter melted and cupelled his fragment in the usual manner. It proved to be a highly composite formation containing some ten metals, the base being titaniferous iron, with a certain amount of wolfram or tungsten; the oxide of iron amounting to about 86·50 per cent; copper 3·40, and a trace of silver ($\frac{1}{1000}$ by *voie sèche*), the latter according to M. Gastinel, not easily separated, except in the laboratory. On the other hand, Colonel Middleton, who has had great experience in these matters, declares that the

process is simple—spalling the ore, roasting, pulverising, and precipitating with sal ammoniac or with common salt.'

When Burton returned to Cairo the first proposal he made to Ismail Pasha was to take a party of engineers with a load of gun-cotton or dynamite, and to blow up the vein in masses of tons, so as to be able to show the world a sample of Midianitic metal. But alas, and alas! the Russo-Turkish war broke out; the "unspeakable Turk" levied unconscionable requisitions on the unfortunate Fellaheen of Egypt; Burton himself was wanted back at Trieste, and so the thing fell through for the time. But he was not to leave Midian without an adventure. 'A height of upwards of a thousand feet had placed us above the grosser vapours of the show. Seawards, the stars—glowing red sparks like distant ship-lamps or lighthouses—showed themselves upon the very line where air and water meet. Inland, the misty giants in panoply of polished steel towered above the huge curtain of the bulwark, enchanted sentinels guarding the mysterious regions of the East; till presently the shades thickened, and we saw nothing but an army of grey phantoms behind us ranged in grisly array. Before night-fall we noticed an unusual disposition in the camp: the camels were all collected, tethered and pegged down, whilst the number of fires had greatly diminished. Presently Shaykh Abd el-Nabi quietly disappeared, heading many of his merry men, and without saying a word of scare, for the purpose of holding the passes of the White Mountains, whence his hereditary foes, the Benu Ma'azeh, generally issue in force upon the plain. This was communicated to us by the Governor of El-Muwayláh, who had joined the caravan last night. We at once made our preparations. Rifles and revolvers were placed upon the table; and my carbine-pistol appeared at last to have a chance of distinguishing itself. My two companions kept guard till midnight, exhorting the patrol when it failed, to cry out,

"One, two, three, four;" and I undertook the morning watch. The alarm came to nothing, nor could this be regretted. The loss of a man or two would have made me for ever repent having divided a weak party into two. But not a syllable had been whispered to us about the possibility of such an adventure; and it seemed at the first aspect impossible that a tribe which trades with Egyptian ports should attack a party of Government troops. Sayyid Abd el-Rahím explained the difficulty by remarking that the Bedawin have no sense, and will assault anything and anybody, at every possible opportunity. Moreover, they are mischievous as children or monkeys, and, like the knight-errants and Raubritters of old, they are ever spoiling for a fight.'

On Friday the 13th of April, the expedition returned to El-Muwayláh, starting very early in the morning and walking over loose sand and crumbling earth. After an hour and a quarter the houses of the Nasárá were reached, and soon afterwards a third deserted settlement. 'How far these men extended eastward into the interior we could gather only from hearsay; but the distance may safely be laid down at fifteen hours' march. It must be evident that what enabled such towns to live and thrive, can hardly fail to enrich the industrials of our modern day. And here we see, well displayed, the life of old Midian; the "cities" and "goodly castles" near the sea, and the hordes of tent-dwellers of the interior who meet the Bene Kedem, the eastern Bedawin. The only difference is that now the nomad has prevailed over the citizen; but the turn of the latter will come again.'

At El-Muwayláh the company re-embarked on the *Sinnar* and went south to investigate a mountain of sulphur and a turquoise mine of which they had heard from the Bedawin—an expedition which was not productive of any very good results, though it was here that the late Major

Macdonald, so-called king of Ṣinai, made his great "find," a perfect turquoise the size of a hen's egg. All that they could procure were some curiosities which one Haji Mohammed had for sale. On the fifteenth of the month the *Sinnar* steamed northwards to Senafir Island, where a party landed 'in search of ruins, snakes, and guano, but found neither this, that, nor the other.' All that they could bring back were specimens of madrepores and corallines, echini, and hermit crabs. Continuing their journey, they arrived at last at the ancient capital of Midian—Makna, and on the 18th of April returned to Egypt, where Burton, after paying his last respects to the Khedive, spent a week with an old friend, Mr. Charles Grace. The 'Foreign Office had kindly granted me leave of absence till the end of May; but the Russo-Turkish war was declared on April 24th; and "Consuls to your posts!" was the order of the day. So, resisting the temptation to make the grand tour, *viâ* Jáffá, Bayrút, and Constantinople, I embarked (May 6th) on board the Austrian Lloyd's S.S. *Flora*, Captain Pietro Radaglia.'

Before Burton left Egypt finally, he summed up the results of his excursion in a memorandum which he addressed to the Khedive, the result of which was that as soon as was reasonably possible he started on a fresh expedition to the same district. The land of Midian has, as he remarks, fallen somewhat into oblivion. The world has forgotten that it was once one of the most important provinces of Arabia; that there were many towns and cities living and thriving by the great mining industry; and there seems to be no reason why with our improved appliances it should not be easy to restore in a great measure the prosperity of the country.

The summer of 1877 was occupied with preparations for the new expedition. Ismail Pasha was bent upon it, but those about him thoroughly disbelieved in the possibility

of working the mines with any success. Burton himself—fully convinced of the value of his previous discoveries,—anxiously prepared for this second expedition. He went first to lay in a stock of fresh health at Karlsbad. 'Never was there a greater mistake! The air is bad as the water is good; the climate is reeking damp, like that of Western Africa; and, as in St. Pëtersburg, a plaid must be carried during the finest weather. Its effects, rheumatic and neuralgic, may be judged by the fact that the doctors walk about with pocketed squirts, for the hypodermal injection of opium. Almost all those whom I know there, wanting to be better, went away worse; and in my own case, a whole month of Midian sun, and a sharp attack of ague and fever were required to burn out the *Hexenschuss*, and to counteract the deleterious effects of the "Hygeian springs."'

The journey began on October 19th, 1877, the party from Trieste being composed of Sefer Pasha, the Aulic councillor Alfred von Kremer, Austrian Commissioner to Egypt, and Dr. Heinrich Brugsch-Bey. Within a week Burton was in Cairo, and it was time that he should be there. A sort of Syndicate had been formed in London for utilising the discoveries of the first expedition, and its representative had been busily engaged in endeavouring to induce the Khedive to hand over the work in Midian on perfectly preposterous conditions. There was a certain *naïveté* about the proposals of these worthy gentlemen. They were to give His Highness the Khedive 10 per cent. of the net profits of the undertaking, and Burton, who had done all the work, was 'to share in the common fate of originators, discoverers, and inventors,' and to have nothing. It is hardly necessary to say that, as Ismail Pasha, whatever his faults may be, is a thoroughly loyal personage, he quietly declined the suggestions of the gentlemen from London, and despatched Burton on this second

journey of discovery with the fullest powers and the most complete authority. The expedition was composed of some sixty persons, and their instructions were, to bring back not a few hundredweights of specimens, but as many tons as they could contrive to carry, the object being to make a thoroughly exhaustive qualitive and quantitive analysis in London and in Paris independently. An expedition of this kind obviously could not be fitted out in a week, but by the express orders of Kamil Pasha difficulties were smoothed over, and the party got away in very good time, despite an unfortunate season and a depression in the money market, which Messrs. Joubert and Goschen had altogether failed to heal. The truth of the matter simply is that at this time Egypt was as nearly bankrupt as she could very well be. The clever European financiers, who have fattened upon her resources for about half a century, had induced her Government to invest any amount of capital in what were facetiously called "profitable investments." European financiers had managed admirably for their customers—in Europe; but poor Egypt came off second best. No country, in fact, can stand a national debt, the interest on which is 6 per cent., with 1 per cent. added for amortization—Egypt least of all.

At the close of 1877 this financial pressure was beginning to be felt very severely, and for a time it seemed almost as though the Midian expedition would have to be dropped for lack of funds. By the beginning of December, money was raised in some way or other—how, it would perhaps be inadvisable to enquire too curiously. The officials got a month's pay (most of them were in arrears of from seven to fifteen months), and Burton received 2000 Napoleons which, in addition to 600 indented for on the stores of Cairo, were an excellent preparation for an adventurous journey. The start was made on Thursday, the 6th of December, by a special train from Cairo under

the immediate auspices of the governing family of Egypt. Suez was reached on the Friday, but it was not possible to start until the 10th, and then, by an unfortunate accident, the engines of the steamer broke down, making a return to Suez necessary. The repairing of these engines seems to have been somewhat of a joke. 'Mr. Williams, superintending engineer of the Khedivíyyah line, with the whole of his staff, stripped and set to work at the peccant tubes and air-pump. They commenced with extinguishing a serious fire which burst from the waste-room—by no means pleasant when close to kegs of blasting-powder carefully sewn up in canvas. They laboured with a will, and before sunset Mr. Williams informed us that he would guarantee the engines for eight days, when we were starting on a dangerous cruise for four months. He also supplied us with an Egyptian boiler-maker, and with eleven instead of sixty new tubes: we lost forty-two of the old ones between Suez and El-Muwayláh. Before sunset we made a trial trip, the wretched old kettle acting *tant bien que mal;* we returned to re-embark the soldiers and the mules, and we set out for the second time at 5.30 P.M.' The steamer was wretchedly slow. At starting she made a seven and a half knots an hour, but the pace soon dropped to six, and the weather becoming bad, made it necessary to put into Tor Harbour, whence after long delays consequent upon bad weather and defective machinery, the steamer reached El-Muwayláh only on the 19th of December.

I do not propose to follow this exploration in every detail; it must suffice to say that after innumerable disappointments, amongst which not the least were those resulting from the cupidity or credulity of the Bedawi, the expedition succeeded in lighting upon deposits of metal of real and inded very great value. As a specimen of the disappointments, however, the following is worthy of remark. At the Jebel el-Mazhafah 'we examined the

quartz, and found it seamed and pitted with veins and geodes containing *colorado*, earthy and crumbling metallic dust; chlorure, iodure and bromure of silver, with various colours, red, ochre-yellow and dark chocolate-brown. It stained the fingers, and was suspiciously light—*n'importe.* I must regret that here, as indeed throughout the exploration, all our specimens were taken from the surface; we had not time to dig even a couple of feet deep. The lad 'Id almost fainted with joy and surprise when the silver dollars were dropped into his hand, one by one, with the reiteration of "Here's another for you! and here's another!" This lavishness served to stimulate cupidity, and every day the Bedawin brought in specimens from half-a-dozen different places. But the satisfaction was at its height when the crucible produced, after cupellation, a button of "silver" weighing some twenty grammes from the hundred grammes of what the grumbling Californian miners had called in their wrath, "dashed black dust;" and when a second experiment yielded twenty-eight grammes (each fifteen grammes and a half) and ten centigrammes from 111 grammes, or about a quarter of a pound avoirdupois. In the latter experiment also, the *culot* came away without the litharge, which almost always contains traces of silver and antimony. Hence we concluded that the proportions were 30 : 110—a magnificent result, considering that 12½ : 100 is held to be rich ore in the silver mines of the Pacific States. The engineer was *radieux* with pride and joy. The yellow tint of the "buttons" promised gold —two per cent? Three per cent. Immense wealth lay before us; a ton of silver is worth 250,000 francs. Meanwhile—and now I take blame to myself—no one thought of testing the find, even by a blow with the hammer.

'Alas! THE "SPLENDID BUTTONS" PROVED TO BE IRON, CONTAINING ONLY TWO AND A HALF GRAMMES OF SILVER TO ONE HUNDRED KILOGRAMMES.

QUARTZ CONE IN THE FAHÍSÁT.

'I can afford to make merry on the absurd mistake, which at the time filled the camp with happiness. The Jebel el-Fahisát played us an ugly trick; yet it is not the less a glorious metalliferous block, and I am sure of its future.'

The first part of the journey through Midian Proper lasted for fifty-four days, during which time about 107 miles of ground were explored with the utmost care. The country is described by Burton as essentially a mining one, which had been little worked by the ancients. The first expedition had brought back specimens of gold, silver, and titaniferous iron. The second expedition found the same metals also, and brought back specimens of copper ore, which sometimes yielded as much as 40 per cent. of metal. Eight ancient mining settlements were discovered, but Burton arrived at the conclusion that it would pay better to ship the ore to Suez or to England than to work it on the spot. The second journey through Eastern or Central Midian lasted eighteen days, in which time the expedition to the Shaar is not included. This mountain has a height of about 5000 feet, and its partial ascent afforded an admirable study of the mode in which the granites have been enfolded and enveloped by the later eruptions of trap. The main object of the travel was, however, to ascertain the depth from west to east of the quartz formation, which Burton ascertained by enquiry to be much larger than previous explorers had imagined. Unfortunately a complete exploration was rendered impossible by reason of the presence of a tribe of brigands. Leaving the Shaar on the 21st of March the expedition returned to it on the 13th of April, during which time they explored the whole of South Midian. 'If the characteristics of North Midian (Madyan Proper) are its argentiferous, and especially its cupriferous ores, South Midian worked chiefly gold and silver, both metals being mentioned by the medieval geographers of

Arabia. Free gold in *paillettes* was noticed by the expedition in the micaceous schists veining the quartz, and in the chalcedony which parts the granite from the gneiss. The argentiferous *Negro* quartz everywhere abounds, and near the ruins of Badá lie strews of spalled "Marú," each fragment showing its little block of pure lead. Saltpetre is plentiful, and a third "Sulphur hill" rises from the maritime plain north of the Wady Hamz. The principal ruins and *ateliers* number five, these, beginning from the north, are the Umm-el-Karáyát, the Umm-el-Haráb, the Bújat-Badá, the El-Haurá. Amongst them is not included the gem of our discovery, the classical shrine, known as Gasr Gurayyim Sa'íd, nor the minor *ateliers*, El-Kubbah, Abá'l-Gezáz, and the remains upon the Marurát ridge. Good work was done by the Egyptian Staff-officers in surveying the fine harbour of El-Dumayghah, so well fitted as a refuge for pilgrim-ships when doing quarantine; and I venture upon recommending, to the English and Egyptian Governments, my remarks concerning the advisability of at once re-transferring the station to El-Wijh. It is now at Tor; and, as has been said, it forms a standing menace, not only to the Nile Valley, but to the whole of Europe. Whilst abounding in wood, the Southern Country is not so well erected as are Central and Northern Midian. On the other hand, the tenants, confined to the Baliyy tribe, with a few scatters of the despised Hutaym, are milder and more tractable than the Huwaytát. As I have remarked, they are of ancient strain, and they still conserve the instincts of their predecessors or their forefathers, the old mining race. It will be necessary to defend them against the raids and incursions of the Juhaynah, or "Sons of Dogs," who border upon them to the south, and from the Alaydán-'Anazeh to the south-east; but nothing would be easier than to come to terms with the respective Shaykhs. And the sooner we explore the Jauro, or sandstone region

UMM EL-KARAYYÁT,

(Worked by the Ancients).

in the interior, with its adjacent "Harrahs," the better for geography, and, perhaps not less, for mineralogy. The great ruins of Madâin Sâlih upon the Wady Hamz still, I repeat, await the discoverer.' *

On the 12th of April the expedition set out on its return, and rapidly broke up after leaving El-Wijh. The usual recommendations for promotion were made to the higher powers, but the return of the expedition was unpleasantly delayed by bad weather, and the extremely defective condition of the ship *Sinnar*, so that it was not until the 20th of April that Suez was finally reached. At Suez Burton found his wife, whom he had left behind in London to see the first of his books on Midian and its gold mines through the press. Lady Burton, who shares to the full her husband's love for the desert and its sweet, pure air, had waited at Suez for many months trying to join the expedition, but Ismail was not in a position to afford a second escort just then. It was necessary to pause for a short time at this half-forsaken spot—once so busy, now ruined by the Suez Canal, which enters the Red Sea some miles to the east. A special train had to be telegraphed for, and the twenty-five tons of specimens of ore had to be sorted and packed, all which was not accomplished without considerable difficulty. 'The Dragoman dispatched to town from the new docks to lay in certain creature comforts, such as beef and beer, prudently spent the money on a new suit for himself—not a very pleasant thing when his master has not had a square meal for about four months. To add to the discomfort of the night, the entire crew of the *Sinnar* disappeared, so that for some time Burton believes himself to have been "the bósun tight and the midshipmite, and the crew of the captain's gig,"' and it was thus that his wife found him quite alone.

* Since this was written they have been thoroughly explored by Mr. Charles Doughty, who was followed by sundry others.

After a day spent at Suez in renewing old acquaintances, amongst whom, however, General Gordon (Pasha) had, greatly to Burton's regret, just left, the special train started for Cairo. The journey was a chapter of accidents. Ten miles out of Suez one of the third-class carriages began "running hot," and before the train could be stopped 'the axle box of a truck became a young Vesuvius in the matter of vomiting smoke.' Half-speed was henceforth the order of the day. At Tel el-Kabir, not then the scene of military operations which "were not war," the train caught fire for the third time. The only consolation that remained to the Burtons was that the Dragoman had contrived to get himself left behind at Suez, new clothes and all. At half-past five in the afternoon the special train, laden with Government property, officers, soldiers and escort, mules, boxes and bags, of presumably valuable specimens, arrived in the station at Cairo to find the place deserted. Station-master, agent and servants, were all away; the porters were "busy loading cotton," and the expedition was left to do the best it could for itself. Gradually the soldier escort, who had worked well enough at first, melted away. The sub-lieutenant, Mohammed Efendi, took his departure without the formality of asking leave, and his example was followed by the sergeant—the members of the expedition had in short to do everything for themselves, and could not leave the station for three mortal hours.

Next day brought its consolations. The Khedive sent his junior master of the ceremonies to welcome Burton back and to bring him to an interview at the Palace where Prince Husayn Kámil Pasha (Minister of Finance) was also in waiting. Directions were given that an exhibition of the trophies of the expedition should be organized without delay, but it was not until the 9th of May that all was ready. Even then Burton found that he had by no means conquered his difficulties. The maps that had been

prepared at the Citadel were shamefully imperfect, and swarming with blunders, and the engineer, Mons. Marie, who was nothing of a mineralogist, and with whom Burton had had more than one passage of arms, did his best to throw cold water on the results. On the whole, however, the Exhibition was a success; Burton attended the Khedive, and Lady Burton the Harím, and experts from England and Australia pronounced a very favourable verdict on the specimens. Meanwhile Burton was directed to draw up a general description of the province, to report upon the political and other measures by which it could be benefited and to suggest the means of successfully working the mines. After several delays and various interviews with the Khedive, Burton was able to leave Cairo for Alexandria. On the Sunday following the opening of this Exhibition he found himself in company with his wife on board the Austrian Lloyd's Steamer *Austria;* and, after an absence of some seven months, they settled once more in Trieste. The Foreign Office gave him leave of absence for two months, and on July 26th he landed from the English Steamer *Hecla* at Liverpool.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GOLD COAST AGAIN.

The Sequel to the Midian Journeys—Ismail Pasha and the Great Powers—How England treats her Consuls—A realized vision—To the Gold Coast once more—The modern Greek—Gibraltar—*En route* for Madeira—Tenerife—The "Pike"—A sharp ascent and an uninteresting return—On the West Coast—S'a Leone—Improvements—To the River Rokel—Axim—King Blay and his costume—Trade Gin—Belenites, Lightning Stones and Osrámur—Washing for Gold—A return visit to King Blay—Stay at Samna—King Blay *en fetiche*—Gold dust—Clean African villages—Idle "niggers"—The Ancobra River—Axim again—The Winnebah—Passage to Liverpool—An Adelphi dinner—The Results.

THESE two expeditions to the Mines of Midian were destined to an exceedingly unsatisfactory sequel. After an expedition through various parts of Germany to examine collections of arms for the purposes of his 'Book of the Sword,' of which something will be said in another place, Burton returned to Trieste, where he varied his Consular duties as before, by exploration in the neighbourhood and by literary work. In December 1879, however, having obtained leave of absence for the winter, to escape the raw damp climate of Trieste, he again visited Egypt, in the hope of being able to induce the Khedive to renew his work in Midian. He was destined to be bitterly disappointed, to see all his labour completely thrown away, and to learn that the funds which had been expended on the two expeditions might as well have been thrown into the Nile, for any good they were likely

A CAMPING GROUND IN MIDIAN.

(The White Mountain).

to do to Egypt. Ismail Pasha, who in the opinion of a considerable proportion of those Englishmen who really know the East, was the ablest ruler the Egyptians were likely to find—perhaps even the best that a nation of serviles could expect—had been compelled to abdicate. His great schemes for the regeneration of his country had been begun with money borrowed at usurious interest, and the country had itself fallen in consequence into the hands of the money-lenders, whose first care would seem in many cases to have been to provide comfortable appointments for themselves, with salaries calculated on a truly Oriental scale. In the meanwhile the public works were neglected, the great improvements which could only become profitable long after their completion, were neglected and the burden of taxation became every day less tolerable. That Ismail was an angel of light no one will contend, but that in the matter of his government of Egypt, he was worse than ill-served alike by his foreign advisers and his native officials probably few will be found to deny.

To Ismail had succeeded Tewfik; but Tewfik Pasha is not a strong ruler, and he became Viceroy under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. It was necessary for him to attempt some imitation of the English system of governing by party and he did so—to his sorrow. He, like many other princes and politicians, wished above all things to be popular, and threw himself therefore into the hands of the party, which called itself "National"—the counterpart in Egypt of the extinct "Know-Nothings" of the United States. This party was composed of the more fanatical Moslems, and the leading principle of its policy was its determination to refuse countenance to any scheme or project which might be proposed by Europeans. The reader may know pretty accurately what the results of Ismail's abdication have been to both Egypt and in England in

general. The war, which was not a war, but merely a series of "military operations," is not over even yet; the English are still in the occupation of Egypt, and, never very popular in the "Land of the Sun," they are hated now more than ever. To Burton individually, the change of government in Egypt was a source not merely of great pecuniary loss, but of bitter disappointment of a nobler kind. He had hoped, of course, to derive some profit from his discoveries, in accordance with the promise of Ismail Pasha, but he had hoped still more to be recognized as the saviour of Egypt from its pecuniary collapse. His hopes were vain. A Foreign Office circular of March 1881, informed Consuls that the Secretary of State would "decline to give letters of introduction or recommendation to Her Majesty's Diplomatic or Consular Agents abroad, in favour of gentlemen proceeding to foreign countries, for the purpose of promoting any specific commercial or industrial undertaking, or of obtaining concessions from a foreign Government." This was, of course, fatal. Major (now Sir Evelyn) Baring, somewhat ostentatiously declared that he could (? would) not make a Cabinet question of the proposed mines, and Mr. (now Sir Edward) Malet was something more than indifferent. Had Burton been a Frenchman, a German or an Italian, he would have met with very different treatment. The official representatives of his country would have been instructed to render him all possible assistance, though possibly they might be advised to make all due inquiry before rendering active aid. The notion of forbidding English public officers abroad to render assistance to their compatriots is peculiarly British, and worthy of those "permanent officials," who monopolize the departmental administration of the country, and so often bring their political chiefs to condign discomfiture. Burton tried, but tried in vain to induce the English representatives to support his scheme. He was met with worse

than coldness; the *soi disant* "National Party" opposed it as the idea of a foreigner, and the new Khedive was so enmeshed in the "Joint Control," that he was unable to make an independent move. Five months were thus of necessity spent in Cairo in busy idleness, and at last in May 1880, Burton returned to Trieste wearied out and disgusted.

After eighteen months of Consular work in Trieste, varied by a brief visit to London and Liverpool, Burton found himself in a position to put in effect another dream of his earlier days. Twenty years before or thereabouts, he had announced in unmistakable terms the presence of gold in the soil of the Gold Coast. In his 'Wanderings in West Africa,' he had described the whole native process of washing and "panning" for gold, and the success which attended these rude and primitive labours (*ante*, page 113). He had pointed out also the undiscovered possibilities—undiscovered as yet by any but himself for many centuries—of the land, and he waited *more suo* for the fructification of his ideas. The opportunity came at last. Mr. James Irvine of Liverpool had obtained concessions of the most important character, and he took counsel with Burton, who notoriously knew more about the Coast in general than any living Englishman who has ever visited that deadly climate. The result was a new Expedition, destined to be not a very long, but an eminently satisfactory one—at all events so far as the verification of Burton's prophecies of twenty years agone were concerned. Once more the Foreign Office gave him a winter's leave from the Bora of Trieste, and after many delays Burton found himself on the 18th November, 1881, on his way to the Gold Coast once more. Burton and his wife embarked on board the Cunard ship *Demerara*, bound for Gibraltar. The journey was essentially that of a trading steamer. From Trieste the route lay to Venice; thence to Fiume, and Patras, where Burton

found a curious study of a population which rejoices in the "dirty picturesque," and in a people who 'have no regard for art, no taste for music, no respect for antiquities, except for just as much as these will bring. They own,' he adds, 'two and only two objects in life; firstly, to make money; and secondly, to keep it and not to spend it.' After some of the semi-pauperized races with which Burton, like every other traveller has had to do, this spectacle of steady industry and vigorous thrift is eminently refreshing. It is unfortunate that it should be marred by that petty roguery which has made the name of "Greek" so odious in Western Europe—a quality of which Burton gives a curious instance told in his own characteristic way. 'Oh that St. Dionysius, patron saint of Zante, would teach his *protégés* a little of that old Persian wisdom which abhorred a lie, and its concomitants, cheating and mean trickery! The *Esmeralda* after two days and one night at Zante was charged £15 for pilotage; when the captain piloted himself; for church where there is no parson; and for harbour dues where there is no harbour.'

From Patras the journey was made to Messina with no worse disaster than picking up a "sailor-made-steamer" which had burst its boilers, and was consequently rolling about helplessly in the trough of the sea—an event which entailed the loss of a day, and a subsequent protest at the Consulate. The salvors of the distressed ship claimed £200; the salved offered 200 lire—'punds Scots,' says Burton. Thus it was that it was November 9th—day dear alike to loyal Englishmen and honest London citizens—before Gibraltar was reached, in very bad weather. Two days later by a happy accident Burton opened his eyes upon the Tagus, nearing Lisbon, where he 'spent a pleasant week, and had a fair opportunity of measuring what progress she had made during the last sixteen

years.' The result was not displeasing. 'We have no longer to wander up and down disconsolate

"'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee."

If the beggars remain, the excessive dirt and the vagrant dogs have disappeared. The Tagus has a fine embankment; but the land side is occupied by mean warehouses. The thoroughfares are far cleaner than they were, and Lisbon is now surrounded by good roads. The new houses are built with some respect for architectonic effect of light and shade; such fine old streets as the Rua Augusta offend the eye by façades flat as cards, with rows of pips for windows. Finally, a new Park is being laid out to the north of the Passeio Publico. Her hotels are first-rate; her prices are not excessive; her winter climate is delightful; and she is the centre of most charming excursions.' After all which it is probably hardly necessary to go into details.

The 'allotted week' at Lisbon came to an end only too soon, and on December 20th Burton found himself on board the *Luso, en route* for Madeira. The *Luso* was not a 'comfortable' ship. She rolled 'like a moribund whale,' and most of the passengers had to take to their berths: those who were not, fortunately found the captain and officers exceedingly civil and obliging, and the food and wines good, and not costly. At Madeira Burton stayed for a fortnight, finding sufficient occasion to correct the impressions which he had on a former occasion somewhat hastily put into print. Funchal had not improved—was in fact in a state of decay, partly through the disease amongst the vines, and partly from the falling off in the reputation of the place as a health resort. For the rest he had no personal adventures to record, and his observations on the general aspect of the island hardly form part of his life. From Madeira he went to Tenerife, a

place at which between 1860 and 1865—during his Consulate at Fernando Po, that is to say—they had spent many weeks. Hence he made an excursion to the once flourishing, but now ruined and almost deserted city of San Cristobal de la Laguna, and thence to Orotava. The event of the trip was, however, the ascent of Mount Atlas, the "Pike" or "Peak" of Tenerife. All travellers who stay at Tenerife make, or are supposed to make, this excursion, but the Burtons' ascent differed from others in that, while the usual months for it are July and August, their was made in March, 'when, according to all the Mal Pais is impassable, and when furious winds threaten to sweep away intruders like dry leaves.' All sorts of terrible things were predicted for the travellers who dared to affront Nature by ascending at this unheard-of season, and Burton was assured that he would never reach even the first station, the Estancia de los Ingleses, but he is one of those men who are, as the saying goes, 'not born yesterday,' and the result of his daring was a very interesting, and by no means dangerous, excursion.

The journey began at 9 in the morning of the 23rd of March, under the guidance of a well-known personage —Manoel Reyes—who has been described by more than one traveller. By 10.20 the little caravan had passed beyond the cultivated region, and by 1 P.M., after four hours' riding, a halt was made at the Estancia de la Sierra, 6500 feet above the sea—'a pumice floor a few feet broad, dotted with bush, and almost surrounded by rocks that keep off a wind now blowing cold and keen.' After an hour's halt the ascent was resumed over a less acute slope to the site of the first great crater, where the Burtons found the 'series of rubbish heaps, parasitic cones, walls, and lumps of red black lavas, trachytes, and phonolytes, reposing upon a deluge of frozen volcanic froth ejected by early eruptions . . . as rejoicing as the Arabian desert:

I would willingly,' he adds, 'have spent six months in the purest of pure air.' This place, Las Cañadas, is the base of the second crater, 6900 feet above the sea, and the home of a white flowered shrub—an Alpine broom—which from June to August makes it a perfect Paradise of bees. Through a plateau covered with this plant the travellers made their way, and after a total climb and ride of six hours found themselves at the Estancia de los Ingleses—a shelf in the pumice slope 9930 feet high, protected against the cold night winds of the N.N.E. by huge boulders of obsidian. Here they cleared away a patch of snow and slept in rugs. The thermometer showed 32° F. at 6 P.M., but a bright fire secured the travellers against the cold of the night. By half-past four, after a cup of hot coffee well "laced," they were again on the way, Burton on a mule which was perfect so long as the frightful curb which Spaniards insist on using was untouched, with his wife on a sure-footed black nag. Half an hour later the quadrupeds were sent back. The rest of the climb was performed on foot, and two hours and a half of sharp climbing brought the travellers to the summit—12,198 feet above the sea—nearly the altitude of Mont Blanc, which is 12,284 feet above the Chamounix valley, though 15,744 above the sea level. The morning's work (2½ hours) was undone in ten minutes' slide, and the animals having been brought up, a peaceable descent to the abodes of civilisation was effected after a thirty-six hours' absence.

The journey was resumed by way of the Canaries and Bathurst, a stay of three days at the former affording Burton an opportunity of studying that now unhappily decaying industry, the culture of the cochineal insect, and the manufacture and qualities of the wine which bears the name of the islands. Bathurst he found as dull and unwholesome as ever, as it is likely to be so long as a cheese-paring economy at home sends the £20,000 of surplus revenue from this

port into the Colonial caisse, instead of expending the whole (and more) in much needed local improvements. From Bathurst to Sierra Leone is not a long or a very interesting journey, and was happily soon got over even by the antiquated steamer of the A. S. S., in which Burton travelled. His only amusement was to watch the passengers, who as usual were of three classes,—official, commercial and negro. Of the first nothing need be said. Official is official all the world over. The commercials were more amusing—successors as they were to the "palm-oil lambs" over whom Burton, when Consul at Fernando Po, had for so long acted as the good shepherd. He thinks the new men somewhat superior to the old, but he doubts the reality of any great change. 'Captain Keene took the earliest opportunity of assuring me that since my time—indeed since the last ten years—the Bights and the Bightmen had greatly changed; that spirit drinking was utterly unknown, and that ten-o'-clock go to bed life was the general rule.' On the steamer it would almost have appeared as if this were true. 'Each sat at meat with his glass of Adam's ale by his plate side, looking prim and grave and precise as persons at a christening who are not in the habit of frequenting christenings.' Burton adds, however, that this unnatural state of things did not last long. 'Wine, beer, and even Martell (three stars) appeared presently; and I noted that the evening chorus preserved all its peculiar *verve*.' Of the negroes he speaks in his usual tone—he has, that is to say, a certain sympathy with the genuine savage negro, but only contempt and dislike for the half-educated and pretentious animal who is the product of missionary societies and philanthropy. These men display all the worst vices of the native African, with a few thrown in from European sources, as well as an exasperating and childish vanity. This last failing will, perhaps, not be thought remarkable when it is remembered that English society fondly believes every negro girl

brought to this country to be an "African Princess," * and when the efforts of philanthropists are directed to the noble task of converting the sons of S'a Leone "merchants," *i.e.* shopkeepers, into clergymen and barristers.

On landing at S'a Leone Burton was greatly struck with the improvement in the aspect of the place, and in the tone of the people since his first visit. Then it will be remembered (*ante*, page 106), "The White Man's Grave" was hideously unhealthy; the domination of the negro race over the white was then offensive in the extreme, and the morals of the place, despite the presence of a Bishop and no fewer than 130 conventicles, of the very lowest order. Great changes have since been made. The troops are no longer lodged in a barrack which is the perpetual haunt of yellow fever, but in roomy and airy buildings 400 feet above the sea, where yellow fever never comes, and where the officers are not compelled to sit in outer darkness during tornadoes and rain. This was the work of Sir J. Pope Hennessey, as was also the construction of a canal from a fine fountain in the rear of the town by which the barracks are provided with a swimming-bath, and the townsfolk have a fair supply of filtered water laid on to their houses. For these good works Burton thinks that Governor Hennessey deserves a statue, and those who know the West Coast will probably agree with him. It is pleasant to recall administrative acts like these at a moment when the restored Governor of the Mauritius can hardly find a soul on the newspaper press to say a good word for him. On the second point, Burton says:—'I could not but remark the difference of tone. There was none of the extreme "bumptiousness" and pugnacious

* One such, a slave girl presented to an English officer, who shall be nameless here, by one of the African "kings" was actually so presented to the Queen. The indiscretion (or practical joke?) did *not* cost the officer his commission, which is perhaps to be regretted.

impudence of twenty years ago; indeed, the beach boys, nowhere a promising class, were rather civil than otherwise. Not a single allusion to the contrast of "white niggahs and black gen'lemen." Nor did the unruly, disorderly African character ever show itself as formerly it often did by fisticuffing, hair pulling, and cursing with a mixture of English and Dark Continent ideas and phraseology whose *tout ensemble* was really portentous. The popular voice ascribes this immense change for the better to the energetic action of Governor S. Rowe (1876), and if so, his statue deserves to stand beside that of Pope Hennessey.' The last item—the morals of the people—may have improved, but one little fact, which Burton mentions, is not encouraging. 'The charge for landing was only three pence; *en revanche*, the poor fellows stole everything they could, including my best meerschaum.' In the town itself the change for the better is very palpable. The old disorderly open-air market has been replaced by a neat and well-paved bazaar, with a flying roof pierced for glass windows, and the butcher's yard near is no longer 'a ragged and uncleanly strip of ground.'

Burton's stay in S'a Leone was necessarily very short, and he had probably no desire to prolong it in spite of the hospitality of Governor Havelock. 'The climate is simply the worst on the West Coast, despite the active measures of sanitation lately taken, the Department of Public Health, the Ordinances of the Colonial Government in 1879, and the excellent water with which the station is now provided.' Later on he gives a very startling fact. In 1881 the death-rate among the small European colony was at the rate of 350 per 1000, and it would doubtless have been larger but for the custom of shipping off invalids by the first steamer after their illness commenced. During his stay Burton found no reason to correct his first impressions of this delectable colony. 'My first visit to S'a Leone,' he says,

'showed me the root of all evils. There is hardly a peasant in the peninsula. Had the "colony-born" or older families, the "king-yard men," or recaptives, and the creoles, or children of liberated Africans, been apprenticed and compelled to labour, the colony would have become a flourishing item of the empire. Now it is the mere ruin of an emporium; and the people, born and bred to do nothing cannot prevail upon themselves to work. But the "improved African" has an extra contempt for agriculture, and he is good only at destruction. Rice and cereals, indigo and cotton, coffee and arrowroot, tallow-nuts and shea-butter, squills and jalap, oil-palms and cocoas, ginger, cayenne, and ground-nuts are to be grown. Copal and bees'-wax would form articles of extensive export; but the people are satisfied with maize and roots, especially the cassava, which to S'a Leone is a curse as great as the potato has proved to Ireland. Petty peddling has ever been, and still is, the "civilised African's" *forte.* He willingly condemns himself to spend life between his wretched little booth and his Ebenezer, to waste the week and keep the Sabbath holy by the "holloaing of anthems." His *beau idéal* of life is to make wife and children work for, feed and clothe him, whilst he lies in the shady piazza, removing his parasites and enjoying porcine existence. His pleasures are to saunter about visiting friends; to grin and guffaw; to snuff, chew and smoke, and at times to drink *kerring-kerry* (*caña* or *caxaca*), poisonous rums at a shilling a bottle. Such is the life of ignoble idleness to which, by not enforcing industry, we have condemned these sable tickets-of-leave.'

Burton refers to this subject several times, expressing his anxiety to see the sparse, savage and phenomenally idle population of the Dark Continent, supplemented by a large immigration from the overcrowded regions of India and China. It is almost impossible to make the negro

work; such Christianity as he has picked up serves mainly to increase his demoralization, and the only really elevating influence to which he has been subjected is Mohammedanism, which Burton asserts, not without reason, to be the great civilizer of Africa. In spite of all, however, it is perhaps open to doubt whether the wholesale admission of Chinese coolies would be productive of such good results as Burton anticipates. They might for a while be useful in the gold and other mines about which he is so sanguine, but it is beyond question that the black races would resent their introduction quite as much as the free and independent Irish citizens of California resent the same thing at the present time, and in the struggle the weaker race would inevitably go to the wall. All this is, however, a matter which lies hid in the dim and distant future. At present there is but small probability that any steps in the direction indicated by Burton will be taken either by the owners of English gold mining concessions in West Africa or by the authorities of the 'White Man's Red Grave' at S'a Leone, where the want is most felt.

Short though the stay of the steamer at this delectable spot was, Burton found time for one excursion, in the course of which he inspected the lower bed of the river Rokel, and the islands which it waters. It was but a day's pichic after all. Shortly after dark, Burton was on board the steamer, and was speedily on his way to Cape Palmas, which was reached in the afternoon of the next day but one. He did not land. The friends he had made during his first journey in these regions had all passed away; there was no hotel—only a mean boarding-house—and the place, never very attractive, had fallen into decay through a tribal war, in the course of which Selim Agha, Burton's faithful Nubian steward and factotum between 1860 and 1865, whose name has been frequently mentioned in these pages, was barbarously murdered. He had gone

to Liberia when Burton left the Consulate of Fernando Po, and had prospered so well that the citizens of that Republic 'proposed to run him for the Presidency.' When the Grebo war broke out Selim Agha joined the Monrovians as assistant-surgeon in hope of being able to mitigate the horrors of the campaign. In the abortive attack on Grebo Big Town he was attacked and overpowered by a Grebo who, instead of making him a prisoner, 'chopped his body all about, chopped off his head, which he took to his town with eighteen others, and threw the body into the swamps.'

The last few days of the voyage were exceedingly pleasant. 'As the *Senegal* advanced under easy steam we had no rolling off this roller coast, and we greatly and regretfully enjoyed the glorious Harmattan weather so soon to cease. The mornings and evenings were cool and dewy, and the pale round-faced sun seemed to look down upon us through an honest northern fog. There was no heat even during the afternoons, usually so close and oppressive in this section of the Tropics. I only wished that those who marvelled at my preferring to the blustering, boisterous weather of the Northern Adriatic, the genial and congenial climate of West Africa could have passed a day with me.' In such weather Axim was reached on the morning of January 25. Burton found it a pleasant and most picturesque place—perhaps the most beautiful on the West Coast of Africa; two bays backed by a noble forest of trees often 150 feet high, with branchless white boles of 80 feet high striping the verdure. 'The settlement backed by its grand "bush" and faced by the sea, consists of a castle and a subject town; it wears in fact a baronial and old-world look. Fort Santo Antonio, a tall white house upon a bastioned terrace, crowns proudly enough a knob of black rock and low green growth. On both sides of it, north and south, stretches the town; from this distance—(*i.e.*) from the steamer—it appears a straggle of

brown thatched huts and hovels, enlivened here and there by some whitewashed establishments mining or "in the mercanteel." The soil is rusty and dusty, and we have the usual African tricolour.' Whilst Burton was noting these details the agents of the various houses came on board, and after the 'normal stirrup cup' the party embarked in a surf-boat for a paddle of two miles and a half to the landing-place. The waste of time is inexcusable. There is absolutely nothing to prevent steamers from running in but a sunken reef, which every canoeman knows perfectly well. Captain Cameron sounded for it, and a buoy had actually been placed upon it at one time, but the work was so ill-done that the surge had been allowed to sweep it away. Burton made representations to the people in Liverpool, who are most interested in the the matter, but 'it's a far cry to Lochawe,' and the rock at Axim stands where it did.

Landing at Axim was easy, and was followed by a succulent breakfast with the representatives of a Liverpool house, and afterwards by an inspection of the fort, Santo Antonio, mentioned above—a wonderful old structure, built by the Portuguese in the days when Portugal was one of the richest countries in Europe, ceded by them to the Dutch, and acquired by England at a later date. When we received it, the chart marked it "ruined," but it was repaired during the Ashanti war, and is now sufficient to make Axim a harbour of refuge, and to protect the whole place against the insubordination of the native tribes. Burton foresees a great future for Axim. It is a charming place, exceptionally healthy for Equatorial Africa, except immediately after the rainy season, when no tropical place can claim that epithet. Unfortunately the rains begin in April and end in September. During the remainder of the year, however, the climate is admirable. 'We were there in January—March during an unusually hot and dry

season following the Harmattan and the Smokes and preceding the tornadoes and the rains; yet I never felt an oppressive day—nothing worse than Alexandria or Trieste in early August. The mornings and evenings were mostly misty; the moons were clear, and the nights were tolerable. An excessive damp which mildews and decays everything —clothes, books, metals, man—was the main discomfort.' The town was well-laid out after its bombardment during the Ashanti war, but sanitation is really wanted, especially in 'the southern part of the narrow ledge bearing the town, and including the French establishment,' where there is a fetid, stagnant pool, full of 'sirens, shrimps and anthropophagous crabs.' Other poisonous nullahs exist to the north of the town, and for the purification of both and of the town itself Burton proposes two remedies:—'first the utilisation of the labour of the convicts in the town gaol, now wasted in shot-drill and other absurdities, and next the enactment of the wise law of Mohammed Ali, which made every citizen (of Cairo) responsible for the healthiness of his own surroundings. That law, if I remember rightly, was enforced with copious doses of stick; probably the sentimentalism of England to-day would resent the abrasion of the tender cuticle of the West African "Nigger" by any such painful methods.'

Life in Axim was not altogether unpleasant. Mr. James Irvine, whose concessions Burton and Cameron had gone out to report upon, had sent out instructions to his agents to treat his guests with due hospitality, and the agents of other firms proved 'hospitable in the extreme.' Sunday was a day of rest. As Burton somewhere puts it, 'the Coast African's idea of life is to do nothing all the week and to rest on Sunday,' and at Axim he carries it out to perfection. Only his ideas of rest are not quite ours. 'Service and school hours are announced by a manner of peripatetic belfry—a negroling walking about with a

cracked muffin bell. From the chapel which adjoins some wattled huts, the parsonage, surges at times a prodigious volume of sound, the holloaing of hymns and the bellowing of anthems; and, between whiles the sable congregation, ranged on benches and gazing out of the window "catches it 'ot and strong" from the dark-faced Wesleyan missionary-cum-school-master.' But these good folk have some estimable qualities. They rarely go about armed; they are civil in their way; they live well and are contented, and above all, they take a daily bath in the sea. Those who have had the misfortune to come across a S'a Leone barrister of the Middle Temple on a hot July day in the purlieus of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, will have some idea of what is implied in this last clause.

The first mining business which Burton and his companion Cameron had to transact was with King Blay, or rather to give this potentate his full style and title "Kwamina Blay of Attabo, Ahin (Ahene), or King of Amarehía, Western Apollonia," His Majesty visited Burton and his companion in state on January 28. The Royal carriage was 'a long basket big enough to lodge a Falstaff, open like a coffin and lined with red cloth to receive the Royal Person and gold-hilted swords, and was carried stretcher-fashion by four sturdy knaves.' His Majesty is described as a most excellent person, true and loyal to the backbone, but his costume was something like that of the King of Canoodledum in Mr. Gilbert's ballad. 'A tall cocked hat with huge red and white plume, contrasted with the dwarf pigtail at the occiput bearing a Popo-bead by way of fetish. His body-dress was a sky-blue silk, his waist-cloth marigold-yellow, and he held in his hand the useless sword of honour, a Wilkinson presented to him for his courage and conduct in 1873-4. The Ashantí medal hung from his neck by a plaited gold chain of native Trichinopoly-work with a neat sliding clasp of two cannons and an empty *asumamma* or

talisman case. The bracelets were of Popo beads and thick gold wire curiously twisted into wreath knots. Each finger bore a ring resembling a knuckle-duster, three mushroom-like projections springing from each oval shield.' His Majesty dismounted with ceremony and was as ceremoniously received, the visit being a state affair altogether —nothing less in fact than the discussion of a treaty. Everything was, therefore, done in the most solemn order. The king sat down in state with six elders in caps and billycock hats, and fifteen other black gentlemen, amongst whom was the "king's stick"—elsewhere called the "king's mouf"—stood up bare-headed. It must have required all Burton's long African training for him, with his strong sense of humour, to have kept a grave face whilst this burlesque personage with his more than burlesque court took their places. The sword-bearers and the band ought not to be forgotten. The former carried five emblematical weapons perfectly useless as swords, but emblems of royalty, to be licked in taking an oath just as Christians kiss the Testament; the latter consisted of two horns and three drums. The horns were small elephant-tusks, and of the drums one was sheathed in leopard skin and rubbed, not struck, with two curved sticks, while another was hour-glass shape and beaten with sticks bent to right angles. The use of the band was to proclaim the royal titles with "horrid bray," and after every blast His Majesty responded mechanically, "Kwámína Blay! atinásu marrah!" ("Monday Blay! Here am I!")

The interview was not prolonged. Majesty was soon induced to sign the concession of the "Izrah Mine;" his *panins* or elders followed his example; the paper was formally attested and the visit was concluded with a procession to the fort where the District Commissioner did whatever else was necessary. Before the last part of the performance, however, there was the usual ceremony of

"liquoring up"—a matter in which the African excels. Says Burton, 'the "drinkitite" these men develop is surprising. They swallow almost without interval beer and claret, champagne and shandigaff, cognac, whiskey and liqueurs. Trade gin being despised, is handed over to the followers.' *

On the following day his Majesty paid Burton a friendly call, dressed this time with more simplicity and wearing a 'top hat' in such deplorable condition that a coster-monger would have scorned it. Arrangements were made for a return visit and for the collection of bearers, and then the survey of the country began. Its geological formation is not perhaps of much general interest, but the following passage assuredly is:—'I was fortunate,' says Burton, 'in collecting from this part of Africa stone implements before unknown to Europe. My lamented friend, Winwood Reade, one of these

"Peculiar people whom death *has* made dear,"

was the first to bring them home from the eastern regions, Akwapim (Aquapim), Prahsa, and the Volta River. Arrived at Axim, I nailed to the walls of our sitting-room a rough print showing the faces and profiles of worked stones. The result was a fair supply from the coast, both up and down, till I had secured thirteen. All were of the neolithic or ground type; the palæolithic or chipped was wholly absent, and so were weapons proper, arrowpiles, and spear-points.

* On this last article Burton adds a rather curious note. After mentioning that the delectable stuff comes from Hamburg, and naming a manufacturer who needs no further advertisement, he states that 'the prime cost of a dozen case, each bottle containing about a quart, fitted with wooden divisions and packed with husks, chaff or sawdust, is 3*s.* 6*d.*; in retail it is sold for 6*s.*, or 6*d.* per bottle.' The alcohol is presumably the "plain spirit" which the vendors of the remarkable mixture, known by the name of our revered ex-Premier, use to "fortify" their claret.

'Mr. Carr, the able and intelligent agent of Messieurs Swanzy, brought me sundry pieces and furnished me with the following notes. The "belemnites" are picked up at the stream-mouths after freshets: but the people, like all others, call them "lightning stones" (*osráman-bo*) or *abonua*, simply axe. They suppose the *ceraunius* to fall with the bolt, to sink deep in the earth, and to rise to the surface in process of time. The idea is easily explained. All are comparatively modern, and consequently thinly covered with earth's upper crust; this is easily washed away by heavy rains; and as thunder and lightning accompany the downfalls, the stones are supposed to be the result.'

'The *osráman-bo* are used in medicine; they "cool the heart;" and water in which they are steeped, when given to children, mitigates juvenile complaints. One of my collection owes its black colour to having been boiled in palm-oil by way of preserving its virtues; it resembles the *básanos* of Lydian Tmolus; but the Gold Coast touchstone is mostly a dark jasper imported from Europe. The substance of the thunder-stone is the greenstone-trap everywhere abundant, and taking with age a creamy patina like the basalt of the Hauran. I heard, however, that at Abusi, beyond Anamabo (Bird rock), and other places further east, worked stones of a lightish slaty hue are common. About New Town and Assini these implements become very plentiful. Mr. S. Cheetham informs me that the thinner hatchets, somewhat finger-shaped, are copied in iron by the peoples of the Benin River. These expert smiths buy poor European metal and, like other West Africans, turn out a first-rate tool.'

It was not, however, for the sake of archæological discovery that Burton paid this visit to the Gold Coast. He went, in fact, "to the Gold Coast for Gold." Nor was he disappointed in his quest. This portion of the West Coast of Africa abounds in the precious metal. After heavy

showers the naked eye can discern specks of gold even in such unpromising places as the mud of the roads and the swish with which the natives be-daub the wattled walls of their huts. Even on the sea sands of Axim, as well as of Cape Coast Castle, women may be seen panning for gold. Their appliances, are, of course, of the rudest—most of them wooden platters. 'The largest, two feet in diameter, are used for rough work in the usual way, with a peculiar turn of the wrist. The smallest are stained black inside, to show the "paint" of gold; and the finer washings are carried home to be worked at leisure during the night. This is peculiarly women's work, and some are well known to be better panners than others; they refuse to use salt-water, because, they say, it will not draw out the gold.' Burton considers that the whole land is even richer than California in 1859, and upon experiment he found that the conclusions which he had arrived at a quarter of a century before were more than justified. At one point he observed what he calls an "inland versant"—a strike of rock over the land which he was specially commissioned to inspect. A portion was taken at random, pounded and panned, and it was found to yield about twopence per two pounds, or one ounce to the ton.' And so with the rest. Wherever he went in this district, Burton found in greater or less measure the precious metal. It is not necessary here to enter into detail as to the amount or proportion which the metal bears to the soil; it is sufficient to record the fact that when, after long delay, he found an opportunity of verifying the forecasts which he had made so many years ago with his then necessarily imperfect mineralogical knowledge, he found his theories absolutely verified in every particular. When at Cape Coast Castle in 1861, he noticed (*ante*, p. 113) women under the western walls of the castle 'fanning the sand of the shore for gold.' In like manner he found throughout this region women

engaged in the *auri sacra fames*, and he found, moreover, that as usual the women were the best guides. Wherever in his exploration of this country he found traces of 'women's washings,' he was certain to find indications of far more valuable deposits than the mere alluvial ones. As yet, however, the miners appear to have merely scratched the surface. Their shafts are of the most rudimentary character, something in the shape of a soda-water or champagne bottle. The quartz which they break off from the reef is sent to bank in a basket, subjected to a preliminary roasting, broken into little bits, and ground down by the women upon the "cankey stone," which serves to make the daily bread. It follows, of course, that if with these wretched appliances the African can make gold mining a profitable industry, England with her superior machinery and greater power of organizing labour can do infinitely more and infinitely better. Burton has shown the way. It only remains for the work to be done without the usual preliminaries of bulling and bearing and stock-exchange manipulation which so often spoil mining undertakings.

Such were the results of Burton's preliminary investigations. On the 31st of January he began his preparations for the return visit to King Blay. It was a troublesome business, as will be seen. 'The black caravan, or rather herd, was mustered by its guide and manager, the energetic W. M. Grant. His *personnel* consisted of seven Kruboys from Cape Palmas, and forty-three Axim carriers, who now demand eight and sixpence for a trip which two years ago cost a dollar. They stray about the country like goats, often straggling over four miles. As bearers they are the worst I know, and the Gold Coast hammock is intended only for beach-travelling. The men are never sized, and scorn to keep step, whilst the cross-pieces at either end of the pole rest upon the head, and are

ever slipping off it. Hence the jolting, stumbling movement, and the sensation of feeling every play of the porters' muscles, which make the march one long displeasure. Yet the alternative, walking, means fever for a new comer. On return we cut long bamboos and palm-fronds, and made the Krumen practice carrying, Hindu-fashion, upon the shoulder.

'The rest of the moving multitude was composed of the servantry and the camp-followers. One *bouche inutile* bore a flag, a second carried a gun, and so forth, the only principle being to work as little as possible, and to plunder all things plunderable. There were exceptions. Joe (Kwasi Bedeh) of Dixcove, Cameron's old servant, who boasts of being a pagan, and who speaks English, French, and Dutch, a handy and intelligent young fellow, who can cook, sew, carpenter or lead a caravan—in fact, can serve as a factotum—and his accounts, marvellous to recount, are honestly kept. I should want no better servant in these coast countries, and in exploring the far interior. The cook, "Mister Dawson," of Axim, is a sturdy senior of missionary presence; having been long employed in that line, he wears a white tie on Sundays, and I shrewdly suspect him of preaching. A hard worker, beginning early and ending late, he is an excellent stuffer of birds and beasts, and the good condition of our collection is owing entirely to him. His son, Kwasi Yan (Sunday Joe), is a sharp "boy" in the Anglo-Indian sense. The carpenter, our model idler, who won't work and can't work, receives £3 *per mensem*, when $8 should be the utmost; we cleared him out on our return to Axim. Meanwhile he saunters about under an umbrella, and is always missing when wanted for work.'

Having crossed the Ancobra, Burton halted his caravan at Sanma, a place with an unholy reputation for the Chigo or Jigger—an insect which makes its home in the big toe,

and has even killed men by causing gangrenous sores. The march was resumed through a painfully monotonous country—the monotony and melancholy of the scenery are indeed the things which first strike the readers of books of African travel—and by sunset the caravan had reached the Ebumesu or "Winding Water," after crossing which it was halted at the native village of Sensyéré, where good sleeping quarters were fortunately to be found. On the following day the promised visit was paid to King Blay, who was found to be a far more civilised personage than he had been imagined to be. His guest house of white-washed wattles and swish was a 'model of its kind,' simply furnished it is true, and with the sitting-room adorned with German prints—'all gaudy colour and gilt spangles'—but also provided with some signs of a higher civilisation, such as matted floors, and osier couches from Madeira. Mr. Graham, 'who dispenses elementary knowledge to the missionary pupils,' offered his services as "mout," and in the afternoon, Burton and his companion set out for the "Palace." The reception was peculiar. 'King Blay received us in his palaver hall, and his costume now savoured not of Europe, but of "fetish." He had been "making Customs," or worshipping after country fashion, and would not keep us waiting while he changed dress. The cap was a kind of tall hood, adorned with circles of cowries, and two horns of the little bush antelope; the robe was Moorish, long and large sleeved, and both were charged with rolls of red, white, and blue stuff, supposed to contain gri-gris or talismans. The Ashanti medal, however, was still there; indeed he wore it round his neck even on the march, when his toilette was reduced to a waist-cloth and a billycock.' With this potentate arrangements were made for bearers, and the next morning saw Burton at his objective point, Izrah, after a journey of nearly three months. Here he found gold dust the only recognised currency, and in the

house of Mr. Erskine he 'saw his tradesman bartering cloth for gold dust. The weighing apparatus is complicated and curious, and complete sets of implements are rare. They consist of blowers, sifters, spoons, native scales, weights of many kinds, and fetish gong-gongs or dwarf double bells.' The currency is more handy than might be expected. One or two grains on a knife tip represent a farthing; larger values go by weight, the *ackie* or sixteenth of an ounce, roughly equivalent to the dollar, being the unit of value. It is something of a compliment to the national character that though the natives scorn French napoleons they may be persuaded to take an English sovereign, while, rather oddly, they reject all silver save new three-penny pieces.

With the details of Burton's exploration and examination of the Izrah mine, it is unnecessary to deal in this place. It may suffice to say that he found the concession quite as valuable as he had been led to expect it would turn out to be, and that his previously formed opinion of the Gold Coast as a modern El-Dorado was more than justified. During the five days of his stay at Arábokasu he found life 'pleasant enough. The site, rising about 120 feet above ocean-level, permits the "Doctor," *alias* the sea breeze, to blow freshly, and we distinctly heard the sough of the surf Mornings and evenings were exceedingly fine, and during the cool nights we found blankets advisable. These "small countries" (little villages) are remarkably clean, and so are the villagers, who, unlike certain white-skins, bathe at least once a day.' Amongst these people the business of marking out the concession by the aid of the Krumen hired at Las Palmas was begun. It was rather hopeless work. 'One would fancy that nothing is easier than to cut bush in a straight line from pole to pole, especially when these were marked by strips of red calico. Yet the moment our backs were turned the wrong direction

was taken. It pains one's heart,' adds Burton, himself the most industrious of men, 'to see the shirking of work, the slipping away into the bush for a sleep, and the roasting of maize and palm nuts—"ground-pigs' fare" they call the latter—whenever an opportunity occurs. The dawdling walk and the dragging of one leg after the other, with intervals to stand and scratch, are a caution.' Axim was reached in the afternoon of the 9th, after a sufficiently tedious and tiresome journey, and on the 15th Burton set out to inspect the mining lands of Prince's River Valley to the east of Axim. This time the journey was made by surf boat, 'ignoring that lazy rogue the hammock-man.' The journey was neither long nor eventful. Four days were spent in going up to the mine and returning, and it is to be noted that Burton himself speaks of it rather as a picnic than a serious business of exploration.

On the 24th of February Burton left Axim once more to inspect the head of the Ancobra River—a stream whose windings not unnaturally appear, however erroneously—to suggest its name. In the country which he explored, as in that which he had just left, he found everywhere gold in more or less abundance. At one point a native pit had been opened, and from the refuse, pieces of quartz had been picked which upon assay showed 2·6 oz. gold and 0·3 silver to the ton, while in a trial shaft of only three feet deep every sample showed traces of gold, and an Australian miner of thirty years' experience declared that the "stuff" promised a rich yield below. 'Like ourselves, he found the whole country "impregnated with gold." On the path within fifty yards of the Nanwa village, we knocked off some pieces of quartz that displayed the precious ore to the naked eye.' So Burton and Cameron went on, prospecting here and inquiring there, but always possessed by the conviction that there was gold enough and to spare in the Gold Coast for the needs of the civilised world. Unfortu-

nately they did not take sufficient care of themselves in the tropical heat, and by the 4th of March both broke down with African fever. They had worked too hard, had made hours do the work of days, and they had to pay the penalty. Cameron was prostrated by a bilious attack; Burton with ague and fever. Burton dosed himself with Warburg drops—a remedy in which he has such implicit faith that he is almost ready to anathematize the British Government for not having given a substantial pension to the inventor—and Cameron with chlorodyne, the second coast specific. By dint of heavy dosing and irrepressible courage they got down to the coast once more, setting out on the 4th of March, stopping for a day or two at Tumento and reaching Axim on the 9th. Cameron speedily got well; not so Burton. 'I could not,' he says, 'recover strength like my companion, who is young and who has more of vital force to expend.' Wherefore he determined to run down to "Nanny Po" and the Oil Rivers and so round by Madeira. *L'homme propose*, etc. 'The proverb is somewhat musty methinks.' Burton had no sooner arrived at this determination than the fever broke out again, and so instead of going south in the *Loandá* he went north in the *Winnebah* as far as Madeira, where he awaited Cameron's arrival. The voyage was not pleasant. The ship was crowded with Kruboys and parrots, and as the latter were worth ten shillings each, the steamer—a miserable old tub—was driven as she had never been driven before and the clacking of the safety-valve never ceased. 'The weather, however, was superb,' adds Burton. 'We caught the North East Trade a little north of Cape Palmas, and kept it till near Grand Canary. On April 13th, greatly improved by the pleasant voyage, and by complete repose, I rejoiced once more in landing at the fair isle of Madeira. A month later Cameron, who had completed the exploration on which the twain had departed, joined him there and they

took ship for Liverpool. To quote Captain Cameron, "we had a week of dull passage to Liverpool. As we left on Friday and carried a reverend gentleman on board, the cranky old craft was sorely tossed about for two successive days, and we were delayed off Liverpool, arriving on the 20th instead of the 18th of May, 1882." The journey and the voyage ended as all such matters should do, with a dinner at the Adelphi Hotel given by the hospitable Mr. James Irvine, at which Sir Richard Burton and Captain Cameron told the good news from the Golden Land, and the present writer, who was honoured with the congenial task of responding to the toast of Mrs. (Lady) Burton's health, who was present at the dinner, was allowed to announce the inception of these volumes. It is not pleasant to have to add that the sequel to this journey was somewhat disastrous. Companies were formed to work the concessions, and they came to premature grief. Burton and Cameron put their names down as directors and invested capital in more than one. Burton was ordered by the Foreign Office to withdraw, and lost all chance of recouping himself for the losses—pecuniary and other—which this journey to the most unpleasant of countries at by no means the most wholesome of seasons had entailed upon him.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

IN CONCLUSION.

Return to Trieste—Translation of the Lusiads of Camoens—Lady Burton and the Critics—Palmer's Expedition to the Sinaitic Peninsula—Gladstonian "inaccuracy"—Fate of Palmer—An Expedition resolved upon—Burton invited to share in it—English officialdom—End of the Expedition—Return to Trieste—The 'Book of the Sword'—Eight months' illness—A busy winter—The reward of forty-seven years of public service.

AFTER a brief holiday Burton returned to Trieste. Happily for himself he has resources which render him comparatively independent of the place where his lot may be cast. Upon such he now fell back, and his time was greatly occupied with the completion of his translation of the works of the one great Portuguese poet, Camoens. There have been many translations of the works of foreign poets into English, but Camoens has suffered at the hands of Mr. Mickle greater injuries than have been inflicted on any other of his race. Burton has redressed those wrongs. His translation, which appeared in 1881, of the 'Lusiads' (os Lusiadas), was now followed by two volumes of 'Life and Commentary,' to the former of which Lady Burton appended a very curious and amusing postscript, Reviewing the Reviewer. In his translation, Burton having to deal with a poet of the sixteenth century, had chosen to translate him into somewhat archaic English—that is to say, having to reproduce a giant bronze statue, he did not attempt to

sand-paper it down into the likeness of a Parian statuette. Strength of this kind is not understood by the average modern reviewer.* When, therefore, Lady Burton flamed out into righteous wrath with the reviewers of the provincial press, she seems to me to have rather wasted a good deal of very reasonable indignation. Her husband's translation of 'The Lusiads' was not a work addressed to the general reader. People whose intellectual capacity may be measured by the average leading article of one at least of our morning papers, and whose notions of polite literature may be guessed from the popularity of certain of our paper-backed novels, were hardly likely to appreciate an archaic translation of a classical epic poem; nor was it to be expected that journals of the type which so excited Lady Burton's wrath would retain upon their staffs scholars and linguists capable of appreciating the merits and demerits of such a translation as that which Burton offered the world. It may even be doubted whether the omniscient *Saturday Review* itself numbers amongst the regular members of its staff a Portuguese scholar who could absolutely appreciate the niceties of Burton's renderings. To me, who pretend to only a limited knowledge of Portuguese, though I studied the language rather more than thirty years ago not without effect, it appears that the very things which Burton's critics most object to are the greatest evidences of his thorough competence for the task which he undertook.

* I hope I shall not be considered egotistical if I refer to the fact that a couple of years ago a book of mine was reviewed in a London evening paper of some pretensions, the writer of the review never even taking the trouble to read the title-page, and inventing for himself a perfectly fictitious *eidolon*, with a different Christian name from my own, whom he abused in unmeasured terms. The matter was not of much consequence, indeed I believe it did my book more good than harm; but it strengthened the conviction that has been growing in my mind for many years, that "short notices" are usually written by office-boys in the intervals of their more important duties.

Some of his lines appear to me to be almost miraculous in their accuracy, not merely literal, but poetical.

> Que des povos de Aurora e do famoso,
> Whom, dight Aurora's race and reign to tame,
> Nilo, e do Bactro Scythico, e robusto,
> Far-famèd Nyle and Bactrus' Scythic foe,
> A victima trazía e presa rica,
> Despoilèd, 'spite victorious spoils and rare,
> Preso da Egypcia linda, não pudica,
> That fair Egyptian not so chaste as fair.—C. ii. 53.

These renderings have been considered by some of the wiseacres of the critical race, as "involved constructions which necessitate a second and a third reading"—what if they do? It may be doubted whether any Portuguese of the middle class, for which our critics evidently write, would understand the original with less labour. Once more, it cannot be too often repeated, that a translation, such as that at which Burton aimed, cannot be read with as much facility as, say the 'Family Herald.' To end this subject of Camoens, I may here add that in 1884 Burton supplemented these four volumes with two more, 'Lyricks of Camoens, Sonnets and Canzons, Odes and Sextines.' Four more volumes, now lying in manuscript in the author's hands, will complete this gigantic undertaking. Every line, every word which the great poet of Portugal ever wrote, will then be in the hands of the English reader. It says but little for the English love of letters and of poetry, that such a translation as this, accompanied by notes of the most varied erudition, should have fallen still-born from the press. Yet so it is. Burton published, at his own expense, and I am informed upon authority which I cannot doubt—that of his publisher—that his venture resulted in considerable pecuniary loss, and that there is not the smallest hope that the four volumes to come will in any way redeem it.

The episode I am now about to relate may seem of small importance at the present time, but future historians of the miserable Anglo-Egyptian struggle will probably cite it as an example of indescribable mismanagement. The Liberal Government having got into difficulties concerning the Suez Canal in the summer of 1882 considered it necessary to secure the support of the Bedawi of the Sinaitic Peninsula, and further, to destroy the telegraph between Kantara and Suez. In order to effect this purpose an expedition was despatched under the direction of the late Professor E. H. Palmer, Captain Gill and Lieutenant Charrington. With that painful inaccuracy which unfortunately characterises the whole policy and public conduct of Egyptian affairs, the real meaning of this expedition was studiously misrepresented. Professor Palmer, the world was given to understand, was going out to the Sinaitic Peninsula with £3000 for the purpose of buying camels, and with the further, but unavowed, object of cutting the telegraph wires aforesaid—the real object—the purchase of Bedawi support with a great pecuniary subsidy—being carefully concealed, and it was only when the famous Blue-book of the 1st of March, 1883, appeared, that the English public learned the truth. Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt had indeed announced the fact from the first, but his voice was as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," and no man regarded it. He pointed to the fact that Palmer had taken under authority no less a sum than £20,000 in gold from Captain Gill at Suez, and that the purchase of camels was obviously an after-thought—a fact which can be proved from Captain Gill's own diary. That Captain Gill had a mission to destroy the telegraph is quite certain. The beginning of the whole expedition is to be found in a telegram from Sir Beauchamp Seymour to the Admiralty, dated August 6th, 1882. Palmer was then at Suez, and the scheme had obviously been talked over

by him with the British officials at Alexandria. In a letter, dated the 1st of that month, he had formulated his demands, and the telegram in question is to the effect that Palmer writes "that if precisely instructed as to service required of Bedawi, and furnished with funds, he believes he could buy the allegiance of 50,000 at a cost of from £20,000 to £30,000." In a negotiation such as this, it seems strange that nōt one amongst the "permanent officials" of the Foreign Office, or of the Parliamentary Secretaries of the Government, should have thought of Burton. In him they had ready to their hands a man who was confessedly one of the greatest Arabic scholars of his day, who had lived among the Arabs for years, and who knew as no other Englishman could know, the Arab nature and the Arab temper, who had given the most convincing proof at Damascus of his power of dealing with these wild races of the desert, who was popular with, and even beloved, by them—yet he was thrown aside and neglected in order that this most delicate and most difficult negotiation should be entrusted to a Cambridge professor of Arabic. No one in his senses would dream of saying one word in depreciation of Palmer. One of the best, most amiable and most learned of Englishmen he met a cruel death in the bravest and most honourable manner. But it is no disparagement to him to say that the errand on which he was sent was one which had been better performed by a soldier, who could at need become an Arab, than by a scholar, however learned.

Palmer started on his hopeless expedition, and by the 25th of October the loss of his party and its leader had become known in Downing Street—or rather rumours of the grisly tragedy, of which they were at once the heroes and the victims, had reached those exalted precincts. In the meantime public opinion at home had been growing with somewhat unpleasant rapidity, and the Ministry of

the day were beginning to grow anxious as to the effects of the failure of this expedition upon their popularity. It was reserved for a later day that an English Prime Minister should say of one of his country's bravest sons that "he was a fool for his pains" when sacrificing himself to his duty. Some pretence was therefore made of sending out an expedition for the recovery, if not the rescue, of Professor Palmer and his two gallant associates, though it must have been obvious that there was very little chance of saving the lives of men who carried with them such an egregious bait to Bedawi cupidity as £20,000 in gold. An expedition was consequently decided upon—that is to say Consuls were instructed to "report," and gunboats were directed to cruise in uncertain directions on the coast of the so-called Sinaïtic Peninsula. Suddenly it appears to have struck somebody at the Foreign Office that Burton might be a useful auxiliary in the hunt after the missing Professor. Hence a telegram from the Foreign Office to Consul Moore at Gaza, "Do you consider that advice and assistance of Captain Burton, Consul at Trieste, would be of use in search for Professor Palmer and party?" Mr. Consul Moore's reply seems to have been favourable. On the spot, he probably knew better than any of the permanent officials of the Foreign Office, the value of the services which Burton could readily render, and knew also something of the wonderful influence which the English Haji and former Consul of Damascus exercised over the Arab race. Be this as it may, the Foreign Office telegraphed to Burton only two days later (October 27) in these terms:—"Her Majesty's Government wish to avail themselves of your knowledge of the Bedawin and the Sinai country, and to assist in search for Professor Palmer. There is a chance of his being still alive, though the bodies of his companions, Lieutenant Charrington and Captain Gill have

been found. Proceed at once to Gaza and place yourself in communication with Consul Moore, who has gone thither from Jerusalem to make inquiries." Burton replied within an hour:—"Telegram received. Ready to start by first steamer. Will draw £100. Want gunboat from Alexandria to Gaza or Sinai. Letter follows." In this letter, which was published in the Blue Book of the 3rd of March, and which bears date 16th November, Burton enters into details as to the reasons for his belief that at that time Palmer was not dead. There were, he points out, five Englishmen in the party; three it was known were dead through Bedawin treachery; of the other two no satisfactory account had been received. Was it not possible, he argued, that Palmer was one of the two (supposed) survivors. In the meantime Mr. Consul West had received information, which led him to telegraph to the Foreign Office that the whole undertaking had undoubtedly come to grief, and that it was utterly useless to send out a further expedition in search of either the missing members of the mission, or of the equally missing treasure. Whereupon a curt telegram was sent to Burton to inform him that in consequence of Mr. Consul West's letter, "he would not be required to join in the search for Palmer." Burton was naturally somewhat disgusted at his treatment, but telegraphed submissively enough:—"My passage being paid and preparations complete, may I run over to Alexandria and Cairo to make sure and come back quickly? Steamer starts early to-morrow." On the same day the Foreign Office returned as answer that Lord Granville could "see no objection," and suggested that Burton should assist Mr. Consul Moore at Gaza.

Burton had one of the usual rough and tumble winter passages across the Levant, and on the 9th of November telegraphed to the Foreign Office, "Reached Alexandria last night; not satisfied with news of deaths; want per-

mission to go to Suez." It is not necessary at this time to enter into any of the quarrels amongst officials who have made Egypt what she is. Suffice it to say that "Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Warren insisted upon Mr. Consul West telegraphing to the Foreign Office to know if Captain Burton had any official qualification." No answer having been returned to this, Warren telegraphed to the Foreign Office on the following day that Burton's presence was "unnecessary." Six days later the Foreign Office directed Lord Dufferin to furnish Burton with the necessary instructions to proceed to Gaza, and with a letter to the acting consul at Jerusalem to render all assistance in his power. On the 24th of the month Burton telegraphed for a gunboat to convey him from Alexandria to Gaza, Jaffa and back, and Lord Alcester, having been ordered to provide one, detached the *Condor* (Lord Charles Beresford's famous little gunboat) for the duty. By the 28th all was over, the British public were as tired of Professor Palmer and his gallant companions as they showed themselves but a very short time after of a hero even greater than they; party purposes could not be served by prosecuting a search for the relics of men who had only died for their Queen and country. And so this great expedition, from which so much had been hoped, faded into nothingness.

There was a pretence of punishing some of the Bedawin, and a few unfortunate Arabs were shot at Santah, not because anybody was particularly convinced of their complicity in the murders of Palmer and his friends, or because it was supposed that they were more guilty than any others of the 50,000 wild men whom Palmer was expected to bribe into "loyalty" to the English cause in the Egyptian "military operations." When those men had expiated with their lives the crime which they had (or had not) committed all necessity for further rigour ceased. A neat case had been made out for the satisfaction of the House

of Commons and for the gratification of the constituencies in the autumn, and that being done, all necessity for further exertion on the part of her Majesty's Government was held to be over. The remains of Professor Palmer and his two gallant companions were brought home in a very small box, and were buried in the crypt of St. Paul's. There were the usual provisions about pensions to the widows and orphans of the brave men who had fought and struggled in the arid deserts of Sinai for the honour of their country, but the men equally brave who would willingly have taken their places, and done, if men could do it, the work they failed to do were treated with indifference. A telegram of the 28th of November commanded Burton to "return at once to Trieste;" the telegram reached him in Jaffa as he landed there from the *Condor*, and on December 11th he arrived at his post. Had he been allowed to land and carry out his primary instructions, a lesson might have been taught to the rebellious Bedawin, which would have made life for the European traveller in the Arabian desert something less of a trial than it at present is.

Returned to Trieste, Burton resumed those habits of study and of literary labour which have stood him in such good stead in the past; and struggled with more or less success for well nigh two years against the evil effects of his many attacks of African fever. The climate of Trieste may be judged from the fact that in 1884 the death-rate rose from 30 to 72 per 1000—a rate somewhat in excess of that prevailing in the worst slums of our worst manufacturing towns. Burton, therefore, obtained leave of absence "on urgent private affairs," and returned to England to superintend the passage through the press of the first volume of his 'Book of the Sword.' Elaborately got up and with a host of illustrations, it failed to arrest public attention. Leader-writers and the authors of popular

magazine and encyclopædia articles have drawn heavily upon it, usually without acknowledging the source from which they have obtained their stores of curious erudition, but the public at large seem to care more for trashy novels than for works of science and archæological research.

Soon after his return to Trieste, Burton was seized by the first of those serious illnesses (November 1883) which of late years have occasioned his friends so much and such painful anxiety—suppressed gout, affecting the stomach and heart. He was for eight months confined to his bed, and during that time he determined to publish his translation of the 'Arabian Nights'—a work which he had first begun in conjunction with his friend Dr. Steinhäuser, two and thirty years before at Aden. The work was carried on under difficulties against which few ordinary men would have struggled, and in spite of a return of the illness which had already more than once threatened the translator's life. The first volume was published in September 1885; the tenth has made its appearance, and the five supplemental volumes of this monumental work—*ære perennius*—are well on their way: three out of five are out.

This translation was undertaken in order to leave as a legacy to his country (and chiefly to her Governments) as much as possible of his own knowledge of those Eastern peoples whom they have to rule, and that *they* may, knowing their inner life, avoid many of their past blunders in dealing with them.

There is but little more to be told. On November 21, 1885, Burton left London for a winter in Marocco, with some hope of a holiday of rest and sport in the air of the desert he loves so well. Instead, he found himself condemned by his own engagements to a severe course of literary labour, and the winter was consequently spent in hard work. He went back to his Consulate, and resumed his official duties. At the beginning of 1886—in time for

his "silver wedding"—he received from her Majesty the distinction of K.C.M.G.—a tardy dignity, but graciously bestowed. When, however, one remembers his brilliant achievements, it seems but a small and very late recognition.

There is one more crowning disappointment to be told. Burton's career was practically broken on his recall from Damascus, but he bore up for fifteen years in the hope of getting Sir John Drummond Hay's post at Tangier, when it should become vacant. Great interest was exerted, and it appeared as if his application were being seriously entertained, when he read one day in *The Morning Post* that Mr. Kirby Green had received the coveted distinction. He only sighed, and said, "Well, next to getting a good thing oneself, is to hear a friend has got it."

"AVE CÆSAR! MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS."

The Turkish army defending the Balkans in January, 1878, were retreating to the Ægean Sea (their main road having been cut off). They were falling back from Tatar-Bazarjik across the Balkans, over a part of the mountains where there were no roads. The Russians had cut Sulayman's army off from Adrianople, between Tatar Bazarjik and Philippopolis—so they left the main road and marched across country. They were obliged to abandon most of their wounded for want of transport. They passed through a little town, and on reaching the Balkans came to a hill so steep, bound with ice, that they had to abandon their guns, and the remainder of their wounded. As they wound round the steep sides cutting steps in the ice, the wounded who had been necessarily abandoned saw their army passing up the hill with difficulty: although starved and unpaid, and abandoned to die, they crawled out and

raised a last cry—"Padishahim-chok-yeshah"—"Long Life to our Sultan." All the men within hearing took it up, and it spread and affected them to tears. The age of "dying gladiators" is not over.

On 20, 21, and 22 June, 1887, Trieste presented a grander spectacle in honour of Her Majesty's Jubilee, than many a British provincial capital. At the grand banquet this great neglected Englishman was brought down by his physician to preside at the table, and at the end of the dinner he found strength to give the toast of the evening and made a speech which caused every heart to dilate with pride and loyalty.

The last loyal words may fittingly find a place here.

'May God's choicest blessings crown her good works! May she be spared for many long, happy, peaceful and prosperous years to her loyal, devoted people! May her mantle descend upon her children and her children's children! And may the loving confidence between her Majesty and all English speaking peoples, throughout the world, ever strengthen and endure to all time!"

Every year that the squadron has gone to Trieste, Sir Richard and Lady Burton have taken a pride and pleasure in devoting themselves to its wants and amusements, giving and promoting fêtes, and bringing the squadron and the Triestines into social and friendly relation. This year, just as the grandest, and most numerous squadron, that has ever graced the Gulf of Trieste arrived with their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince George of Wales, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and Lord Lorne, Burton and his wife were away trying to regain his health by an out-door life in the forests of Steiermark in Austria. They wanted at once to go down and receive their Royal Highnesses, give fêtes in their honour, and do their duty, but the physician resident with Burton forbade it, saying, he would not be responsible for him for

a day, if he underwent any part of the excitement and fatigue a consul must undergo on such a great occasion. It was a bitter mortification to them both, and Lady Burton wrote down to her friends in Trieste,—'I think the State has had the last ha'porth of work out of Richard, and my place is by his side, so, sorry as I am, you must manage without us.'

Here Burton may safely be left. His contemporaries have done but scant justice to his wonderful career. Few of them, indeed, have understood it, and a cloud of misrepresentation and prejudice has unquestionably obscured no small part of it. Posterity, it may be hoped will be more fair, and will recognise the fact that his has been a most remarkable history. He has done good service in India and the Crimea—in nineteen years' Military Service, and twenty-six of Consular Service, in the most unhealthy parts of the world. As her Majesty's Commissioner to Dahomey—as an author of some eighty works, many of which are standard—as a benefactor to science—as an organiser of benefits to his country and humanity at large—as pioneer, explorer, and discoverer—as a scientific linguist of twenty-nine languages, he is probably without an equal in the world: he is as eminent as a geographer: he led the way in the Exploration of Central Africa; he has penetrated the inmost recesses of some of the strangest and wildest countries in the world; he has opened up the treasures of Arabic and Portuguese literatures as no other man living or dead has succeeded in doing with even one language—he has, in short, as his accomplished wife has often said, "lived six lives while other men were living one." His rewards are a Consulate in one of the least healthy towns of the Adriatic,

a Knighthood, and a retiring pension of £300 a year. Truly we English are original in our views of the rewards due to conspicuous merit.

THE END.

TODAHS.
(*Drawn by R. F. Burton.*)

APPENDIX A.

LIST OF SIR RICHARD BURTON'S WORKS.

A Grammar of the Játaki or Belochkí Dialect: Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, India, 1849.

Grammar of the Mooltanee Language. India, 1849.

Critical Remarks on Dr. Dorn's Chrestomathy of Pushtoo or Afghan Dialect. India, 1849.

Reports to Bombay:—

1. General Notes on Sind; (2) Notes on the population of Sind. Printed in the Government records.

Goa and the Blue Mountains. Bentley, 1851.

Scinde; or the Unhappy Valley. 2 vols., Bentley, 1851.

Sindh, and the Races that Inhabit the Valley of the Indus. Allen, 1851.

Falconry in the Valley of the Indus. Van Voorst, 1852.

A Complete System of Bayonet Exercise. Clowes & Sons, 1853.

Pilgrimage to Meccah and El-Medinah. 3 vols., Longmans, 1855.

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In course of preparation:—

"The Uruguay" (translations from the great Brazilian authors), by Richard and Isabel Burton; the Book of the Sword, 2 more vols.; the Lowlands of the Brazil; Translation of Camoens, 4 more vols.; Personal Experiences in Syria; A Book on Istria; Slavonic Proverbs; Greek Proverbs; The Gypsies; Dr. Wetzstein's "Hauran" and Ladislaus Magyar's African Travels.

Besides which, Sir Richard Burton has written extensively for "Fraser," "Blackwood," and a host of magazines, pamphlets, and periodicals; has lectured in many lands; has largely contributed to the newspaper Press in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America (both North and South), to say nothing of poetry and anonymous writings.

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APPENDIX B.

THE ARUNDELLS OF WARDOUR.

LADY BURTON belongs to one of the most ancient houses in England—that of the Arundells of Wardour. Some idea of its dignity may be formed from Mr. Andrew Wilson's account of this illustrious house:—"Lord Arundell of Wardour, between 1580 and 1595, fought with and for Rudolph of Hapsburg, against the Turks, and at the siege of Gran, in Hungary, took the Turkish standard with his own hands. In all these battles he is represented as a knight in black armour, performing prodigies of valour. Lord Arundell had borne with him a letter from Queen Elizabeth of England, dated from Westminster Palace, February 10, 1579, commending him to the care and notice of the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg, wherein she styles him as 'our beloved kinsman, a youth well instructed in the best letters, who is travelling to collect knowledge, and to learn the manners of Noble Provinces.' The Queen, in terming Thomas, Lord Arundell, 'consanguineus noster predilectus,' and 'adolescentem nobis sanguinea propinquitate conjunctum,' had several connections to choose from, for he was closely allied to her both by blood and marriage, but she, perhaps, alluded to the marriage of the first Sir Thomas Arundell with his cousin, the sister of Queen Katherine Howard (*vide* Duke of Norfolk), and to his mother having been Lady Eleanor Grey, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, and also to Thomas, Lord Arundell's own mother, having been Margaret Willoughby, whose mother was sister to Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, husband of Mary, Queen Dowager of France, and sister to Henry VIII. The Emperor, delighted with Arundell's brave and gallant conduct and bearing, loaded him with honours, and created him, on the field of

battle, a Count of the Sacred Roman Empire, with all the rank and privileges of an Austrian noble, and by special grant *to descend to his legitimate posterity, male and female, for ever.* Hence, every legitimately born Arundell is a Count or Countess (Reichsgraf or Reichsgräfin) of the Great German Empire of Rudolph of Hapsburg. The title and privileges and traditions are much thought of in Austria, and are equal to an old peerage in England. A prince in Austria is considered to have made a mésalliance should he marry a simple countess, but a countess of the Empire is placed on equal rank. These titles have nothing in common with the countships of the Roman Empire, bought or conferred in Rome in modern days. In England, when a title is conferred, the head of the family alone takes it, whereas in Austria, and in most other countries, it is assumed by the whole family; in the case of a woman marrying into another family, she retains her title, but it dies with her, and does not extend to her husband or her children. A British subject does not assume a foreign title *in England* without the express leave of the Sovereign.

"Pym-Yeatman and other historians tell us, that this family of Arundell of Wardour is a race to whom the Conquest seems almost a modern date. They live in their old Castle of Wardour in almost patriarchal simplicity, pure in their Tory-Conservatism, staunch Royalists and Catholics, standing aloof from the world's rush, contrary to the wont of their ancestors, a long line of brave men and chaste women, whose deeds fill pages of history, whose marriages were princely, as shown by four Royal descents, and by one hundred and four unbroken quarterings. And as those know who have free access to the gloomy chests of archives containing musty, worm-eaten documents, they are one of the most ancient families of the kingdom, and among the nearest allied to Royalty in ancient times. They were formerly the real Earls of Arundel, and are entitled to be the Lords of Buckenham, the premier barony of the kingdom, from William Albini, first Earl of Arundel, by Queen Adeliza, widow of Henry I., who traces her pedigree direct back to Charlemagne. The Arundell women are likewise hereditary Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre.

'Sir John Arundell, of Lanherne, father of Sir Thomas Arundell, of Wardour Castle, married Lady Eleanor Grey, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, whose mother was Elizabeth Wydeville, daughter of Sir Richard Wydeville, Earl of Rivers (extinct), who married Jacqueline of Luxem-

bourg (daughter of the Earl of St. Paul), who was widow of the King's uncle, the Regent, John Duke of Bedford, third son of Henry IV. Elizabeth Wydeville, above-mentioned, was grandmother of Lady Eleanor Arundell, of Lanherne, and married secondly, King Edward IV., by whom she was mother of the Prince of Wales, and Richard Duke of York, who were supposed to have been murdered in the Tower by command of Richard III.; Edward IV.'s daughters by Elizabeth Wydeville were married—Anne to Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and Elizabeth became the wife of Henry VII., and their brother, the above-named Marquis of Dorset, was Lady Arundell's father, and therefore Queen Elizabeth was her grand-daughter, and was second cousin to Sir Thomas Arundell, the first Lord Arundell of Wardour. There is also a Royal descent from King Edward I., through his son Thomas of Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk, and first Earl Marshal of England by the above-named marriage of Sir Thomas Arundell with his cousin Lady Margaret Howard, whose sister, Lady Katherine, was the ill-fated wife of Henry VIII.; and their brother, Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, married another daughter of Edward IV., who was aunt to Lady Arundell (this descent gives the Arundells the right to quarter the Plantagenet arms").

On the mother's side, Lady Burton's descent is hardly less distinguished, she being the niece of the late Lord Gerard of Garswood, who died on the 15th of March, 1887, while these sheets were passing through the press.

APPENDIX C.

Burton's connection with Sind ended unhappily. At the sale of the Amir's Library in which the most valuable MSS. went for a song, he had bought a large stock and expended not a little time and study in preparing them for translation; but when setting out for Salt Lake City in 1860 he confided them to his then agents, Messrs. Grindlay and Co., who charged him with warehouse dues, but most improperly forgot to warn him that the goods that were warehoused were not insured. The result was a fire, which destroyed the labours and collections and costumes of nineteen years. The house was insured, but he never got any redress. One of the silly *employés*, seeing disgust strongly marked on his face, asked him fatuously if he had lost any *plate*—the only object of value he could imagine.

APPENDIX D.

Pronunciation of Eastern Names.

"Jacob." 'As I write this poor misused word, the familiar Eastern Ya'kúb sounds in my ears. The old translators intended "Job" to be pronounced *Yob* (Ay yib) and "Jerusalem" *Yerusalem*. Evidently they were right. Hitherto I have been unable to discover the date, when and the reason why the change which stultifies every Hebrew word in which it occurs, made its way into English.'—Burton's *Glance at the Passion Play*, 1880, p. 140. 'In the "seven words" Sabaktáni is pronounced after English fashion for Sabăktini.'—*Ib.* p. 150.

APPENDIX E.

EXPEDITION TO LAKE TÂNGANYIKA.

Burton was not without his offers of companionship, and of these, two deserve some notice. The first was the noted Globe-trotter, Madame Ida Pfeiffer, who, as he says, made his hours bitter and his eyes white by hunting him through London, and even the very pages at his clubs grinned as they brought the message, "a lady wants to see you, sir!" He chose the only way of escape, and gallantly ran away by Ostend, Berlin and Trieste, where the lady had no idea of following him. Thereupon she determined to travel in Madagascar, where the intrigues of the Messrs. Lambert soon brought her to grief. The masterful old queen drove her out of the capital, and during her sojourn on the seashore she was attacked by the fatal Tangina (fever) which is always considered the best defence for Madagascar against intruding strangers. The result was that poor Madame died of it in the hospital before reaching home. The second applicant was a lady sportsman domiciled on the Himalayas after the death of her husband (an officer in the Indian Army). She wrote to Burton detailing all her qualifications for an explorer: shooting, cooking, washing, and so forth, but unfortunately —or fortunately—she ended her letter with the following sentence: "You need not think that there could be any scandal about it, because I am a grandmother," to which he replied, "Madam, had you said you were a granddaughter, I might have consented."

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